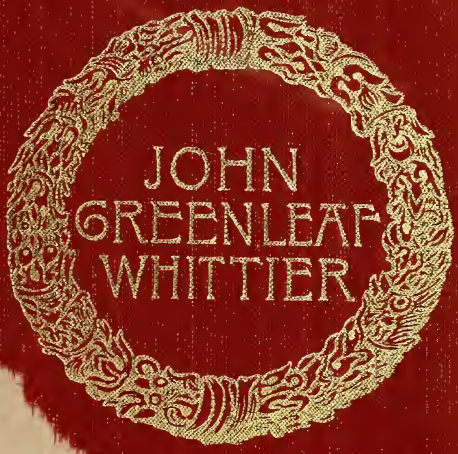
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THE WORKS OF
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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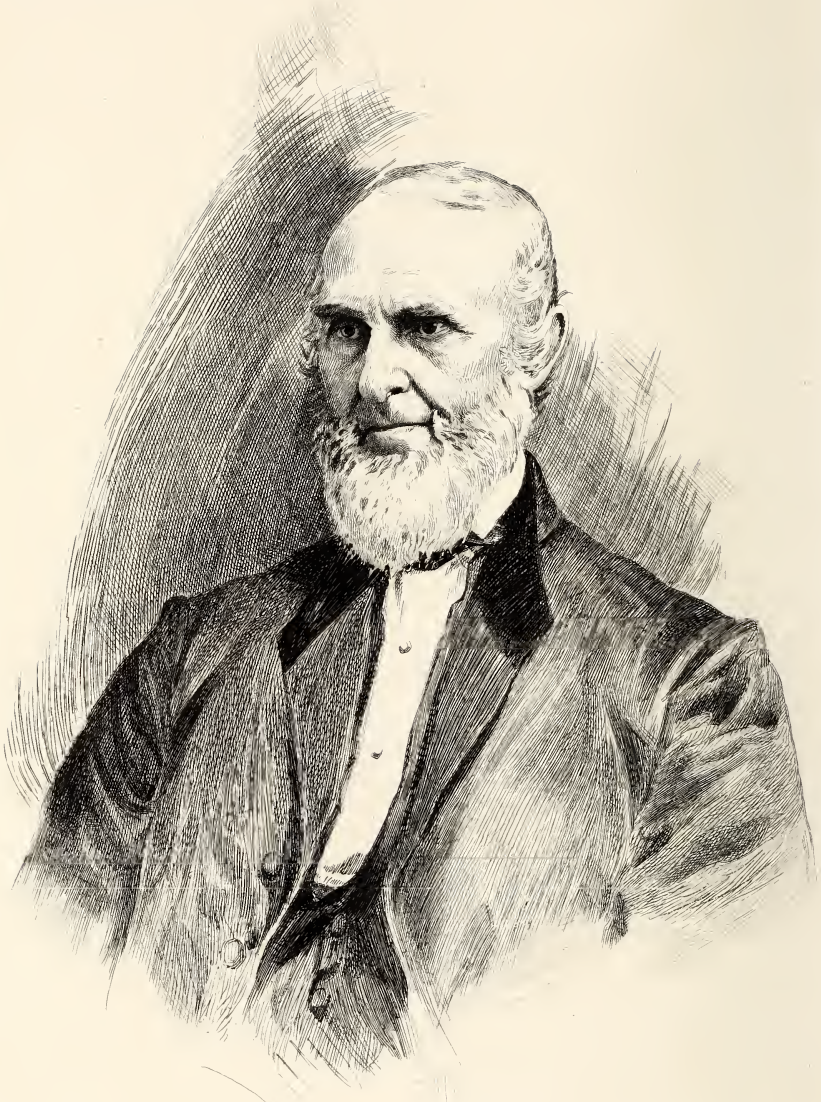
IN SEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME V



Mr. Whittier in 1880

THE PROSE WORKS OF
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME I

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL
TALES AND SKETCHES

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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CONTENTS

PAGE

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL IN THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1678-9 . . 9

TALES AND SKETCHES.

My Summer with Dr. Singletary: a Fragment. 197
The Little Iron Soldier 251
Passaconaway 258
The Opium Eater 278
The Proselytes 305
David Matson 314
The Fish I did n't catch 320
Yankee Gypsies 326
The Training 345
The City of a Day 351
Patucket Falls 360
First Day in Lowell 368
The Lighting up 376
Taking Comfort 381
Charms and Fairy Faith 385
Magicians and Witch Folk 399
The Beautiful 412
The World's End 419
The Heroine of Long Point 428

Note. — The etched portrait by S. A. Schoff, prefixed to this volume, was executed in 1885, and follows a photograph taken by Warren about 1880.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER AT THE AGE OF 73. Etched by S. A. Schoff	*Frontispiece*	
MARGARET SMITH STARTLED BY AN INDIAN	Frank T. Merrill	14
THE TWO MARGARETS	E. H. Garrett	122
OAK KNOLL, MR. WHITTIER'S HOME AT DANVERS [1]		258
YANKEE GYPSIES	Irving R. Wiles	332
PATUCKET FALLS	H. Winthrop Peirce	362

1 From a photograph copyrighted by B. F. Mills, Cambridge, Mass.

NOTE

THE intelligent reader of the following record cannot fail to notice occasional inaccuracies in respect to persons, places, and dates; and, as a matter of course, will make due allowance for the prevailing prejudices and errors of the period to which it relates. That there are passages indicative of a comparatively recent origin, and calculated to cast a shade of doubt over the entire narrative, the Editor would be the last to deny, notwithstanding its general accordance with historical verities and probabilities. Its merit consists mainly in the fact that it presents a tolerably lifelike picture of the Past, and introduces us familiarly to the hearths and homes of New England in the seventeenth century.

A full and accurate account of Secretary Rawson and his family is about to be published by his descendants, to which the reader is referred who wishes to know more of the personages who figure prominently in this Journal.

1866.

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL

IN THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

1678-9.

Boston, *May* 8, 1678.

I remember I did promise my kind Cousin Oliver (whom I pray God to have always in his keeping), when I parted with him nigh unto three months ago, at mine Uncle Grindall's, that, on coming to this new country, I would, for his sake and perusal, keep a little journal of whatsoever did happen both unto myself and unto those with whom I might sojourn; as also, some account of the country and its marvels, and mine own cogitations thereon. So I this day make a beginning of the same; albeit, as my cousin well knoweth, not from any vanity of authorship, or because of any undue confiding in my poor ability to edify one justly held in repute among the learned, but because my heart tells me that what I write, be it ever so faulty, will be read by the partial eye of my kinsman, and not with the critical observance of the scholar, and that his love will not find it difficult to excuse what offends his clerkly judgment. And, to embolden me withal, I will never forget that I am writing for mine old playmate at hide-and-seek in the farm-house at Hilton, — the same who used to hunt after flowers for me in the

spring, and who did fill my apron with hazel-nuts in the autumn, and who was then, I fear, little wiser than his still foolish cousin, who, if she hath not since learned so many new things as himself, hath perhaps remembered more of the old. Therefore, without other preface, I will begin my record.

Of my voyage out I need not write, as I have spoken of it in my letters already, and it greatly irks me to think of it. Oh, a very long, dismal time of sickness and great discomforts, and many sad thoughts of all I had left behind, and fears of all I was going to meet in the New England! I can liken it only to an ugly dream. When we got at last to Boston, the sight of the land and trees, albeit they were exceeding bleak and bare (it being a late season, and nipping cold), was like unto a vision of a better world. As we passed the small wooded islands, which make the bay very pleasant, and entered close upon the town, and saw the houses, and orchards, and meadows, and the hills beyond covered with a great growth of wood, my brother, lifting up both of his hands, cried out, "*How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy habitations, O Israel!*" and for my part I did weep for joy and thankfulness of heart, that God had brought us safely to so fair a haven. Uncle and Aunt Rawson met us on the wharf, and made us very comfortable at their house, which is about half a mile from the water-side, at the foot of a hill, with an oaken forest behind it, to shelter it from the north wind, which is here very piercing. Uncle is Secretary of the Massachusetts, and spends a great part of his time in town; and his

wife and family are with him in the winter season, but they spend their summers at his plantation on the Merrimac River, in Newbury. His daughter, Rebecca, is just about my age, very tall and lady-looking; she is like her brother John, who was at Uncle Hilton's last year. She hath, moreover, a pleasant wit, and hath seen much goodly company, being greatly admired by the young men of family and distinction in the Province. She hath been very kind to me, telling me that she looked upon me as a sister. I have been courteously entertained, moreover, by many of the principal people, both of the reverend clergy and the magistracy. Nor must I forbear to mention a visit which I paid with Uncle and Aunt Rawson at the house of an aged magistrate of high esteem and influence in these parts. He saluted me courteously, and made inquiries concerning our family, and whether I had been admitted into the Church. On my telling him that I had not, he knit his brows, and looked at me very sternly.

"Mr. Rawson," said he, "your niece, I fear me, has much more need of spiritual adorning than of such gewgaws as these," and took hold of my lace ruff so hard that I heard the stitches break; and then he pulled out my sleeves, to see how wide they were, though they were only half an ell. Madam ventured to speak a word to encourage me, for she saw I was much abashed and flustered, yet he did not heed her, but went on talking very loud against the folly and the wasteful wantonness of the times. Poor Madam is a quiet, sickly-looking woman, and seems not a little in awe of her hus-

band, at the which I do not marvel, for he hath a very impatient, forbidding way with him, and, I must say, seemed to carry himself harshly at times towards her. Uncle Rawson says he has had much to try his temper; that there have been many and sore difficulties in Church as well as State; and he hath bitter enemies, in some of the members of the General Court, who count him too severe with the Quakers and other disturbers and ranters. I told him it was no doubt true; but that I thought it a bad use of the Lord's chastenings to abuse one's best friends for the wrongs done by enemies; and, that to be made to atone for what went ill in Church or State, was a kind of vicarious suffering that, if I was in Madam's place, I should not bear with half her patience and sweetness.

Ipswich, near Agawam, *May* 12.

We set out day before yesterday on our journey to Newbury. There were eight of us, — Rebecca Rawson and her sister, Thomas Broughton, his wife, and their man-servant, my brother Leonard and myself, and young Robert Pike, of Newbury, who had been to Boston on business, his father having great fisheries in the river as well as the sea. He is, I can perceive, a great admirer of my cousin, and indeed not without reason; for she hath in mind and person, in her graceful carriage and pleasant discourse, and a certain not unpleasing waywardness, as of a merry child, that which makes her company sought of all. Our route the first day lay through the woods and along the bor-

ders of great marshes and meadows on the sea-shore. We came to Linne at night, and stopped at the house of a kinsman of Robert Pike's, — a man of some substance and note in that settlement. We were tired and hungry, and the supper of warm Indian bread and sweet milk relished quite as well as any I ever ate in the Old Country. The next day we went on over a rough road to Wenham, through Salem, which is quite a pleasant town. Here we stopped until this morning, when we again mounted our horses, and reached this place, after a smart ride of three hours. The weather in the morning was warm and soft as our summer days at home; and, as we rode through the woods, where the young leaves were fluttering, and the white blossoms of the wind-flowers, and the blue violets and the yellow blooming of the cowslips in the low grounds, were seen on either hand, and the birds all the time making a great and pleasing melody in the branches, I was glad of heart as a child, and thought if my beloved friends and Cousin Oliver were only with us, I could never wish to leave so fair a country.

Just before we reached Agawam, as I was riding a little before my companions, I was startled greatly by the sight of an Indian. He was standing close to the bridle-path, his half-naked body partly hidden by a clump of white birches, through which he looked out on me with eyes like two live coals. I cried for my brother and turned my horse, when Robert Pike came up and bid me be of cheer, for he knew the savage, and that he was friendly. Whereupon, he bade him come out of

the bushes, which he did, after a little parley. He was a tall man, of very fair and comely make, and wore a red woollen blanket with beads and small clam-shells jingling about it. His skin was swarthy, not black like a Moor or Guinea-man, but of a color not unlike that of tarnished copper coin. He spake but little, and that in his own tongue, very harsh and strange-sounding to my ear. Robert Pike tells me that he is Chief of the Agawams, once a great nation in these parts, but now quite small and broken. As we rode on, and from the top of a hill got a fair view of the great sea off at the east, Robert Pike bade me notice a little bay, around which I could see four or five small, peaked huts or tents, standing just where the white sands of the beach met the green line of grass and bushes of the uplands.

"There," said he, "are their summer-houses, which they build near unto their fishing-grounds and corn-fields. In the winter they go far back into the wilderness, where game is plenty of all kinds, and there build their wigwams in warm valleys thick with trees, which do serve to shelter them from the winds."

"Let us look into them," said I to Cousin Rebecca; "it seems but a stone's throw from our way."

She tried to dissuade me, by calling them a dirty, foul people; but seeing I was not to be put off, she at last consented, and we rode aside down the hill, the rest following. On our way we had the misfortune to ride over their corn-field; at the which, two or three women and as many boys set

Startled by the Sight of an Indian

up a yell very hideous to hear; whereat Robert Pike came up, and appeased them by giving them some money and a drink of Jamaica spirits, with which they seemed vastly pleased. I looked into one of their huts; it was made of poles like unto a tent, only it was covered with the silver-colored bark of the birch, instead of hempen stuff. A bark mat, braided of many exceeding brilliant colors, covered a goodly part of the space inside; and from the poles we saw fishes hanging, and strips of dried meat. On a pile of skins in the corner sat a young woman with a child a-nursing; they both looked sadly wild and neglected; yet had she withal a pleasant face, and as she bent over her little one, her long, straight, and black hair falling over him, and murmuring a low and very plaintive melody, I forgot everything save that she was a woman and a mother, and I felt my heart greatly drawn towards her. So, giving my horse in charge, I ventured in to her, speaking as kindly as I could, and asking to see her child. She understood me, and with a smile held up her little *papoose*, as she called him, — who, to say truth, I could not call very pretty. He seemed to have a wild, shy look, like the offspring of an untamed animal. The woman wore a blanket, gaudily fringed, and she had a string of beads on her neck. She took down a basket, woven of white and red willows, and pressed me to taste of her bread; which I did, that I might not offend her courtesy by refusing. It was not of ill taste, although so hard one could scarcely bite it, and was made of corn meal unleavened, mixed with a dried berry, which gives it

a sweet flavor. She told me, in her broken way, that the whole tribe now numbered only twenty-five men and women, counting out the number very fast with yellow grains of corn, on the corner of her blanket. She was, she said, the youngest woman in the tribe; and her husband, Peckanaminet, was the Indian we had met in the bridle-path. I gave her a pretty piece of ribbon, and an apron for the child; and she thanked me in her manner, going with us on our return to the path; and when I had ridden a little onward, I saw her husband running towards us; so, stopping my horse, I awaited until he came up, when he offered me a fine large fish, which he had just caught, in acknowledgment, as I judged, of my gift to his wife. Rebecca and Mistress Broughton laughed, and bid him take the thing away; but I would not suffer it, and so Robert Pike took it, and brought it on to our present tarrying place, where truly it hath made a fair supper for us all. These poor heathen people seem not so exceeding bad as they have been reported; they be like unto ourselves, only lacking our knowledge and opportunities, which, indeed, are not our own to boast of, but gifts of God, calling for humble thankfulness, and daily prayer and watchfulness, that they be rightly improved.

NEWBURY on the Merrimac, *May* 14, 1678.

We were hardly on our way yesterday, from Agawam, when a dashing young gallant rode up very fast behind us. He was fairly clad in rich stuffs, and rode a nag of good mettle. He saluted

us with much ease and courtliness, offering especial compliments to Rebecca, to whom he seemed well known, and who I thought was both glad and surprised at his coming. As I rode near, she said it gave her great joy to bring to each other's acquaintance, Sir Thomas Hale, a good friend of her father's, and her cousin Margaret, who, like himself, was a new-comer. He replied, that he should look with favor on any one who was near to her in friendship or kindred; and, on learning my father's name, said he had seen him at his uncle's, Sir Matthew Hale's, many years ago, and could vouch for him as a worthy man. After some pleasant and merry discoursing with us, he and my brother fell into converse upon the state of affairs in the Colony, the late lamentable war with the Narragansett and Pequod Indians, together with the growth of heresy and schism in the churches, which latter he did not scruple to charge upon the wicked policy of the home government in checking the wholesome severity of the laws here enacted against the schemers and ranters. "I quite agree," said he, "with Mr. Rawson, that they should have hanged ten where they did one." Cousin Rebecca here said she was sure her father was now glad the laws were changed, and that he had often told her that, although the condemned deserved their punishment, he was not sure that it was the best way to put down the heresy. If she was ruler, she continued, in her merry way, she would send all the schemers and ranters, and all the sour, crabbed, busybodies in the churches, off to Rhode Island, where all kinds of folly, in spirituals as

well as temporals, were permitted, and one crazy head could not reproach another.

Falling back a little, and waiting for Robert Pike and Cousin Broughton to come up, I found them marvelling at the coming of the young gentleman, who it did seem had no special concernment in these parts, other than his acquaintance with Rebecca, and his desire of her company. Robert Pike, as is natural, looks upon him with no great partiality, yet he doth admit him to be well-bred, and of much and varied knowledge, acquired by far travel as well as study. I must say, I like not his confident and bold manner and bearing toward my fair cousin; and he hath more the likeness of a cast-off dangler at the court, than of a modest and seemly country gentleman, of a staid and well-ordered house. Mistress Broughton says he was not at first accredited in Boston, but that her father, and Mr. Atkinson, and the chief people there now, did hold him to be not only what he professeth, as respecteth his gentlemanly lineage, but also learned and ingenious, and well-versed in the Scriptures, and the works of godly writers, both of ancient and modern time. I noted that Robert was very silent during the rest of our journey, and seemed abashed and troubled in the presence of the gay gentleman; for, although a fair and comely youth, and of good family and estate, and accounted solid and judicious beyond his years, he does, nevertheless, much lack the ease and ready wit with which the latter commendeth himself to my sweet kinswoman.

We crossed about noon a broad stream near to

the sea, very deep and miry, so that we wetted our hose and skirts somewhat; and soon, to our great joy, beheld the pleasant cleared fields and dwellings of the settlement, stretching along for a goodly distance; while, beyond all, the great ocean rolled, blue and cold, under an high easterly wind. Passing through a broad path, with well-tilled fields on each hand, where men were busy planting corn, and young maids dropping the seed, we came at length to Uncle Rawson's plantation, looking well-nigh as fair and broad as the lands of Hilton Grange, with a good frame house, and large barns thereon. Turning up the lane, we were met by the housekeeper, a respectable kinswoman, who received us with great civility. Sir Thomas, although pressed to stay, excused himself for the time, promising to call on the morrow, and rode on to the ordinary. I was sadly tired with my journey, and was glad to be shown to a chamber and a comfortable bed.

I was awakened this morning by the pleasant voice of my cousin, who shared my bed. She had arisen and thrown open the window looking towards the sunrising, and the air came in soft and warm, and laden with the sweets of flowers and green-growing things. And when I had gotten myself ready, I sat with her at the window, and I think I may say it was with a feeling of praise and thanksgiving that mine eyes wandered up and down over the green meadows, and corn-fields, and orchards of my new home. Where, thought I, foolish one, be the terrors of the wilderness, which troubled thy daily thoughts and thy nightly

dreams! Where be the gloomy shades, and desolate mountains, and the wild beasts, with their dismal howlings and rages! Here all looked peaceful, and bespoke comfort and contentedness. Even the great woods which climbed up the hills in the distance looked thin and soft, with their faint young leaves a yellowish-gray, intermingled with pale, silvery shades, indicating, as my cousin saith, the different kinds of trees, some of which, like the willow, do put on their leaves early, and others late, like the oak, with which the whole region aboundeth. A sweet, quiet picture it was, with a warm sun, very bright and clear, shining over it, and the great sea, glistening with the exceeding light, bounding the view of mine eyes, but bearing my thoughts, like swift ships, to the land of my birth, and so uniting, as it were, the New World with the Old. Oh, thought I, the merciful God, who reneweth the earth and maketh it glad and brave with greenery and flowers of various hues and smells, and causeth his south winds to blow and his rains to fall, that seed-time may not fail, doth even here, in the ends of his creation, prank and beautify the work of his hands, making the desert places to rejoice, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Verily his love is over all, — the Indian heathen as well as the English Christian. And what abundant cause for thanks have I, that I have been safely landed on a shore so fair and pleasant, and enabled to open mine eyes in peace and love on so sweet a May morning! And I was minded of a verse which I learned from my dear and honored mother when a child, —

"Teach me, my God, thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show;
Then by the sunbeams I will climb to thee."

When we went below, we found on the window-seat which looketh to the roadway, a great bunch of flowers of many kinds, such as I had never seen in mine own country, very fresh, and glistening with the dew. Now, when Rebecca took them up, her sister said, "Nay, they are not Sir Thomas's gift, for young Pike hath just left them." Whereat, as I thought, she looked vexed, and ill at ease. "They are yours, then, Cousin Margaret," said she, rallying, "for Robert and you did ride aside all the way from Agawam, and he scarce spake to me the day long. I see I have lost mine old lover, and my little cousin hath found a new one. I shall write Cousin Oliver all about it." — "Nay," said I, "old lovers are better than new; but I fear my sweet cousin hath not so considered it." She blushed, and looked aside, and for some space of time I did miss her smile, and she spake little.

May 20.

We had scarcely breakfasted, when him they call Sir Thomas called on us, and with him came also a Mr. Sewall, and the minister of the church, Mr. Richardson, both of whom did cordially welcome home my cousins, and were civil to my brother and myself. Mr. Richardson and Leonard fell to conversing about the state of the Church; and Sir Thomas discoursed us in his lively way. After some little tarry, Mr. Sewall asked us to go

with him to Deer's Island, a small way up the river, where he and Robert Pike had some men splitting staves for the Bermuda market. As the day was clear and warm, we did readily agree to go, and forthwith set out for the river, passing through the woods for nearly a half mile. When we came to the Merrimac, we found it a great and broad stream. We took a boat, and were rowed up the river, enjoying the pleasing view of the green banks, and the rocks hanging over the water, covered with bright mosses, and besprinkled with pale, white flowers. Mr. Sewall pointed out to us the different kinds of trees, and their nature and uses, and especially the sugar-tree, which is very beautiful in its leaf and shape, and from which the people of this country do draw a sap wellnigh as sweet as the juice of the Indian cane, making good treacle and sugar. Deer's Island hath rough, rocky shores, very high and steep, and is well covered with a great growth of trees, mostly evergreen pines and hemlocks which looked exceeding old. We found a good seat on the mossy trunk of one of these great trees, which had fallen from its extreme age, or from some violent blast of wind, from whence we could see the water breaking into white foam on the rocks, and hear the melodious sound of the wind in the leaves of the pines, and the singing of birds ever and anon; and lest this should seem too sad and lonely, we could also hear the sounds of the axes and beetles of the workmen, cleaving the timber not far off. It was not long before Robert Pike came up and joined us. He was in his working dress, and his face and hands were

much discolored by the smut of the burnt logs, which Rebecca playfully remarking, he said there were no mirrors in the woods, and that must be his apology; that, besides, it did not become a plain man, like himself, who had to make his own fortune in the world, to try to imitate those who had only to open their mouths, to be fed like young robins, without trouble or toil. Such might go as brave as they would, if they would only excuse his necessity. I thought he spoke with some bitterness, which, indeed, was not without the excuse, that the manner of our gay young gentleman towards him savored much of pride and contemptuousness. My beloved cousin, who hath a good heart, and who, I must think, apart from the wealth and family of Sir Thomas, rather inclineth to her old friend and neighbor, spake cheerily and kindly to him, and besought me privately to do somewhat to help her remove his vexation. So we did discourse of many things very pleasantly. Mr. Richardson, on hearing Rebecca say that the Indians did take the melancholy noises of the pine-trees in the winds to be the voices of the Spirits of the woods, said that they always called to his mind the sounds in the mulberry-trees which the Prophet spake of. Hereupon Rebecca, who hath her memory well provided with divers readings, both of the poets and other writers, did cite very opportunely some ingenious lines, touching what the heathens do relate of the Sacred Tree of Dodona, the rustling of whose leaves the negro priestesses did hold to be the language of the gods. And a late writer, she said, had something in one

of his pieces, which might well be spoken of the aged and dead tree-trunk, upon which we were sitting. And when we did all desire to know their import, she repeated them thus: —

"Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.

"And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thriveth at their root."

These lines, she said, were written by one Vaughn, a Brecknockshire Welsh Doctor of Medicine, who had printed a little book not many years ago. Mr. Richardson said the lines were good, but that he did hold the reading of ballads and the conceits of rhymers a waste of time, to say nothing worse. Sir Thomas hereat said that, as far as he could judge, the worthy folk of New England had no great temptation to that sin from their own poets, and did then, in a drolling tone, repeat some verses of the 137th Psalm, which he said were the best he had seen in the Cambridge Psalm Book: —

"The rivers on of Babylon,
There when we did sit down,
Yea, even then we mourned when
We remembered Sion.
Our harp we did hang it amid
Upon the willow-tree;
Because there they that us away
Led to captivity
Required of us a song, and thus
Asked mirth us waste who laid,

Sing us among a Sion's song
Unto us as then they said."

"Nay, Sir Thomas," quoth Mr. Richardson, "it is not seemly to jest over the Word of God. The writers of our Book of Psalms in metre held rightly that God's altar needs no polishing; and truly they have rendered the words of David into English verse with great fidelity."

Our young gentleman, not willing to displeasure a man so esteemed as Mr. Richardson, here made an apology for his jesting, and said that, as to the Cambridge version, it was indeed faithful; and that it was no blame to uninspired men, that they did fall short of the beauties and richness of the Lord's Psalmist. It being now near noon, we crossed over the river, to where was a sweet spring of water, very clear and bright, running out upon the green bank. Now, as we stood thirsty, having no cup to drink from, seeing some people near, we called to them, and presently there came running to us a young and modest woman, with a bright pewter tankard, which she filled and gave us. I thought her sweet and beautiful, as Rebecca of old, at her father's fountain. She was about leaving, when Mr. Richardson said to her, it was a foul shame for one like her to give heed to the ranting of the Quakers, and bade her be a good girl, and come to the meeting.

"Nay," said she, "I have been there often, to small profit. The spirit which thou persecutest testifieth against thee and thy meeting."

Sir Thomas jestingly asked her if the spirit she spoke of was not such an one as possessed Mary Magdalen.

"Or the swine of the Gadarenes?" asked Mr. Richardson.

I did smile with the others, but was presently sorry for it; for the young maid answered not a word to this, but turning to Rebecca, she said, "Thy father hath been hard with us, but thou seemest kind and gentle, and I have heard of thy charities to the poor. The Lord keep thee, for thou walkest in slippery places; there is danger, and thou seest it not; thou trustest to the hearing of the ear and the seeing of the eye; the Lord alone seeth the deceitfulness and the guile of man; and if thou wilt cry mightily to Him, He can direct thee rightly."

Her voice and manner were very weighty and solemn. I felt an awe come upon me, and Rebecca's countenance was troubled. As the maiden left us, the minister, looking after said, "There is a deal of poison under the fair outside of yonder vessel, which I fear is fitted for destruction." — "Peggy Brewster is indeed under a delusion," answered Robert Pike, "but I know no harm of her. She is kind to all, even to them who evil entreat her."

"Robert, Robert!" cried the minister, "I fear me you will follow your honored father, who has made himself of ill repute, by favoring these people." — "The Quaker hath bewitched him with her bright eyes, perhaps," quoth Sir Thomas. "I would she had laid a spell on an uncivil tongue I wot of," answered Robert, angrily. Hereupon, Mr. Sewall proposed that we should return, and in making ready and getting to the boat, the matter was dropped.

NEWBURY, *June* 1, 1678.

To-day Sir Thomas took his leave of us, being about to go back to Boston. Cousin Rebecca is, I can see, much taken with his outside bravery and courtliness, yet she hath confessed to me that her sober judgment doth greatly incline her towards her old friend and neighbor, Robert Pike. She hath even said that she doubted not she could live a quieter and happier life with him than with such an one as Sir Thomas; and that the words of the Quaker maid, whom we met at the spring on the river side, had disquieted her not a little, inasmuch as they did seem to confirm her own fears and misgivings. But her fancy is so bedazzled with the goodly show of her suitor, that I much fear he can have her for the asking, especially as her father, to my knowledge, doth greatly favor him. And, indeed, by reason of her gracious manner, witty and pleasant discoursing, excellent breeding, and dignity, she would do no discredit to the choice of one far higher than this young gentleman in estate and rank.

June 10.

I went this morning with Rebecca to visit Elnathan Stone, a young neighbor, who has been lying sorely ill for a long time. He was a playmate of my cousin when a boy, and was thought to be of great promise as he grew up to manhood; but, engaging in the war with the heathen, he was wounded and taken captive by them, and after much suffering was brought back to his home a few months ago. On entering the house where he

lay, we found his mother, a careworn and sad woman, spinning in the room by his bedside. A very great and bitter sorrow was depicted on her features; it was the anxious, unreconciled, and restless look of one who did feel herself tried beyond her patience, and might not be comforted. For, as I learned, she was a poor widow, who had seen her young daughter tomahawked by the Indians; and now her only son, the hope of her old age, was on his death-bed. She received us with small civility, telling Rebecca that it was all along of the neglect of the men in authority that her son had got his death in the wars, inasmuch as it was the want of suitable diet and clothing, rather than his wounds, which had brought him into his present condition. Now, as Uncle Rawson is one of the principal magistrates, my sweet cousin knew that the poor afflicted creature meant to reproach him; but her good heart did excuse and forgive the rudeness and distemper of one whom the Lord had sorely chastened. So she spake kindly and lovingly, and gave her sundry nice dainty fruits and comforting cordials, which she had got from Boston for the sick man. Then, as she came to his bedside, and took his hand lovingly in her own, he thanked her for her many kindnesses, and prayed God to bless her. He must have been a handsome lad in health, for he had a fair, smooth forehead, shaded with brown, curling hair, and large, blue eyes, very sweet and gentle in their look. He told us that he felt himself growing weaker, and that at times his bodily suffering was great. But through the mercy of

his Saviour he had much peace of mind. He was content to leave all things in His hand. For his poor mother's sake, he said, more than for his own, he would like to get about once more; there were many things he would like to do for her, and for all who had befriended him; but he knew his Heavenly Father could do more and better for them, and he felt resigned to His will. He had, he said, forgiven all who ever wronged him, and he had now no feeling of anger or unkindness left towards any one, for all seemed kind to him beyond his deserts, and like brothers and sisters. He had much pity for the poor savages even, although he had suffered sorely at their hands; for he did believe that they had been often ill-used, and cheated, and otherwise provoked to take up arms against us. Hereupon, Goodwife Stone twirled her spindle very spitefully, and said she would as soon pity the Devil as his children. The thought of her mangled little girl, and of her dying son, did seem to overcome her, and she dropped her thread, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry, — "Oh, the bloody heathen! Oh, my poor murdered Molly! Oh, my son, my son!" — "Nay, mother," said the sick man, reaching out his hand and taking hold of his mother's, with a sweet smile on his pale face, — "what does Christ tell us about loving our enemies, and doing good to them that do injure us? Let us forgive our fellow-creatures, for we have all need of God's forgiveness. I used to feel as mother does," he said, turning to us; "for I went into the war with a design to spare neither young nor old of the enemy.

But I thank God that even in that dark season my heart relented at the sight of the poor starving women and children, chased from place to place like partridges. Even the Indian fighters, I found, had sorrows of their own, and grievous wrongs to avenge; and I do believe, if we had from the first treated them as poor blinded brethren, and striven as hard to give them light and knowledge, as we have to cheat them in trade, and to get away their lands, we should have escaped many bloody wars, and won many precious souls to Christ."

I inquired of him concerning his captivity. He was wounded, he told me, in a fight with the Sokokis Indians two years before. It was a hot skirmish in the woods; the English and the Indians now running forward, and then falling back, firing at each other from behind the trees. He had shot off all his powder, and, being ready to faint by reason of a wound in his knee, he was fain to sit down against an oak, from whence he did behold, with great sorrow and heaviness of heart, his companions overpowered by the number of their enemies, fleeing away and leaving him to his fate. The savages soon came to him with dreadful whoopings, brandishing their hatchets and their scalping-knives. He thereupon closed his eyes, expecting to be knocked in the head, and killed outright. But just then a noted chief coming up in great haste, bade him be of good cheer, for he was his prisoner, and should not be slain. He proved to be the famous Sagamore Squando, the chief man of the Sokokis.

"And were you kindly treated by this chief?"

asked Rebecca. "I suffered much in moving with him to the Sebago Lake, owing to my wound," he replied; "but the chief did all in his power to give me comfort, and he often shared with me his scant fare, choosing rather to endure hunger himself, than to see his son, as he called me, in want of food. And one night, when I did marvel at this kindness on his part, he told me that I had once done him a great service; asking me if I was not at Black Point, in a fishing vessel, the summer before? I told him I was. He then bade me remember the bad sailors who upset the canoe of a squaw, and wellnigh drowned her little child, and that I had threatened and beat them for it; and also how I gave the squaw a warm coat to wrap up the poor wet papoose. It was his squaw and child that I had befriended; and he told me that he had often tried to speak to me, and make known his gratitude therefor; and that he came once to the garrison at Sheepscot, where he saw me; but being fired at, notwithstanding his signs of peace and friendship, he was obliged to flee into the woods. He said the child died a few days after its evil treatment, and the thought of it made his heart bitter; that he had tried to live peaceably with the white men, but they had driven him into the war.

"On one occasion," said the sick soldier, "as we lay side by side in his hut, on the shore of the Sebago Lake, Squando, about midnight, began to pray to his God very earnestly. And on my querying with him about it, he said he was greatly in doubt what to do, and had prayed for some sign of the

Great Spirit's will concerning him. He then told me that some years ago, near the place where we then lay, he left his wigwam at night, being unable to sleep, by reason of great heaviness and distemper of mind. It was a full moon, and as he did walk to and fro, he saw a fair, tall man in a long black dress, standing in the light on the lake's shore, who spake to him and called him by name.

"'Squando,' he said, and his voice was deep and solemn, like the wind in the hill pines, 'the God of the white man is the God of the Indian, and He is angry with his red children. He alone is able to make the corn grow before the frost, and to lead the fish up the rivers in the spring, and to fill the woods with deer and other game, and the ponds and meadows with beavers. Pray to Him always. Do not hunt on His day, nor let the squaws hoe the corn. Never taste of the strong fire-water, but drink only from the springs. It is because the Indians do not worship Him, that He has brought the white men among them; but if they will pray like the white men, they will grow very great and strong, and their children born in this moon will live to see the English sail back in their great canoes, and leave the Indians all their fishing-places and hunting-grounds.'

"When the strange man had thus spoken, Squando told me that he went straightway up to him, but found where he had stood only the shadow of a broken tree, which lay in the moon across the white sand of the shore. Then he knew it was a spirit, and he trembled, but was glad. Ever since, he told me, he had prayed daily to the Great Spirit, had drank no rum, nor hunted on the Sabbath.

"He said he did for a long time refuse to dig up his hatchet, and make war upon the whites, but that he could not sit idle in his wigwam, while his young men were gone upon their war-path. The spirit of his dead child did moreover speak to him from the land of souls, and chide him for not seeking revenge. Once, he told me, he had in a dream seen the child crying and moaning bitterly, and that when he inquired the cause of its grief, he was told that the Great Spirit was angry with its father, and would destroy him and his people unless he did join with the Eastern Indians to cut off the English."

"I remember," said Rebecca, "of hearing my father speak of this Squando's kindness to a young maid taken captive some years ago at Presumpscot."

"I saw her at Cocheco," said the sick man. "Squando found her in a sad plight, and scarcely alive, took her to his wigwam, where his squaw did lovingly nurse and comfort her; and when she was able to travel, he brought her to Major Waldron's, asking no ransom for her. He might have been made the fast friend of the English at that time, but he scarcely got civil treatment."

"My father says that many friendly Indians, by the ill conduct of the traders, have been made our worst enemies," said Rebecca. "He thought the bringing in of the Mohawks to help us a sin comparable to that of the Jews, who looked for deliverance from the King of Babylon at the hands of the Egyptians."

"They did nothing but mischief," said Elnathan

Stone; "they killed our friends at Newichawannock, Blind Will and his family."

Rebecca here asked him if he ever heard the verses writ by Mr. Sewall concerning the killing of Blind Will. And when he told her he had not, and would like to have her repeat them, if she could remember, she did recite them thus: —

"Blind Will of Newichawannock!
He never will whoop again,
For his wigwam 's burnt above him,
And his old, gray scalp is ta'en!

"Blind Will was the friend of white men,
On their errands his young men ran,
And he got him a coat and breeches,
And looked like a Christian man.

"Poor Will of Newichawannock!
They slew him unawares,
Where he lived among his people,
Keeping Sabbath and saying prayers.

"Now his fields will know no harvest,
And his pipe is clean put out,
And his fine, brave coat and breeches
The Mohog wears about.

"Woe the day our rulers listened
To Sir Edmund's wicked plan,
Bringing down the cruel Mohogs
Who killed the poor old man.

"Oh! the Lord He will requite us;
For the evil we have done,
There 'll be many a fair scalp drying
In the wind and in the sun!

"There 'll be many a captive sighing,
In a bondage long and dire;
There 'll be blood in many a corn-field,
And many a house a-fire.

"And the Papist priests the tidings
Unto all the tribes will send;
They 'll point to Newichawannock, —
'So the English treat their friend!'

"Let the Lord's anointed servants
Cry aloud against this wrong,
Till Sir Edmund take his Mohogs
Back again where they belong.

"Let the maiden and the mother
In the nightly watching share,
While the young men guard the block-house,
And the old men kneel in prayer.

"Poor Will of Newichawannock!
For thy sad and cruel fall,
And the bringing in of the Mohogs,
May the Lord forgive us all!"

A young woman entered the house just as Rebecca finished the verses. She bore in her hands a pail of milk and a fowl neatly dressed, which she gave to Elnathan's mother, and, seeing strangers by his bedside, was about to go out, when he called to her and besought her to stay. As she came up and spoke to him, I knew her to be the maid we had met at the spring. The young man, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged her great kindness to him, at which she seemed troubled and abashed. A pure, sweet complexion she hath, and a gentle and loving look, full of innocence and sincerity. Rebecca seemed greatly disturbed, for she no doubt thought of the warning words of this maiden, when we were at the spring. After she had left, Goodwife Stone said she was sure she could not tell what brought that Quaker girl to her house so much, unless she meant to inveigle Elnathan;

but, for her part, she would rather see him dead than live to bring reproach upon his family and the Church by following after the blasphemers. I ventured to tell her that I did look upon it as sheer kindness and love on the young woman's part; at which Elnathan seemed pleased, and said he could not doubt it, and that he did believe Peggy Brewster to be a good Christian, although sadly led astray by the Quakers. His mother said that, with all her meek looks, and kind words, she was full of all manner of pestilent heresies, and did remind her always of Satan in the shape of an angel of light.

We went away ourselves soon after this, the sick man thanking us for our visit, and hoping that he should see us again. "Poor Elnathan," said Rebecca, as we walked home, "he will never go abroad again; but he is in such a good and loving frame of mind, that he needs not our pity, as one who is without hope."

"He reminds me," I said, "of the comforting promise of Scripture, '*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*'"

June 30, 1678.

Mr. Rawson and Sir Thomas Hale came yesterday from Boston. I was rejoiced to see mine uncle, more especially as he brought for me a package of letters, and presents and tokens of remembrance from my friends on the other side of the water. As soon as I got them, I went up to my chamber, and, as I read of the health of those who are very dear to me, and who did still regard

me with unchanged love, I wept in my great joy, and my heart overflowed in thankfulness. I read the 22d Psalm, and it did seem to express mine own feelings in view of the great mercies and blessings vouchsafed to me. "*My head is anointed with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.*"

This morning, Sir Thomas and Uncle Rawson rode over to Hampton, where they will tarry all night. Last evening, Rebecca had a long talk with her father concerning Sir Thomas, who hath asked her of him. She came to bed very late, and lay restless and sobbing; whereupon I pressed her to know the cause of her grief, when she told me she had consented to marry Sir Thomas, but that her heart was sorely troubled and full of misgivings. On my querying whether she did really love the young gentleman, she said she sometimes feared she did not; and that when her fancy had made a fair picture of the life of a great lady in England, there did often come a dark cloud over it like the shade of some heavy disappointment or sorrow. "Sir Thomas," she said, "was a handsome and witty young man, and had demeaned himself to the satisfaction and good repute of her father and the principal people of the Colony; and his manner towards her had been exceeding delicate and modest, inasmuch as he had presumed nothing upon his family or estate, but had sought her with much entreaty and humility, although he did well know that some of the most admired and wealthy young women in Boston did esteem him not a lit-

tle, even to the annoying of herself, as one whom he especially favored."

"This will be heavy news to Robert Pike," said I; "and I am sorry for him, for he is indeed a worthy man."

"That he is," quoth she; "but he hath never spoken to me of aught beyond that friendliness which, as neighbors and school companions, we do innocently cherish for each other."

"Nay," said I, "my sweet cousin knows full well that he entertaineth so strong an affection for her, that there needeth no words to reveal it."

"Alas!" she answered, "it is too true. When I am with him, I sometimes wish I had never seen Sir Thomas. But my choice is made, and I pray God I may not have reason to repent of it."

We said no more, but I fear she slept little, for on waking about the break of day, I saw her sitting in her night-dress by the window. Whereupon I entreated her to return to her bed, which she at length did, and folding me in her arms, and sobbing as if her heart would break, she besought me to pity her, for it was no light thing which she had done, and she scarcely knew her own mind, nor whether to rejoice or weep over it. I strove to comfort her, and, after a time, she did, to my great joy, fall into a quiet sleep.

This afternoon, Robert Pike came in, and had a long talk with Cousin Broughton, who told him how matters stood between her sister and Sir Thomas, at which he was vehemently troubled, and would fain have gone to seek Rebecca at once, and expostulate with her, but was hindered on being

told that it could only grieve and discomfort her, inasmuch as the thing was well settled, and could not be broken off. He said he had known and loved her from a child; that for her sake he had toiled hard by day and studied by night; and that in all his travels and voyages, her sweet image had always gone with him. He would bring no accusation against her, for she had all along treated him rather as a brother than as a suitor: to which last condition he had indeed not felt himself at liberty to venture, after her honored father, some months ago, had given him to understand that he did design an alliance of his daughter with a gentleman of estate and family. For himself, he would bear himself manfully, and endure his sorrow with patience and fortitude. His only fear was, that his beloved friend had been too hasty in deciding the matter; and that he who was her choice might not be worthy of the great gift of her affection. Cousin Broughton, who has hitherto greatly favored the pretensions of Sir Thomas, told me that she wellnigh changed her mind in view of the manly and noble bearing of Robert Pike; and that if her sister were to live in this land, she would rather see her the wife of him than of any other man therein.

July 3.

Sir Thomas took his leave to-day. Robert Pike hath been here to wish Rebecca great joy and happiness in her prospect, which he did in so kind and gentle a manner, that she was fain to turn away her head to hide her tears. When Robert

saw this, he turned the discourse, and did endeavor to divert her mind in such sort that the shade of melancholy soon left her sweet face, and the twain talked together cheerfully as had been their wont, and as became their years and conditions.

July 6.

Yesterday a strange thing happened in the meeting-house. The minister had gone on in his discourse, until the sand in the hour-glass on the rails before the deacons had wellnigh run out, and Deacon Dole was about turning it, when suddenly I saw the congregation all about me give a great start, and look back. A young woman, barefooted, and with a coarse canvas frock about her, and her long hair hanging loose like a periwig, and sprinkled with ashes, came walking up the south aisle. Just as she got near Uncle Rawson's seat she stopped, and turning round towards the four corners of the house, cried out: "*Woe to the persecutors! Woe to them who for a pretence make long prayers! Humble yourselves, for this is the day of the Lord's power, and I am sent as a sign among you!*" As she looked towards me I knew her to be the Quaker maiden, Margaret Brewster. "Where is the constable?" asked Mr. Richardson. "Let the woman be taken out." Thereupon the whole congregation arose, and there was a great uproar, men and women climbing the seats, and many crying out, some one thing and some another. In the midst of the noise, Mr. Sewall, getting up on a bench, begged the people to be quiet, and let the constable lead out the poor deluded

creature. Mr. Richardson spake to the same effect, and, the tumult a little subsiding, I saw them taking the young woman out of the door; and, as many followed her, I went out also, with my brother, to see what became of her.

We found her in the middle of a great crowd of angry people, who reproached her for her wickedness in disturbing the worship on the Lord's day, calling her all manner of foul names, and threatening her with the stocks and the whipping-post. The poor creature stood still and quiet; she was deathly pale, and her wild hair and sackcloth frock gave her a very strange and pitiable look. The constable was about to take her in charge until the morrow, when Robert Pike came forward, and said he would answer for her appearance at the court the next day, and besought the people to let her go quietly to her home, which, after some parley, was agreed to. Robert then went up to her, and taking her hand, asked her to go with him. She looked up, and being greatly touched by his kindness, began to weep, telling him that it had been a sorrowful cross to her to do as she had done; but that it had been long upon her mind, and that she did feel a relief now that she had found strength for obedience. He, seeing the people still following, hastened her away, and we all went back to the meeting-house. In the afternoon, Mr. Richardson gave notice that he should preach, next Lord's day, from the 12th and 13th verses of Jude, wherein the ranters and disturbers of the present day were very plainly spoken of.

This morning she hath been had before the

magistrates, who, considering her youth and good behavior hitherto, did not proceed against her so far as many of the people desired. A fine was laid upon her, which both she and her father did profess they could not in conscience pay, whereupon she was ordered to be set in the stocks; but this Mr. Sewall, Robert Pike, and my brother would by no means allow, but paid the fine themselves, so that she was set at liberty, whereat the boys and rude women were not a little disappointed, as they had thought to make sport of her in the stocks. Mr. Pike, I hear, did speak openly in her behalf before the magistrates, saying that it was all along of the cruel persecution of these people that did drive them to such follies and breaches of the peace. Mr. Richardson, who hath heretofore been exceeding hard upon the Quakers, did, moreover, speak somewhat in excuse of her conduct, believing that she was instigated by her elders; and he therefore counselled the court that she should not be whipped.

August 1.

Captain Sewall, R. Pike, and the minister, Mr. Richardson, at our house to-day. Captain Sewall, who lives mostly at Boston, says that a small vessel loaded with negroes, taken on the Madagascar coast, came last week into the harbor, and that the owner thereof had offered the negroes for sale as slaves, and that they had all been sold to magistrates, ministers, and other people of distinction in Boston and thereabouts. He said the negroes were principally women and children, and scarcely

alive, by reason of their long voyage and hard fare. He thought it a great scandal to the Colony, and a reproach to the Church, that they should be openly trafficked, like cattle in the market. Uncle Rawson said it was not so formerly; for he did remember the case of Captain Smith and one Kesar, who brought negroes from Guinea thirty years ago. The General Court, urged thereto by Sir Richard Saltonstall and many of the ministers, passed an order that, for the purpose of "bearing a witness against the heinous sin of man-stealing, justly abhorred of all good and just men," the negroes should be taken back to their own country at the charge of the Colony; which was soon after done. Moreover, the two men, Smith and Kesar, were duly punished.

Mr. Richardson said he did make a distinction between the stealing of men from a nation at peace with us, and the taking of captives in war. The Scriptures did plainly warrant the holding of such, and especially if they be heathen.

Captain Sewall said he did, for himself, look upon all slave-holding as contrary to the Gospel and the New Dispensation. The Israelites had a special warrant for holding the heathen in servitude; but he had never heard any one pretend that he had that authority for enslaving Indians and blackamoors.

Hereupon Mr. Richardson asked him if he did not regard Deacon Dole as a godly man; and if he had aught to say against him and other pious men who held slaves. And he cautioned him to be careful, lest he should be counted an accuser of the brethren.

Here Robert Pike said he would tell of a matter which had fallen under his notice. "Just after the war was over," said he, "owing to the loss of my shallop in the Penobscot Bay, I chanced to be in the neighborhood of him they call the Baron of Castine, who hath a strong castle, with much cleared land and great fisheries at Byguyduce. I was preparing to make a fire and sleep in the woods, with my two men, when a messenger came from the Baron, saying that his master, hearing that strangers were in the neighborhood, had sent him to offer us food and shelter, as the night was cold and rainy. So without ado we went with him, and were shown into a comfortable room in a wing of the castle, where we found a great fire blazing, and a joint of venison with wheaten loaves on the table. After we had refreshed ourselves, the Baron sent for me, and I was led into a large, fair room, where he was, with Modockawando, who was his father-in-law, and three or four other chiefs of the Indians, together with two of his priests. The Baron, who was a man of goodly appearance, received me with much courtesy; and when I told him my misfortune, he said he was glad it was in his power to afford us a shelter. He discoursed about the war, which he said had been a sad thing to the whites as well as the Indians, but that he now hoped the peace would be lasting. Whereupon, Modockawando, a very grave and serious heathen, who had been sitting silent with his friends, got up and spoke a loud speech to me, which I did not understand, but was told that he did complain of the whites for holding as slaves

sundry Indian captives, declaring that it did provoke another war. His own sister's child, he said, was thus held in captivity. He entreated me to see the great Chief of our people (meaning the Governor), and tell him that the cries of the captives were heard by his young men, and that they were talking of digging up the hatchet which the old men had buried at Casco. I told the old savage that I did not justify the holding of Indians after the peace, and would do what I could to have them set at liberty, at which he seemed greatly rejoiced. Since I came back from Castine's country, I have urged the giving up of the Indians, and many have been released. Slavery is a hard lot, and many do account it worse than death. When in the Barbadoes, I was told that on one plantation, in the space of five years, a score of slaves had hanged themselves."

"Mr. Atkinson's Indian," said Captain Sewall, "whom he bought of a Virginia ship-owner, did, straightway on coming to his house, refuse meat; and although persuasions and whippings were tried to make him eat, he would not so much as take a sip of drink. I saw him a day or two before he died, sitting wrapped up in his blanket, and muttering to himself. It was a sad sight, and I pray God I may never see the like again. From that time I have looked upon the holding of men as slaves as a great wickedness. The Scriptures themselves do testify, that *he that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity.*"

After the company had gone, Rebecca sat silent and thoughtful for a time, and then bade her

young serving-girl, whom her father had bought, about a year before, of the master of a Scotch vessel, and who had been sold to pay the cost of her passage, to come to her. She asked her if she had aught to complain of in her situation. The poor girl looked surprised, but said she had not. "Are you content to live as a servant?" asked Rebecca. "Would you leave me if you could?" She here fell a-weeping, begging her mistress not to speak of her leaving. "But if I should tell you that you are free to go or stay, as you will, would you be glad or sorry?" queried her mistress. The poor girl was silent. "I do not wish you to leave me, Effie," said Rebecca, "but I wish you to know that you are from henceforth free, and that if you serve me hereafter, as I trust you will, it will be in love and good will, and for suitable wages." The bondswoman did not at the first comprehend the design of her mistress, but, on hearing it explained once more, she dropped down on her knees, and clasping Rebecca, poured forth her thanks after the manner of her people; whereupon Rebecca, greatly moved, bade her rise, as she had only done what the Scriptures did require, in *giving to her servant that which is just and equal.*

"How easy it is to make others happy, and ourselves also!" she said, turning to me, with the tears shining in her eyes.

August 8, 1678.

Elnathan Stone, who died two days ago, was buried this afternoon. A very solemn funeral, — Mr. Richardson preaching a sermon from the 23d

Psalm, 4th verse: "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*" Deacon Dole provided the wine and spirits, and Uncle Rawson the beer, and bread, and fish for the entertainment, and others of the neighbors did, moreover, help the widow to sundry matters of clothing suitable for the occasion, for she was very poor, and, owing to the long captivity and sickness of her son, she hath been much straitened at times. I am told that Margaret Brewster hath been like an angel of mercy unto her, watching often with the sick man, and helping her in her work, so that the poor woman is now fain to confess that she hath a good and kind heart. A little time before Elnathan died, he did earnestly commend the said Margaret to the kindness of Cousin Rebecca, entreating her to make interest with the magistrates, and others in authority, in her behalf, that they might be merciful to her in her outgoings, as he did verily think they did come of a sense of duty, albeit mistaken. Mr. Richardson, who hath been witness to her gracious demeanor and charity, and who saith she does thereby shame many of his own people, hath often sought to draw her away from the new doctrines, and to set before her the dangerous nature of her errors; but she never lacketh answer of some sort, being naturally of good parts, and well read in the Scriptures.

August 10.

I find the summer here greatly unlike that of mine own country. The heat is great, the sun

shining very strong and bright; and for more than a month it hath been exceeding dry, without any considerable fall of rain, so that the springs fail in many places, and the watercourses are dried up, which doth bring to mind very forcibly the language of Job, concerning the brooks which the drouth consumeth: "*What time they wax warm they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing and perish.*" The herbage and grass have lost much of the brightness which they did wear in the early summer; moreover, there be fewer flowers to be seen. The fields and roads are dusty, and all things do seem to faint and wax old under the intolerable sun. Great locusts sing sharp in the hedges and bushes, and grasshoppers fly up in clouds, as it were, when one walks over the dry grass which they feed upon, and at nightfall mosquitoes are no small torment. Whenever I do look forth at noonday, at which time the air is all aglow, with a certain glimmer and dazzle like that from an hot furnace, and see the poor fly-bitten cattle whisking their tails to keep off the venomous insects, or standing in the water of the low grounds for coolness, and the panting sheep lying together under the shade of trees, I must needs call to mind the summer season of old England, the cool sea air, the soft-dropping showers, the fields so thick with grasses, and skirted with hedge-rows like green walls, the trees and shrubs all clean and moist, and the vines and creepers hanging over walls and gateways, very plenteous and beautiful to behold. Ah me! often

in these days do I think of Hilton Grange, with its great oaks, and cool breezy hills and meadows green the summer long. I shut mine eyes, and lo! it is all before me like a picture; I see mine uncle's gray hairs beneath the trees, and my good aunt standeth in the doorway, and Cousin Oliver comes up in his field-dress, from the croft or the mill; I can hear his merry laugh, and the sound of his horse's hoofs ringing along the gravel-way. Our sweet Chaucer telleth of a mirror in the which he that looked did see all his past life; that magical mirror is no fable, for in the memory of love old things do return and show themselves as features do in the glass, with a perfect and most beguiling likeness.

Last night, Deacon Dole's Indian — One-eyed Tom, a surly fellow — broke into his master's shop, where he made himself drunk with rum, and, coming to the house, did greatly fright the women-folk by his threatening words and gestures. Now, the Deacon coming home late from the church-meeting, and seeing him in this way, wherreted him smartly with his cane, whereupon he ran off, and came up the road howling and yelling like an evil spirit. Uncle Rawson sent his Irish man-servant to see what caused the ado; but he straightway came running back, screaming "Murther! murther!" at the top of his voice. So uncle himself went to the gate, and presently called for a light, which Rebecca and I came with, inasmuch as the Irishman and Effie dared not go out. We found Tom sitting on the horse-block, the blood running down his face, and much bruised and

swollen. He was very fierce and angry, saying that if he lived a month, he would make him a tobacco-pouch of the Deacon's scalp. Rebecca ventured to chide him for his threats, but offered to bind up his head for him, which she did with her own kerchief. Uncle Rawson then bade him go home and get to bed, and in future let alone strong drink, which had been the cause of his beating. This he would not do, but went off into the woods, muttering as far as one could hear him.

This morning Deacon Dole came in, and said his servant Tom had behaved badly, for which he did moderately correct him, and that he did thereupon run away, and he feared he should lose him. He bought him, he said, of Captain Davenport, who brought him from the Narragansett country, paying ten pounds and six shillings for him, and he could ill bear so great a loss. I ventured to tell him that it was wrong to hold any man, even an Indian or Guinea black, as a slave. My uncle, who saw that my plainness was not well taken, bade me not meddle with matters beyond my depth; and Deacon Dole, looking very surly at me, said I was a forward one; that he had noted that I did wear a light and idle look in the meeting-house; and, pointing with his cane to my hair, he said I did render myself liable to presentment by the Grand Jury for a breach of the statute of the General Court, made the year before, against "the immodest laying out of the hair," &c. He then went on to say that he had lived to see strange times, when such as I did venture to oppose themselves to sober and grave people, and to despise authority, and encourage rebellion and disorder;

and bade me take heed lest all such be numbered with the cursed children which the Apostle did rebuke: "*Who, as natural brute beasts, speak evil of things they understand not, and shall utterly perish in their corruption.*" My dear Cousin Rebecca here put in a word in my behalf, and told the Deacon that Tom's misbehavior did all grow out of the keeping of strong liquors for sale, and that he was wrong to beat him so cruelly, seeing that he did himself place the temptation before him. Thereupon the Deacon rose up angrily, bidding uncle look well to his forward household. "Nay, girls," quoth mine uncle, after his neighbor had left the house, "you have angered the good man sorely." — "Never heed," said Rebecca, laughing and clapping her hands, "he hath got something to think of more profitable, I trow, than Cousin Margaret's hair or looks in meeting. He has been tything of mint and anise and cummin long enough, and 't is high time for him to look after the weightier matters of the law."

The selling of beer and strong liquors, Mr. Sewall says, hath much increased since the troubles of the Colony and the great Indian war. The General Court do take some care to grant licenses only to discreet persons; but much liquor is sold without warrant. For mine own part, I think old Chaucer hath it right in his Pardoner's Tale: —

> "A likerous thing is wine, and drunkenness
> Is full of striving and of wretchedness.
> O drunken man! disfigured is thy face,
> Sour is thy breath, foul art thou to embrace;
> Thy tongue is lost, and all thine honest care,
> For drunkenness is very sepulture
> Of man's wit and his discretion."

AGAMENTICUS, *August* 18.

The weather being clear and the heat great, last week uncle and aunt, with Rebecca and myself, and also Leonard and Sir Thomas, thought it a fitting time to make a little journey by water to the Isles of Shoals, and the Agamenticus, where dwelleth my Uncle Smith, who hath strongly pressed me to visit him. One Caleb Powell, a seafaring man, having a good new boat, with a small cabin, did undertake to convey us. He is a drolling odd fellow, who hath been in all parts of the world, and hath seen and read much, and, having a rare memory, is not ill company, although uncle saith one must make no small allowance for his desire of making his hearers marvel at his stories and conceits. We sailed with a good westerly wind down the river, passing by the great salt marshes, which stretch a long way by the sea, and in which the town's people be now very busy in mowing and gathering the grass for winter's use. Leaving on our right hand Plum Island (so called on account of the rare plums which do grow upon it), we struck into the open sea, and soon came in sight of the Islands of Shoals. There be seven of them in all, lying off the town of Hampton on the mainland, about a league. We landed on that called the Star, and were hospitably entertained through the day and night by Mr. Abbott, an old inhabitant of the islands, and largely employed in fisheries and trade, and with whom uncle had some business. In the afternoon Mr. Abbott's son rowed us about among the islands, and showed us the manner of curing the dun-fish, for which the place

is famed. They split the fishes, and lay them on the rocks in the sun, using little salt, but turning them often. There is a court-house on the biggest island, and a famous school, to which many of the planters on the main-land do send their children. We noted a great split in the rocks, where, when the Indians came to the islands many years ago, and killed some and took others captive, one Betty Moody did hide herself, and which is hence called *Betty Moody's Hole.* Also, the pile of rocks set up by the noted Captain John Smith, when he did take possession of the Isles in the year 1614. We saw our old acquaintance Peckanaminet and his wife, in a little birch canoe, fishing a short way off. Mr. Abbott says he well recollects the time when the Agawams were wellnigh cut off by the Tarratine Indians; for that early one morning, hearing a loud yelling and whooping, he went out on the point of the rocks, and saw a great fleet of canoes filled with Indians, going back from Agawam, and the noise they made he took to be their rejoicing over their victory.

In the evening a cold easterly wind began to blow, and it brought in from the ocean a damp fog, so that we were glad to get within doors. Sir Thomas entertained us by his lively account of things in Boston, and of a journey he had made to the Providence plantations. He then asked us if it was true, as he had learned from Mr. Mather, of Boston, that there was an house in Newbury dolefully beset by Satan's imps, and that the family could get no sleep because of the doings of evil spirits. Uncle Rawson said he did hear something

of it, and that Mr. Richardson had been sent for to pray against the mischief. Yet as he did count Goody Morse a poor silly woman, he should give small heed to her story; but here was her near neighbor, Caleb Powell, who could doubtless tell more concerning it. Whereupon, Caleb said it was indeed true that there was a very great disturbance in Goodman Morse's house; doors opening and shutting, household stuff whisked out of the room, and then falling down the chimney, and divers other strange things, many of which he had himself seen. Yet he did believe it might be accounted for in a natural way, especially as the old couple had a wicked, graceless boy living with them, who might be able to do the tricks by his great subtlety and cunning. Sir Thomas said it might be the boy; but that Mr. Josselin, who had travelled much hereabout, had told him that the Indians did practise witchcraft, — and that, now they were beaten in war, he feared they would betake themselves to it, and so do by their devilish wisdom what they could not do by force; and verily this did look much like the beginning of their enchantments. "That the Devil helpeth the heathen in this matter, I do myself know for a certainty," said Caleb Powell; "for when I was at Port Royal, many years ago, I did see with mine eyes the burning of an old negro wizard, who had done to death many of the whites, as well as his own people, by a charm which he brought with him from the Guinea country." Mr. Hull, the minister of the place, who was a lodger in the house, said he had heard one Foxwell, a reputable planter at

Saco, lately deceased, tell of a strange affair that did happen to himself, in a voyage to the eastward. Being in a small shallop, and overtaken by the night, he lay at anchor a little way off the shore, fearing to land on account of the Indians. Now, it did chance that they were waked about midnight by a loud voice from the land, crying out, *Foxwell, come ashore!* three times over; whereupon, looking to see from whence the voice did come, they beheld a great circle of fire on the beach, and men and women dancing about it in a ring. Presently they vanished, and the fire was quenched also. In the morning he landed, but found no Indians nor English, only brands' ends cast up by the waves; and he did believe, unto the day of his death, that it was a piece of Indian sorcery. "There be strange stories told of Passaconaway, the chief of the River Indians," he continued. "I have heard one say who saw it, that once, at the Patucket Falls, this chief, boasting of his skill in magic, picked up a dry skin of a snake, which had been cast off, as is the wont of the reptile, and making some violent motions of his body, and calling upon his Familiar, or Demon, he did presently cast it down upon the rocks, and it became a great black serpent, which mine informant saw crawl off into some bushes, very nimble. This Passaconaway was accounted by his tribe to be a very cunning conjurer, and they do believe that he could brew storms, make water burn, and cause green leaves to grow on trees in the winter; and, in brief, it may be said of him, that he was not a whit behind the magicians of Egypt in the time of Moses."

"There be women in the cold regions about Norway," said Caleb Powell, "as I have heard the sailors relate, who do raise storms and sink boats at their will."

"It may well be," quoth Mr. Hull, "since Satan is spoken of as the prince and power of the air."

"The profane writers of old time do make mention of such sorceries," said Uncle Rawson. "It is long since I have read any of them; but Virgil and Apulius do, if I mistake not, speak of this power over the elements."

"Do you not remember, father," said Rebecca, "some verses of Tibullus, in which he speaketh of a certain enchantress? Some one hath rendered them thus: —

"'Her with charms drawing stars from heaven, I,
And turning the course of rivers, did espy.
She parts the earth, and ghosts from sepulchres
Draws up, and fetcheth bones away from fires,
And at her pleasure scatters clouds in the air,
And makes it snow in summer hot and fair.'"

Here Sir Thomas laughingly told Rebecca, that he did put more faith in what these old writers did tell of the magic arts of the sweet-singing sirens, and of Circe and her enchantments, and of the Illyrian maidens, so wonderful in their beauty, who did kill with their looks such as they were angry with.

"It was, perhaps, for some such reason," said Rebecca, "that, as Mr. Abbott tells me, the General Court many years ago did forbid women to live on these islands."

"Pray, how was that?" asked Sir Thomas.

"You must know," answered our host, "that in the early settlement of the Shoals, vessels coming for fish upon this coast did here make their harbor, bringing hither many rude sailors of different nations; and the Court judged that it was not a fitting place for women, and so did by law forbid their dwelling on the islands belonging to the Massachusetts."

He then asked his wife to get the order of the Court concerning her stay on the islands, remarking that he did bring her over from the Maine in despite of the law. So his wife fetched it, and Uncle Rawson read it, it being to this effect, — "That a petition having been sent to the Court, praying that the law might be put in force in respect to John Abbott his wife, the Court do judge it meet, if no further complaint come against her, that she enjoy the company of her husband." Whereat we all laughed heartily.

Next morning, the fog breaking away early, we set sail for Agamenticus, running along the coast and off the mouth of the Piscataqua River, passing near where my lamented Uncle Edward dwelt, whose fame as a worthy gentleman and magistrate is still living. We had Mount Agamenticus before us all day, — a fair stately hill, rising up as it were from the water. Towards night a smart shower came on, with thunderings and lightnings such as I did never see or hear before; and the wind blowing and a great rain driving upon us, we were for a time in much peril; but, through God's mercy, it suddenly cleared up, and we went into the Agamenticus River with a bright sun. Before

dark we got to the house of my honored uncle, where, he not being at home, his wife and daughters did receive us kindly.

September 10.

I do find myself truly comfortable at this place. My two cousins, Polly and Thankful, are both young, unmarried women, very kind and pleasant, and, since my Newbury friends left, I have been learning of them many things pertaining to housekeeping, albeit I am still but a poor scholar. Uncle is Marshall of the Province, which takes him much from home; and aunt, who is a sickly woman, keeps much in her chamber; so that the affairs of the household and of the plantation do mainly rest upon the young women. If ever I get back to Hilton Grange again, I shall have tales to tell of my baking and brewing, of my pumpkin-pies, and bread made of the flour of the Indian corn; yea, more, of gathering of the wild fruit in the woods, and cranberries in the meadows, milking the cows, and looking after the pigs and barnyard fowls. Then, too, we have had many pleasant little journeys by water and on horseback, young Mr. Jordan, of Spurwink, who hath asked Polly in marriage, going with us. A right comely youth he is, but a great Churchman, as might be expected, his father being the minister of the Black Point people, and very bitter towards the Massachusetts and its clergy and government. My uncle, who meddles little with Church matters, thinks him a hopeful young man, and not an ill suitor for his daughter. He hath been in England

for his learning, and is accounted a scholar; but, although intended for the Church service, he inclineth more to the life of a planter, and taketh the charge of his father's plantation at Spurwink. Polly is not beautiful and graceful like Rebecca Rawson, but she hath freshness of youth and health, and a certain good-heartedness of look and voice, and a sweetness of temper which do commend her in the eyes of all. Thankful is older by some years, and, if not as cheerful and merry as her sister, it needs not be marvelled at, since one whom she loved was killed in the Narragansett country two years ago. O these bloody wars! There be few in these Eastern Provinces who have not been called to mourn the loss of some near and dear friend, so that of a truth *the land mourns.*

September 18.

Meeting much disturbed yesterday, — a ranting Quaker coming in and sitting with his hat on in sermon time, humming and groaning, and rocking his body to and fro like one possessed. After a time he got up, and pronounced a great woe upon the priests, calling them many hard names, and declaring that the whole land stank with their hypocrisy. Uncle spake sharply to him, and bid him hold his peace, but he only cried out the louder. Some young men then took hold of him, and carried him out. They brought him along close to my seat, he hanging like a bag of meal, with his eyes shut, as ill-favored a body as I ever beheld. The magistrates had him smartly whipped this morning, and sent out of the jurisdiction. I was

told he was no true Quaker; for, although a noisy, brawling hanger-on at their meetings, he is not in fellowship with the more sober and discreet of that people.

Rebecca writes me that the witchcraft in William Morse's house is much talked of, and that Caleb Powell hath been complained of as the wizard. Mr. Jordan the elder says he does in no wise marvel at the Devil's power in the Massachusetts, since at his instigation the rulers and ministers of the Colony have set themselves against the true and Gospel order of the Church, and do slander and persecute all who will not worship at their conventicles.

A Mr. Van Valken, a young gentleman of Dutch descent, and the agent of Mr. Edmund Andross, of the Duke of York's Territory, is now in this place, being entertained by Mr. Godfrey, the late Deputy-Governor. He brought a letter for me from Aunt Rawson, whom he met in Boston. He is a learned, serious man, hath travelled a good deal, and hath an air of high breeding. The minister here thinks him a Papist, and a Jesuit, especially as he hath not called upon him, nor been to the meeting. He goes soon to Pemaquid, to take charge of that fort and trading station, which have greatly suffered by the war.

September 30.

Yesterday, Cousin Polly and myself, with young Mr. Jordan, went up to the top of the mountain, which is some miles from the harbor. It is not hard to climb in respect to steepness, but it is so

tangled with bushes and vines, that one can scarce break through them. The open places were yellow with golden-rods, and the pale asters were plenty in the shade, and by the side of the brooks, that with pleasing noise did leap down the hill. When we got upon the top, which is bare and rocky, we had a fair view of the coast, with its many windings and its islands, from the Cape Ann, near Boston, to the Cape Elizabeth, near Casco, the Piscataqua and Agamenticus rivers; and away in the northwest we could see the peaks of mountains looking like summer clouds or banks of gray fog. These mountains lie many leagues off in the wilderness, and are said to be exceeding lofty.

But I must needs speak of the color of the woods, which did greatly amaze me, as unlike anything I had ever seen in old England. As far as mine eyes could look, the mighty wilderness, under the bright westerly sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a garden in its season of flowering; green, dark, and light, orange, and pale yellow, and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues, in a manner truly wonderful to behold. It is owing, I am told, to the sudden frosts, which in this climate do smite the vegetation in its full life and greenness, so that in the space of a few days the colors of the leaves are marvellously changed and brightened. These colors did remind me of the stains of the windows of old churches, and of rich tapestry. The maples were all aflame with crimson, the walnuts were orange, the hemlocks and cedars were wellnigh black; while the slender birches, with their pale

yellow leaves, seemed painted upon them as pictures are laid upon a dark ground. I gazed until mine eyes grew weary, and a sense of the wonderful beauty of the visible creation, and of God's great goodness to the children of men therein, did rest upon me, and I said in mine heart, with one of old: "*O Lord! how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast thou made them all, and the earth is full of thy riches.*"

October 6.

Walked out to the iron mines, a great hole digged in the rocks, many years ago, for the finding of iron. Aunt, who was then just settled in housekeeping, told me many wonderful stories of the man who caused it to be digged, a famous doctor of physic, and, as it seems, a great wizard also. He bought a patent of land on the south side of the Saco River, four miles by the sea, and eight miles up into the main-land of Mr. Vines, the first owner thereof; and being curious in the seeking and working of metals, did promise himself great riches in this new country; but his labors came to nothing, although it was said that Satan helped him, in the shape of a little blackamoor man-servant, who was his constant familiar. My aunt says she did often see him, wandering about among the hills and woods, and along the banks of streams of water, searching for precious ores and stones. He had even been as far as the great mountains, beyond Pigwackett, climbing to the top thereof, where the snows lie wellnigh all the year, his way thither lying through doleful swamps and lonesome

woods. He was a great friend of the Indians, who held him to be a more famous conjurer than their own powahs; and, indeed, he was learned in all curious and occult arts, having studied at the great College of Padua, and travelled in all parts of the old countries. He sometimes stopped in his travels at my uncle's house, the little blackamoor sleeping in the barn, for my aunt feared him, as he was reputed to be a wicked imp. Now it so chanced that on one occasion my uncle had lost a cow, and had searched the woods many days for her to no purpose, when, this noted doctor coming in, he besought him to find her out by his skill and learning; but he did straightway deny his power to do so, saying he was but a poor scholar, and lover of science, and had no greater skill in occult matters than any one might attain to by patient study of natural things. But as mine uncle would in no wise be so put off, and still pressing him to try his art, he took a bit of coal, and began to make marks on the floor, in a very careless way. Then he made a black dot in the midst, and bade my uncle take heed that his cow was lying dead in that spot; and my uncle looking at it, said he could find her, for he now knew where she was, inasmuch as the doctor had made a fair map of the country round about for many miles. So he set off, and found the cow lying at the foot of a great tree, close beside a brook, she being quite dead, which thing did show that he was a magician of no mean sort.

My aunt further said, that in those days there was great talk of mines of gold and precious

stones, and many people spent all their substance in wandering about over the wilderness country seeking a fortune in this way. There was one old man, who, she remembered, did roam about seeking for hidden treasures, until he lost his wits, and might be seen filling a bag with bright stones and shining sand, muttering and laughing to himself. He was at last missed for some little time, when he was found lying dead in the woods, still holding fast in his hands his bag of pebbles.

On my querying whether any did find treasures hereabout, my aunt laughed, and said she never heard of but one man who did so, and that was old Peter Preble of Saco, who, growing rich faster than his neighbors, was thought to owe his fortune to the finding of a gold or silver mine. When he was asked about it, he did by no means deny it, but confessed he had found treasures in the sea as well as on the land; and, pointing to his loaded fish-flakes and his great cornfields, said, "Here are my mines." So that afterwards, when any one prospered greatly in his estate, it was said of him by his neighbors, "*He has been working Peter Preble's mine.*"

October 8.

Mr. Van Valken, the Dutchman, had before Mr. Rishworth, one of the Commissioners of the Province, charged with being a Papist and a Jesuit. He bore himself, I am told, haughtily enough, denying the right to call him in question, and threatening the interference of his friend and ruler, Sir Edmund, on account of the wrong done him.

My uncle and others did testify that he was a civil and courteous gentleman, not intermeddling with matters of a religious nature; and that they did regard it as a foul shame to the town that he should be molested in this wise. But the minister put them to silence, by testifying that he (Van Valken) had given away sundry Papist books; and, one of them being handed to the Court, it proved to be a Latin Treatise, by a famous Papist, intituled, "The Imitation of Christ." Hereupon, Mr. Godfrey asked if there was aught evil in the book. The minister said it was written by a monk, and was full of heresy, favoring both the Quakers and the Papists; but Mr. Godfrey told him it had been rendered into the English tongue, and printed some years before in the Massachusetts Bay; and asked him if he did accuse such men as Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wilson, and the pious ministers of their day, of heresy. "Nay," quoth the minister, "they did see the heresy of the book, and, on their condemning it, the General Court did forbid its sale." Mr. Rishworth hereupon said he did judge the book to be pernicious, and bade the constable burn it in the street, which he did. Mr. Van Valken, after being gravely admonished, was set free; and he now saith he is no Papist, but that he would not have said that much to the Court to save his life, inasmuch as he did deny its right of arraigning him. Mr. Godfrey says the treatment whereof he complains is but a sample of what the people hereaway are to look for from the Massachusetts jurisdiction. Mr. Jordan, the younger, says his father hath a copy of the con-

demned book, of the Boston printing; and I being curious to see it, he offers to get it for me.

Like unto Newbury, this is an old town for so new a country. It was made a city in 1642, and took the name of *Gorgeana*, after that of the lord proprietor, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The government buildings are spacious, but now falling into decay somewhat. There be a few stone houses, but the major part are framed, or laid up with square logs. The look of the land a little out of the town is rude and unpleasing, being much covered with stones and stumps; yet the soil is said to be strong, and the pear and apple do flourish well here; also they raise rye, oats, and barley, and the Indian corn, and abundance of turnips, as well as pumpkins, squashes, and melons. The war with the Indians, and the troubles and changes of government, have pressed heavily upon this and other towns of the Maine, so that I am told that there be now fewer wealthy planters here than there were twenty years ago, and little increase of sheep or horned cattle. The people do seem to me less sober and grave, in their carriage and conversation, than they of the Massachusetts, — hunting, fishing, and fowling more, and working on the land less. Nor do they keep the Lord's Day so strict; many of the young people going abroad, both riding and walking, visiting each other, and diverting themselves, especially after the meetings are over.

October 9.

Goodwife Nowell, an ancient gossip of mine aunt's, looking in this morning, and talking of the

trial of the Dutchman, Van Valken, spake of the coming into these parts many years ago of one Sir Christopher Gardiner, who was thought to be a Papist. He sought lodgings at her house for one whom he called his cousin, a fair young woman, together with her serving girl, who did attend upon her. She tarried about a month, seeing no one, and going out only towards the evening, accompanied by her servant. She spake little, but did seem melancholy and exceeding mournful, often crying very bitterly. Sir Christopher came only once to see her, and Goodwife Nowell saith she well remembers seeing her take leave of him on the roadside, and come back weeping and sobbing dolefully; and that a little time after, hearing that he had gotten into trouble in Boston as a Papist and man of loose behavior, she suddenly took her departure in a vessel sailing for the Massachusetts, leaving to her, in pay for house-room and diet, a few coins, a gold cross, and some silk stuffs and kerchiefs. The cross being such as the Papists do worship, and therefore unlawful, her husband did beat it into a solid wedge privately, and kept it from the knowledge of the minister and the magistrates. But as the poor man never prospered after, but lost his cattle and grain, and two of their children dying of measles the next year, and he himself being sickly, and near his end, he spake to her of the golden cross, saying that he did believe it was a great sin to keep it, as he had done, and that it had wrought evil upon him, even as the wedge of gold, and the shekels, and Babylonish garment did upon Achan, who was stoned, with all his

house, in the valley of Achor; and the minister coming in, and being advised concerning it, he judged that although it might be a sin to keep it hidden from a love of riches, it might, nevertheless, be safely used to support Gospel preaching and ordinances, and so did himself take it away. The goodwife says, that notwithstanding her husband died soon after, yet herself and household did from thenceforth begin to amend their estate and condition.

Seeing me curious concerning this Sir Christopher and his cousin, Goodwife Nowell said there was a little parcel of papers which she found in her room after the young woman went away, and she thought they might yet be in some part of her house, though she had not seen them for a score of years. Thereupon, I begged of her to look for them, which she promised to do.

October 14.

A strange and wonderful providence! Last night there was a great company of the neighbors at my uncle's, to help him in the husking and stripping of the corn, as is the custom in these parts. The barn-floor was about half-filled with the corn in its dry leaves; the company sitting down on blocks and stools before it, plucking off the leaves, and throwing the yellow ears into baskets. A pleasant and merry evening we had; and when the corn was nigh stripped, I went into the house with Cousin Thankful, to look to the supper and the laying of the tables, when we heard a loud noise in the barn, and one of the girls came running in,

crying out, "O Thankful! Thankful! John Gibbins has appeared to us! His spirit is in the barn!" The plates dropt from my cousin's hand, and, with a faint cry, she fell back against the wall for a little space; when, hearing a man's voice without, speaking her name, she ran to the door, with the look of one beside herself; while I, trembling to see her in such a plight, followed her. There was a clear moon, and a tall man stood in the light close to the door.

"John," said my cousin, in a quick, choking voice, "is it you?"

"Why, Thankful, don't you know me? I'm alive; but the folks in the barn will have it that I'm a ghost," said the man, springing towards her.

With a great cry of joy and wonder, my cousin caught hold of him: "O John, you *are* alive!"

Then she swooned quite away, and we had a deal to do to bring her to life again. By this time, the house was full of people, and among the rest came John's old mother and his sisters, and we all did weep and laugh at the same time. As soon as we got a little quieted, John told us that he had indeed been grievously stunned by the blow of a tomahawk, and been left for dead by his comrades, but that after a time he did come to his senses, and was able to walk; but, falling into the hands of the Indians, he was carried off to the French Canadas, where, by reason of his great sufferings on the way, he fell sick, and lay for a long time at the point of death. That when he did get about again, the savage who lodged him, and who had taken him as a son, in the place of his own, slain

by the Mohawks, would not let him go home, although he did confess that the war was at an end. His Indian father, he said, who was feeble and old, died not long ago, and he had made his way home by the way of Crown Point and Albany. Supper being ready, we all sat down, and the minister, who had been sent for, offered thanks for the marvellous preserving and restoring of the friend who was lost and now was found, as also for the blessings of peace, by reason of which every man could now sit *under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid*, and for the abundance of the harvest, and the treasures of the seas, and the spoil of the woods, so that our land might take up the song of the Psalmist: "*The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth the outcasts of Israel; he healeth the broken in heart. Praise thy God, O Zion! For he strengtheneth the bars of thy gates, he maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of wheat.*" Oh! a sweet supper we had, albeit little was eaten, for we were filled full of joy, and needed not other food. When the company had gone, my dear cousin and her betrothed went a little apart, and talked of all that had happened unto them during their long separation. I left them sitting lovingly together in the light of the moon, and a measure of their unspeakable happiness did go with me to my pillow.

This morning, Thankful came to my bedside to pour out her heart to me. The poor girl is like a new creature. The shade of her heavy sorrow, which did formerly rest upon her countenance,

hath passed off like a morning cloud, and her eye hath the light of a deep and quiet joy.

"I now know," said she, "what David meant when he said, '*We are like them that dream; our mouth is filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!*'"

October 18.

A cloudy wet day. Goody Nowell brought me this morning a little parcel of papers, which she found in the corner of a closet. They are much stained and smoked, and the mice have eaten them sadly, so that I can make little of them. They seem to be letters, and some fragments of what did take place in the life of a young woman of quality from the North of England. I find frequent mention made of Cousin Christopher, who is also spoken of as a soldier in the wars with the Turks, and as a Knight of Jerusalem. Poorly as I can make out the meaning of these fragments, I have read enough to make my heart sad, for I gather from them that the young woman was in early life betrothed to her cousin, and that afterwards, owing, as I judge, to the authority of her parents, she did part with him, he going abroad, and entering into the wars, in the belief that she was to wed another. But it seemed that the heart of the young woman did so plead for her cousin, that she could not be brought to marry as her family willed her to do; and, after a lapse of years, she, by chance hearing that Sir Christopher had gone to the New England, where he was acting as an agent

of his kinsman, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in respect to the Maine Province, did privately leave her home, and take passage in a Boston bound ship. How she did make herself known to Sir Christopher, I find no mention made; but, he now being a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and vowed to forego marriage, as is the rule of that Order, and being, moreover, as was thought, a priest or Jesuit, her great love and constancy could meet with but a sorrowful return on his part. It does appear, however, that he journeyed to Montreal, to take counsel of some of the great Papist priests there, touching the obtaining of a dispensation from the Head of the Church, so that he might marry the young woman; but, getting no encouragement therein, he went to Boston to find a passage for her to England again. He was there complained of as a Papist; and the coming over of his cousin being moreover known, a great and cruel scandal did arise from it, and he was looked upon as a man of evil life, though I find nothing to warrant such a notion, but much to the contrary thereof. What became of him and the young woman, his cousin, in the end, I do not learn.

One small parcel did affect me even unto tears. It was a paper containing some dry, withered leaves of roses, with these words written on it: "To Anna, from her loving cousin, Christopher Gardiner, being the first rose that hath blossomed this season in the College garden. *St. Omer's, June*, 1630." I could but think how many tears had been shed over this little token, and how often,

through long, weary years, it did call to mind the sweet joy of early love, of that fairest blossom of the spring of life of which it was an emblem, alike in its beauty and its speedy withering.

There be moreover among the papers sundry verses, which do seem to have been made by Sir Christopher; they are in the Latin tongue, and inscribed to his cousin, bearing date many years before the twain were in this country, and when he was yet a scholar at the Jesuits' College of St. Omer's, in France. I find nothing of a later time, save the verses which I herewith copy, over which there are, in a woman's handwriting, these words:

"VERSES

"*Writ by Sir Christopher when a prisoner among the Turks in Moldavia, and expecting death at their hands.*

1.

"Ere down the blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall fall again,
Farewell this life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain!

2.

"These prison shades are dark and cold,
But darker far than they
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on mine heart alway.

3.

"For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I, —
An alien from my name and blood, —
A weed cast out to die;

4.

"When, looking back, in sunset light
I saw her turret gleam,

And from its window, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream;

5.

"Like one who from some desert shore
Does home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky,

6.

"So, from the desert of my fate,
Gaze I across the past;
And still upon life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

7.

"I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine,
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

8.

"And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword,
To Christ his blessed Church, and her
The Mother of our Lord!

9.

"Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream.

10.

"In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,
And sackcloth shirt of hair:

11.

"The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,

And vigils with the past they keep
Against or with my will.

12.

"And still the loves and hopes of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes.

13.

"Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine!

14.

"'O faithless priest! O perjured knight!'
I hear the master cry,
'Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let earth and nature die.

15.

"'The Church of God is now my spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Keep down thy human heart.'

16.

"In vain! — This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The lover and the priest!

17.

"O pitying Mother! souls of light,
And saints and martyrs old,
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

18.

"Then let the Paynim work his will,
Let death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sunset falls again!"

My heart is heavy with the thought of these unfortunates. Where be they now? Did the knight forego his false worship and his vows, and so marry his beloved Anna? Or did they part forever, — she going back to her kinsfolk, and he to his companions of Malta? Did he perish at the hands of the infidels, and does the maiden sleep in the family tomb, under her father's oaks? Alas! who can tell? I must needs leave them, and their sorrows and trials, to Him who doth not willingly afflict the children of men; and whatsoever may have been their sins and their follies, my prayer is, that they may be forgiven, for they loved much.

October 20.

I do purpose to start to-morrow for the Massachusetts, going by boat to the Piscataqua River, and thence by horse to Newbury.

Young Mr. Jordan spent yesterday and last night with us. He is a goodly youth, of a very sweet and gentle disposition; nor doth he seem to me to lack spirit, although his father (who liketh not his quiet ways and easy temper, so contrary to his own, and who is sorely disappointed in that he hath chosen the life of a farmer to that of a minister, for which he did intend him) often accuseth him of that infirmity. Last night we had much pleasant discourse touching the choice he hath made; and when I told him that perhaps he might have become a great prelate in the Church, and dwelt in a palace, and made a great lady of our cousin; whereas now I did see no better prospect for him than to raise corn for his wife to make

pudding of, and chop wood to boil her kettle, he laughed right merrily, and said he should never have gotten higher than a curate in a poor parish; and as for Polly, he was sure she was more at home in making puddings than in playing the fine lady.

"For my part," he continued, in a serious manner, "I have no notion that the pulpit is my place; I like the open fields and sky better than the grandest churches of man's building; and when the wind sounds in the great grove of pines on the hill near our house, I doubt if there be a choir in all England so melodious and solemn. These painted autumn woods, and this sunset light, and yonder clouds of gold and purple, do seem to me better fitted to provoke devotional thoughts, and to awaken a becoming reverence and love for the Creator, than the stained windows and lofty arched roofs of old minsters. I do know, indeed, that there be many of our poor busy planters, who, by reason of ignorance, ill-breeding, and lack of quiet for contemplation, do see nothing in these things, save as they do affect their crops of grain or grasses, or their bodily comforts in one way or another. But to them whose minds have been enlightened and made large and free by study and much reflection, and whose eyes have been taught to behold the beauty and fitness of things, and whose ears have been so opened that they can hear the ravishing harmonies of the creation, the life of a planter is very desirable even in this wilderness, and notwithstanding the toil and privation thereunto appertaining. There be fountains gushing

up in the hearts of such, sweeter than the springs of water which flow from the hillsides, where they sojourn; and therein, also, flowers of the summer do blossom all the year long. *The brutish man knoweth not this, neither doth the fool comprehend it.*"

"See, now," said Polly to me, "how hard he is upon us poor unlearned folk."

"Nay, to tell the truth," said he, turning towards me, "your cousin here is to be held not a little accountable for my present inclinations; for she it was who did confirm and strengthen them. While I had been busy over books, she had been questioning the fields and the woods; and, as if the old fables of the poets were indeed true, she did get answers from them, as the priestesses and sibyls did formerly from the rustling of leaves and trees, and the sounds of running waters; so that she could teach me much concerning the uses and virtues of plants and shrubs, and of their time of flowering and decay; of the nature and habitudes of wild animals and birds, the changes of the air, and of the clouds and winds. My science, so called, had given me little more than the names of things which to her were familiar and common. It was in her company that I learned to read nature as a book always open, and full of delectable teachings, until my poor school-lore did seem undesirable and tedious, and the very chatter of the noisy blackbirds in the spring meadows more profitable and more pleasing than the angry disputes and the cavils and subtleties of schoolmen and divines."

My cousin blushed, and, smiling through her moist eyes at this language of her beloved friend, said that I must not believe all he said; for, indeed, it was along of his studies of the heathen poets that he had first thought of becoming a farmer. And she asked him to repeat some of the verses which he had at his tongue's end. He laughed, and said he did suppose she meant some lines of Horace, which had been thus Englished: —

"I often wished I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal flowing by my door,
Besides an ancient oaken grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.

"The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this, —
They promise me a modest spouse,
To light my hearth and keep my house.
I ask no more than, free from strife,
To hold these blessings all my life!"

I am exceedingly pleased, I must say, with the prospect of my cousin Polly. Her suitor is altogether a worthy young man; and, making allowances for the uncertainty of all human things, she may well look forward to a happy life with him. I shall leave behind on the morrow dear friends, who were strangers unto me a few short weeks ago, but in whose joys and sorrows I shall henceforth always partake, so far as I do come to the knowledge of them, whether or no I behold their faces any more in this life.

HAMPTON, *October* 24, 1678.

I took leave of my good friends at Agamenticus, or York, as it is now called, on the morning after the last date in my journal, going in a boat with my uncle to Piscataqua and Strawberry Bank. It was a cloudy day, and I was chilled through before we got to the mouth of the river; but, as the high wind was much in our favor, we were enabled to make the voyage in a shorter time than is common. We stopped a little at the house of a Mr. Cutts, a man of some note in these parts; but he being from home, and one of the children sick with a quinsy, we went up the river to Strawberry Bank, where we tarried over night. The woman who entertained us had lost her husband in the war, and having to see to the ordering of matters out of doors in this busy season of harvest, it was no marvel that she did neglect those within. I made a comfortable supper of baked pumpkin and milk, and for lodgings I had a straw bed on the floor, in the dark loft, which was piled wellnigh full with corn-ears, pumpkins, and beans, besides a great deal of old household trumpery, wool, and flax, and the skins of animals. Although tired of my journey, it was some little time before I could get asleep; and it so fell out, that after the folks of the house were all abed, and still, it being, as I judge, nigh midnight, I chanced to touch with my foot a pumpkin lying near the bed, which set it a-rolling down the stairs, bumping hard on every stair as it went. Thereupon I heard a great stir below, the woman and her three daughters crying out that the house was haunted. Presently she

called to me from the foot of the stairs, and asked me if I did hear anything. I laughed so at all this, that it was some time before I could speak; when I told her I did hear a thumping on the stairs. "Did it seem to go up, or down?" inquired she, anxiously; and on my telling her that the sound went downward, she set up a sad cry, and they all came fleeing into the corn-loft, the girls bouncing upon my bed, and hiding under the blanket, and the old woman praying and groaning, and saying that she did believe it was the spirit of her poor husband. By this time my uncle, who was lying on the settle in the room below, hearing the noise, got up, and stumbling over the pumpkin, called to know what was the matter. Thereupon the woman bade him flee up stairs, for there was a ghost in the kitchen. "Pshaw!" said my uncle, "is that all? I thought to be sure the Indians had come." As soon as I could speak for laughing, I told the poor creature what it was that so frightened her; at which she was greatly vexed; and, after she went to bed again, I could hear her scolding me for playing tricks upon honest people.

We were up betimes in the morning, which was bright and pleasant. Uncle soon found a friend of his, a Mr. Weare, who, with his wife, was to go to his home, at Hampton, that day, and who did kindly engage to see me thus far on my way. At about eight of the clock we got upon our horses, the woman riding on a pillion behind her husband. Our way was for some miles through the woods, getting at times a view of the sea, and passing

some good, thriving plantations. The woods in this country are by no means like those of England, where the ancient trees are kept clear of bushes and undergrowth, and the sward beneath them is shaven clean and close; whereas here they be much tangled with vines, and the dead boughs and logs which have fallen, from their great age. or which the storms do beat off, or the winter snows and ices do break down. Here, also, through the thick matting of dead leaves, all manner of shrubs and bushes, some of them very sweet and fair in their flowering, and others greatly prized for their healing virtues, do grow up plenteously. In the season of them, many wholesome fruits abound in the woods, such as blue and black berries. We passed many trees, well loaded with walnuts and oilnuts, seeming all alive, as it were, with squirrels, striped, red, and gray, the last having a large, spreading tail, which Mr. Weare told me they do use as a sail, to catch the wind, that it may blow them over rivers and creeks, on pieces of bark, in some sort like that wonderful shell-fish which transformeth itself into a boat, and saileth on the waves of the sea. We also found grapes, both white and purple, hanging down in clusters from the trees, over which the vines did run, nigh upon as large as those which the Jews of old plucked at Eschol. The air was sweet and soft, and there was a clear, but not a hot sun, and the chirping of squirrels, and the noise of birds, and the sound of the waves breaking on the beach a little distance off, and the leaves, at every breath of the wind in the tree-tops, whirling and flutter-

ing down about me, like so many yellow and scarlet-colored birds, made the ride wonderfully pleasant and entertaining.

Mr. Weare, on the way, told me that there was a great talk of the bewitching of Goodman Morse's house at Newbury, and that the case of Caleb Powell was still before the Court, he being vehemently suspected of the mischief. I told him I thought the said Caleb was a vain, talking man, but nowise of a wizard. The thing most against him, Mr. Weare said, was this: that he did deny at the first that the house was troubled by evil spirits, and even went so far as to doubt that such things could be at all. "Yet many wiser men than Caleb Powell do deny the same," I said. "True," answered he; "but, as good Mr. Richardson, of Newbury, well saith, there have never lacked Sadducees, who believe not in angel or spirit." I told the story of the disturbance at Strawberry Bank the night before, and how so silly a thing as a rolling pumpkin did greatly terrify a whole household; and said I did not doubt this Newbury trouble was something very like it. Hereupon the good woman took the matter up, saying she had been over to Newbury, and had seen with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears; and that she could say of it as the Queen of Sheba did of Solomon's glory, "The half had not been told her." She then went on to tell me of many marvellous and truly unaccountable things, so that I must needs think there is an invisible hand at work there.

We reached Hampton about one hour before noon; and riding up the road towards the meeting-

house, to my great joy, Uncle Rawson, who had business with the Commissioners then sitting, came out to meet me, bidding me go on to Mr. Weare's house, whither he would follow me when the Court did adjourn. He came thither accordingly, to sup and lodge, bringing with him Mr. Pike the elder, one of the magistrates, a grave, venerable man, the father of mine old acquaintance, Robert. Went in the evening with Mistress Weare and her maiden sister to see a young girl in the neighborhood, said to be possessed, or bewitched; but for mine own part I did see nothing in her behavior beyond that of a vicious and spoiled child, delighting in mischief. Her grandmother, with whom she lives, lays the blame on an ill-disposed woman, named Susy Martin, living in Salisbury. Mr. Pike, who dwells near this Martin, saith she is no witch, although an arrant scold, as was her mother before her; and as for the girl, he saith that a birch twig, smartly laid on, would cure her sooner than the hanging of all the old women in the Colony. Mistress Weare says this is not the first time the Evil Spirit hath been at work in Hampton; for they did all remember the case of Goody Marston's child, who was, from as fair and promising an infant as one would wish to see, changed into the likeness of an ape, to the great grief and sore shame of its parents; and, moreover, that when the child died, there was seen by more than one person a little old woman in a blue cloak, and petticoat of the same color, following on after the mourners, and looking very like old Eunice Cole, who was then locked fast in Ipswich jail, twenty miles off. Uncle Raw-

son says he has all the papers in his possession touching the trial of this Cole, and will let me see them when we get back to Newbury. There was much talk on this matter, which so disturbed my fancy that I slept but poorly. This afternoon we go over to Newbury, where, indeed, I do greatly long to be once more.

NEWBURY, *October* 26.

Cousin Rebecca gone to Boston, and not expected home until next week. The house seems lonely without her. R. Pike looked in upon us this morning, telling us that there was a rumor in Boston, brought by way of the New York Colony, that a great Papist Plot had been discovered in England, and that it did cause much alarm in London and thereabout. R. Pike saith he doubts not the Papists do plot, it being the custom of their Jesuits so to do; but that, nevertheless, it would be no strange thing if it should be found that the Bishops and the Government did set this rumor a-going, for the excuse and occasion of some new persecutions of Independents and godly people.

October 27.

Mr. Richardson preached yesterday, from Deuteronomy xviii. 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. An ingenious and solid discourse, in which he showed that, as among the heathen nations surrounding the Jews, there were sorcerers, charmers, wizards, and consulters with familiar spirits, who were an abomination to the Lord, so in our time the heathen nations of Indians had also their powahs and pani-

sees and devilish wizards, against whom the warning of the text might well be raised by the watchmen on the walls of our Zion. He moreover said that the arts of the Adversary were now made manifest in this place in a most strange and terrible manner, and it did become the duty of all godly persons to pray and wrestle with the Lord, that they who have made a covenant with hell may be speedily discovered in their wickedness, and cut off from the congregation. An awful discourse, which made many tremble and quake, and did quite overcome Goodwife Morse, she being a weakly woman, so that she had to be carried out of the meeting.

It being cold weather, and a damp easterly wind keeping me within doors, I have been looking over with uncle his papers about the Hampton witch, Eunice Cole, who was twice tried for her mischiefs; and I incline to copy some of them, as I know they will be looked upon as worthy of record by my dear Cousin Oliver and mine other English friends. I find that as long ago as the year 1656, this same Eunice Cole was complained of, and many witnesses did testify to her wickedness. Here followeth some of the evidence on the first trial: —

"The deposition of Goody Marston and Goodwife Susanna Palmer, who, being sworn, sayeth, that Goodwife Cole saith that she was sure there was a witch in town, and that she knew where he dwelt, and who they are, and that thirteen years ago she knew one bewitched as Goodwife Marston's child was, and she was sure that party was bewitched, for it told her so, and it was changed from a man to an ape, as Goody Marston's child was, and she had prayed this thirteen year that

God would discover that witch. And further the deponent saith not.

"Taken on oath before the Commissioners of Hampton, the 8th of the 2nd mo., 1656.

WILLIAM FULLER.
HENRY DOW.

"Vera copea:

THOS. BRADBURY, *Recorder.*

"Sworn before, the 4th of September, 1656,

EDWARD RAWSON.

"Thomas Philbrick testifieth that Goody Cole told him that if any of his calves did eat of her grass, she hoped it would poison them; and it fell out that one never came home again, and the other coming home died soon after.

"Henry Morelton's wife and Goodwife Sleeper depose that, talking about Goody Cole and Marston's child, they did hear a great scraping against the boards of the window, which was not done by a cat or dog.

"Thomas Coleman's wife testifies that Goody Cole did repeat to another the very words which passed between herself and her husband, in their own house, in private; and Thomas Ormsby, the constable of Salisbury, testifies, that when he did strip Eunice Cole of her shift, to be whipped, by the judgment of the Court at Salisbury, he saw a witch's mark under her left breast. Moreover, one Abra. Drake doth depose and say, that this Goody Cole threatened that the hand of God would be against his cattle, and forthwith two of his cattle died, and before the end of summer a third also."

About five years ago, she was again presented by the Jury for the Massachusetts jurisdiction, for having "entered into a covenant with the Devil,

contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity, the laws of God and this jurisdiction"; and much testimony was brought against her, tending to show her to be an arrant witch. For it seems she did fix her evil eye upon a little maid named Ann Smith, to entice her to her house, appearing unto her in the shape of a little old woman, in a blue coat, a blue cap, and a blue apron, and a white neckcloth, and presently changing into a dog, and running up a tree, and then into an eagle flying in the air, and lastly into a gray cat, speaking to her, and troubling her in a grievous manner. Moreover, the constable of the town of Hampton testifies, that, having to supply Goody Cole with diet, by order of the town, she being poor, she complained much of him, and after that his wife could bake no bread in the oven which did not speedily rot and become loathsome to the smell, but the same meal baked at a neighbor's made good and sweet bread; and, further, that one night there did enter into their chamber a smell like that of the bewitched bread, only more loathsome, and plainly diabolical in its nature, so that, as the constable's wife saith, "she was fain to rise in the night and desire her husband to go to prayer to drive away the Devil; and he, rising, went to prayer, and after that, the smell was gone, so that they were not troubled with it." There is also the testimony of Goodwife Perkins, that she did see, on the Lord's day, while Mr. Dalton was preaching, an imp in the shape of a mouse, fall out the bosom of Eunice Cole down into her lap. For all which, the County Court, held at Salisbury,

did order her to be sent to the Boston Jail, to await her trial at the Court of Assistants. This last Court, I learn from mine uncle, did not condemn her, as some of the evidence was old, and not reliable. Uncle saith she was a wicked old woman, who had been often whipped and set in the ducking-stool, but whether she was a witch or no, he knows not for a certainty.

November 8.

Yesterday, to my great joy, came my beloved Cousin Rebecca from Boston. In her company also came the worthy minister and doctor of medicine, Mr. Russ, formerly of Wells, but now settled at a plantation near Cocheco. He is to make some little tarry in this town, where at this present time many complain of sickness. Rebecca saith he is one of the excellent of the earth, and, like his blessed Lord and Master, delighteth in going about doing good, and comforting both soul and body. He hath a cheerful, pleasant countenance, and is very active, albeit he is well stricken in years. He is to preach for Mr. Richardson next Sabbath, and in the mean time lodgeth at my uncle's house.

This morning the weather is raw and cold, the ground frozen, and some snow fell before sunrise. A little time ago, Dr. Russ, who was walking in the garden, came in a great haste to the window where Rebecca and I were sitting, bidding us come forth. So, we hurrying out, the good man bade us look whither he pointed, and lo! a flock of wild geese, streaming across the sky, in two great files,

sending down, as it were, from the clouds, their loud and sonorous trumpetings, "*Cronk, cronk, cronk!*" These birds, the Doctor saith, do go northward in March to hatch their broods in the great bogs and on the desolate islands, and fly back again when the cold season approacheth. Our worthy guest improved the occasion to speak of the care and goodness of God towards his creation, and how these poor birds are enabled, by their proper instincts, to partake of his bounty, and to shun the evils of adverse climates. He never looked, he said, upon the flight of these fowls, without calling to mind the query which was of old put to Job: "*Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?*"

November 12, 1678.

Dr. Russ preached yesterday, having for his text 1 Corinthians, chap. xiii. verse 5: "*Charity seeketh not her own.*" He began by saying that mutual benevolence was a law of nature, — no one being a whole of himself, nor capable of happily subsisting by himself, but rather a member of the great body of mankind, which must dissolve and perish, unless held together and compacted in its various parts by the force of that common and blessed law. The wise Author of our being hath most manifestly framed and fitted us for one another, and ordained that mutual charity shall supply our mutual wants and weaknesses, inasmuch as *no man liveth to himself*, but is dependent upon

others, as others be upon him. It hath been said by ingenious men, that in the outward world all things do mutually operate upon and affect each other; and that it is by the energy of this principle that our solid earth is supported, and the heavenly bodies are made to keep the rhythmic harmonies of their creation, and dispense upon us their benign favors; and it may be said, that a law akin to this hath been ordained for the moral world, — mutual benevolence being the cement and support of families, and churches, and states, and of the great community and brotherhood of mankind. It doth both make and preserve all the peace, and harmony, and beauty, which liken our world in some small degree to heaven, and without it all things would rush into confusion and discord, and the earth would become a place of horror and torment, and men become as ravening wolves, devouring and being devoured by one another.

Charity is the second great commandment, upon which hang all the Law and the Prophets; and it is like unto the first, and cannot be separated from it; for at the great day of recompense we shall be tried by these commandments, and our faithfulness unto the first will be seen and manifested by our faithfulness unto the last. Yea, by our love of one another the Lord will measure our love of himself. "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*" The grace of benevolence is therefore no small part of our *meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light;* it is the temper of heaven; the air which the angels breathe; an immortal

grace, — for when faith which supporteth us here, and hope which is as an anchor to the tossed soul, are no longer needed, charity remaineth forever, for it is native in heaven, and partaketh of the divine nature, for God himself is love.

"Oh, my hearers," said the preacher, his venerable face brightening as if with a light shining from within, "doth not the Apostle tell us that skill in tongues and gifts of prophecy, and mysteries of knowledge and faith, do avail nothing where charity is lacking? What avail great talents, if they be not devoted to goodness? On the other hand, where charity dwelleth, it maketh the weak strong and the uncomely beautiful; it sheddeth a glory about him who possesseth it, like that which did shine on the face of Moses, or that which did sit upon the countenance of Stephen, when *his face was as the face of an angel.* Above all, it conformeth us to the Son of God; for through love he came among us, and went about doing good, adorning his life with miracles of mercy, and at last laid it down for the salvation of men. What heart can resist his melting entreaty: '*Even as I have loved you, love ye also one another.*'

"We do all," he continued, "seek after happiness, but too often blindly and foolishly. The selfish man, striving to live for himself, shutteth himself up to partake of his single portion, and marvelleth that he cannot enjoy it. The good things he hath laid up for himself fail to comfort him; and although he hath riches, and wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet hath he not power to partake thereof. They be as *delicates*

poured upon a mouth shut up, or as meats set upon a grave. But he that hath found charity to be the temper of happiness, which doth put the soul in a natural and easy condition, and openeth it to the solaces of that pure and sublime entertainment which the angels do spread for such as obey the will of their Creator, hath discovered a more subtle alchemy than any of which the philosophers did dream, — for he transmuteth the enjoyments of others into his own, and his large and open heart partaketh of the satisfaction of all around him. Are there any here who, in the midst of outward abundance, are sorrowful of heart, — who go mourning on their way from some inward discomfort, — who long for serenity of spirit, and cheerful happiness, as the servant earnestly desireth the shadow? Let such seek out the poor and forsaken, they who have no homes nor estates, who are the servants of sin and evil habits, who lack food for both the body and the mind. Thus shall they, in remembering others, forget themselves; the pleasure they afford to their fellow-creatures shall come back larger and fuller unto their own bosoms, and they shall know of a truth how much the more blessed it is to give than to receive. In love and compassion, God hath made us dependent upon each other, to the end that by the use of our affections we may find true happiness and rest to our souls. He hath united us so closely with our fellows, that they do make, as it were, a part of our being, and in comforting them we do most assuredly comfort ourselves. Therein doth happiness come to us unawares, and without seeking, as the servant who

goeth on his master's errand findeth pleasant fruits and sweet flowers overhanging him, and cool fountains, which he knew not of, gushing up by the wayside, for his solace and refreshing."

The minister then spake of the duty of charity towards even the sinful and froward, and of winning them by love and good will, and making even their correction and punishment a means of awakening them to repentance, and the calling forth of the fruits meet for it. He also spake of self-styled prophets and enthusiastic people, who went about to cry against the Church and the State, and to teach new doctrines, saying that oftentimes such were sent as a judgment upon the professors of the truth, who had the form of godliness only, while lacking the power thereof; and that he did believe that the zeal which had been manifested against such had not always been enough seasoned with charity. It did argue a lack of faith in the truth, to fly into a panic and a great rage when it was called in question; and to undertake to become God's avengers, and to torture and burn heretics, was an error of the Papists, which ill became those who had gone out from among them. Moreover, he did believe that many of these people, who had so troubled the Colony of late, were at heart simple and honest men and women, whose heads might indeed be unsound, but who at heart sought to do the will of God; and, of a truth, all could testify to the sobriety and strictness of their lives, and the justice of their dealings in outward things.

He spake also somewhat of the Indians, who, he said, were our brethren, and concerning whom

we would have an account to give at the Great Day. The hand of these heathen people had been heavy upon the Colonies, and many had suffered from their cruel slaughterings, and the captivity of themselves and their families. Here the aged minister wept, for he doubtless thought of his son, who was slain in the war; and for a time the words did seem to die in his throat, so greatly was he moved. But he went on to say, that since God, in his great and undeserved mercy, had put an end to the war, all present unkindness and hard dealing towards the poor benighted heathen was an offence in the eyes of Him who respecteth not the persons of men, but who regardeth with an equal eye the white and the red men, both being the workmanship of His hands. It is our blessed privilege to labor to bring them to a knowledge of the true God, whom, like the Athenians, some of them do ignorantly worship; while the greater part, as was said of the heathen formerly, *do not, out of the good things that are seen, know Him that is; neither by considering the works do they acknowledge the workmaster, but deem the fire or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods who govern the world.*

He counselled against mischief-makers and stirrers up of strife, and such as do desire occasion against their brethren. He said that it did seem as if many thought to atone for their own sins by their great heat and zeal to discover wickedness in others; and that he feared such might be the case now, when there was much talk of the outward and

visible doings of Satan in this place; whereas, the enemy was most to be feared who did work privily in the heart; it being a small thing for him to bewitch a dwelling made of wood and stone, who did so easily possess and enchant the precious souls of men.

Finally, he did exhort all to keep watch over their own spirits, and to remember that what measure they do mete to others shall be measured to them again; to lay aside all wrath, and malice, and evil-speaking; to bear one another's burdens, and so make this Church in the wilderness beautiful and comely, an example to the world of that peace and good will to men, which the angels sang of at the birth of the blessed Redeemer.

I have been the more careful to give the substance of Mr. Russ's sermon, as nearly as I can remember it, forasmuch as it hath given offence to some who did listen to it. Deacon Dole saith it was such a discourse as a Socinian or a Papist might have preached, for the great stress it laid upon works; and Goodwife Matson, a noisy, talking woman, — such an one, no doubt, as those busybodies whom Saint Paul did rebuke for forwardness, and command to keep silence in the church, — says the preacher did go out of his way to favor Quakers, Indians, and witches; and that the Devil in Goody Morse's house was no doubt well pleased with the discourse. R. Pike saith he does no wise marvel at her complaints; for when she formerly dwelt at the Marblehead fishing-haven, she was one of the unruly women who did break into Thompson's garrison-house, and barba-

rously put to death two Saugus Indians, who had given themselves up for safe keeping, and who had never harmed any, which thing was a great grief and scandal to all well-disposed people. And yet this woman, who scrupled not to say that she would as lief stick an Indian as a hog, and who walked all the way from Marblehead to Boston to see the Quaker woman hung, and did foully jest over her dead body, was allowed to have her way in the church, Mr. Richardson being plainly in fear of her ill tongue and wicked temper.

November 13.

The Quaker maid, Margaret Brewster, came this morning, inquiring for the Doctor, and desiring him to visit a sick man at her father's house, a little way up the river; whereupon he took his staff and went with her. On his coming back, he said he must do the Quakers the justice to say, that, with all their heresies and pestilent errors of doctrine, they were a kind people; for here was Goodman Brewster, whose small estate had been wellnigh taken from him in fines, and whose wife was a weak, ailing woman, who was at this time kindly lodging and nursing a poor, broken-down soldier, by no means likely to repay him, in any sort. As for the sick man, he had been hardly treated in the matter of his wages, while in the war, and fined, moreover, on the ground that he did profane the holy Sabbath; and though he had sent a petition to the Honorable Governor and Council, for the remission of the same, it had been to no purpose. Mr. Russ said he had taken a copy of this petition,

with the answer thereto, intending to make another application himself to the authorities; for although the petitioner might have been blamable, yet his necessity did go far to excuse it. He gave me the papers to copy, which are as followeth: —

"*To the Hon. the Governor and Council, now sitting in Boston, July* 30, 1676. *The Petition of Jonathan Atherton humbly showeth:*

"That your Petitioner, being a soldier under Captain Henchman, during their abode at Concord, Captain H., under pretence of your petitioner's profanation of the Sabbath, had sentenced your petitioner to lose a fortnight's pay. Now, the thing that was alleged against your petitioner was, that he cut a piece of an old hat to put in his shoes, and emptied three or four cartridges. Now, there was great occasion and necessity for his so doing, for his shoes were grown so big, by walking and riding in the wet and dew, that they galled his feet so that he was not able to go without pain; and his cartridges, being in a bag, were worn with continual travel, so that they lost the powder out, so that it was dangerous to carry them; besides, he did not know how soon he should be forced to make use of them, therefore he did account it lawful to do the same; yet, if it be deemed a breach of the Sabbath, he desires to be humbled before the Lord, and begs the pardon of his people for any offence done to them thereby. And doth humbly request the favor of your Honors to consider the premises, and to remit the fine imposed upon him, and to give order to the committee for the war for the payment of his wages. So shall he forever pray."

"Aug. 1676. — *The Council sees no cause to grant the petitioner any relief.*"

NEWBURY, *November* 18, 1678.

Went yesterday to the haunted house with Mr. Russ and Mr. Richardson, Rebecca and Aunt Rawson being in the company. Found the old couple in much trouble, sitting by the fire, with the Bible open before them, and Goody Morse weeping. Mr. Richardson asked Goodman Morse to tell what he had seen and heard in the house; which he did, to this effect: That there had been great and strange noises all about the house, a banging of doors, and a knocking on the boards, and divers other unaccountable sounds; that he had seen his box of tools turn over of itself, and the tools fly about the room; baskets dropping down the chimney, and the pots hanging over the fire smiting against each other; and, moreover, the irons on the hearth jumping into the pots, and dancing on the table. Goodwife Morse said that her bread-tray would upset of its own accord, and the great woollen wheel would contrive to turn itself upside down, and stand on its end; and that when she and the boy did make the beds, the blankets would fly off as fast as they put them on, all of which the boy did confirm. Mr. Russ asked her if she suspected any one of the mischief; whereupon. she said she did believe it was done by the seaman Powell, a cunning man, who was wont to boast of his knowledge in astrology and astronomy, having been brought up under one Norwood, who is said to have studied the Black Art. He had wickedly accused her grandson of the mischief, whereas the poor boy had himself suffered greatly from the Evil Spirit, having been often

struck with stones and bits of boards, which were flung upon him, and kept awake o' nights by the diabolical noises. Goodman Morse here said that Powell, coming in, and pretending to pity their lamentable case, told them that if they would let him have the boy for a day or two, they should be free of the trouble while he was with him; and that the boy going with him, they had no disturbance in that time; which plainly showed that this Powell had the wicked spirits in his keeping, and could chain them up, or let them out, as he pleased.

Now, while she was speaking, we did all hear a great thumping on the ceiling, and presently a piece of a board flew across the room against the chair on which Mr. Richardson was sitting; whereat the two old people set up a dismal groaning, and the boy cried out, "That's the witch!" Goodman Morse begged of Mr. Richardson to fall to praying, which he presently did; and, when he had done, he asked Mr. Russ to follow him, who sat silent and musing a little while, and then prayed that the worker of the disturbance, whether diabolical or human, might be discovered and brought to light. After which there was no noise while we staid. Mr. Russ talked awhile with the boy, who did stoutly deny what Caleb Powell charged upon him, and showed a bruise which he got from a stick thrown at him in the cow-house. When we went away, Mr. Richardson asked Mr. Russ what he thought of it. Mr. Russ said, the matter had indeed a strange look, but that it might be, nevertheless, the work of the boy, who was a cunning young rogue, and capable beyond

his years. Mr. Richardson said he hoped his brother was not about to countenance the scoffers and Sadducees, who had all along tried to throw doubt upon the matter. For himself, he did look upon it as the work of invisible demons, and an awful proof of the existence of such, and of the deplorable condition of all who fall into their hands; moreover, he did believe that God would overrule this malice of the Devil for good, and make it a means of awakening sinners and lukewarm church-members to a sense of their danger.

Last night, brother Leonard, who is studying with the learned Mr. Ward, the minister at Haverhill, came down, in the company of the worshipful Major Saltonstall, who hath business with Esquire Dummer and other magistrates of this place. Mr. Saltonstall's lady, who is the daughter of Mr. Ward, sent by her husband and my brother a very kind and pressing invitation to Rebecca and myself to make a visit to her; and Mr. Saltonstall did also urge the matter strongly. So we have agreed to go with them the day after to-morrow. Now, to say the truth, I am not sorry to leave Newbury at this time, for there is so much talk of the bewitched house, and such dismal stories told of the power of invisible demons, added to what I did myself hear and see yesterday, that I can scarce sleep for the trouble and disquiet this matter causeth. Dr. Russ, who left this morning, said, in his opinion, the less that was said and done about the witchcraft the better for the honor of the Church and the peace of the neighborhood; for it might,

after all, turn out to be nothing more than an "old wife's fable;" but if it were indeed the work of Satan, it could, he did believe, do no harm to sincere and godly people, who lived sober and prayerful lives, and kept themselves busy in doing good. The doers of the Word seldom fell into the snare of the Devil's enchantments. He might be compared to a wild beast, who dareth not to meddle with the traveller who goeth straightway on his errand, but lieth in wait for such as loiter and fall asleep by the wayside. He feared, he said, that some in our day were trying to get a great character to themselves, as the old monks did, by their skill in discerning witchcrafts, and their pretended conflicts with the Devil in his bodily shape; and thus, while they were seeking to drive the enemy out of their neighbors' houses, they were letting him into their own hearts, in the guise of deceit and spiritual pride. Repentance and works meet for it were the best exorcism; and the savor of a good life driveth off Evil Spirits, even as that of the fish of Tobit, at Ecbatana, drove the Devil from the chamber of the bride into the uttermost parts of Egypt. "For mine own part," continued the worthy man, "I believe the Lord and Master, whom I seek to serve, is over all the powers of Satan; therefore do I not heed them, being afraid only of mine own accusing conscience and the displeasure of God."

We are all loath to lose the good Doctor's company. An Israelite indeed! My aunt, who once tarried for a little time with him for the benefit of his skill in physic, on account of sickness, tells me

that he is as a father to the people about him, advising them in all their temporal concerns, and bringing to a timely and wise settlement all their disputes, so that there is nowhere a more prosperous and loving society. Although accounted a learned man, he doth not perplex his hearers, as the manner of some is, with dark and difficult questions, and points of doctrine, but insisteth mainly on holiness of life and conversation. It is said that on one occasion, a famous schoolman and disputer from abroad, coming to talk with him on the matter of the damnation of infants, did meet him with a cradle on his shoulder, which he was carrying to a young mother in his neighborhood, and when the man told him his errand, the good Doctor bade him wait until he got back, "for," said he, "I hold it to be vastly more important to take care of the bodies of the little infants which God in his love sends among us, than to seek to pry into the mysteries of His will concerning their souls." He hath no salary or tithe, save the use of a house and farm, choosing rather to labor with his own hands than to burden his neighbors; yet, such is their love and good-will, that in the busy seasons of the hay and corn harvest, they all join together and help him in his fields, counting it a special privilege to do so.

November 19.

Leonard and Mr. Richardson, talking upon the matter of the ministry, disagreed not a little. Mr. Richardson says my brother hath got into his head many unscriptural notions, and that he will never

be of service in the Church until he casts them off. He saith, moreover, that he shall write to Mr. Ward concerning the errors of the young man. His words troubling me, I straightway discoursed my brother as to the points of difference between them; but he, smiling, said it was a long story, but that some time he would tell me the substance of the disagreement, bidding me have no fear in his behalf, as what had displeasured Mr. Richardson had arisen only from tenderness of conscience.

HAVERHILL, *November* 22.

Left Newbury day before yesterday. The day cold, but sunshiny, and not unpleasant. Mr. Saltonstall's business calling him that way, we crossed over the ferry to Salisbury, and after a ride of about an hour, got to the Falls of the Powow River, where a great stream of water rushes violently down the rocks, into a dark wooded valley, and from thence runs into the Merrimac, about a mile to the southeast. A wild sight it was, the water swollen by the rains of the season, foaming and dashing among the rocks and the trees, which latter were wellnigh stripped of their leaves. Leaving this place, we went on towards Haverhill. Just before we entered that town, we overtook an Indian, with a fresh wolf's skin hanging over his shoulder. As soon as he saw us, he tried to hide himself in the bushes; but Mr. Saltonstall, riding up to him, asked him if he did expect Haverhill folks to pay him forty shillings for killing that Amesbury wolf? "How you know Amesbury wolf?" asked the Indian. "Oh," said Mr. Salton-

stall, "you can't cheat us again, Simon. You must be honest, and tell no more lies, or we will have you whipped for your tricks." The Indian thereupon looked sullen enough, but at length he begged Mr. Saltonstall not to tell where the wolf was killed, as the Amesbury folks did now refuse to pay for any killed in their town; and, as he was a poor Indian, and his squaw much sick, and could do no work, he did need the money. Mr. Saltonstall told him he would send his wife some cornmeal and bacon, when he got home, if he would come for them, which he promised to do.

When we had ridden off, and left him, Mr. Saltonstall told us that this Simon was a bad Indian, who, when in drink, was apt to be saucy and quarrelsome; but that his wife was quite a decent body for a savage, having long maintained herself and children and her lazy, cross husband, by hard labor in the cornfields and at the fisheries.

Haverhill lieth very pleasantly on the river-side; the land about hilly and broken, but of good quality. Mr. Saltonstall liveth in a stately house for these parts, not far from that of his father-in-law, the learned Mr. Ward. Madam, his wife, is a fair, pleasing young woman, not unused to society, their house being frequented by many of the first people hereabout, as well as by strangers of distinction from other parts of the country. We had hardly got well through our dinner (which was abundant and savory, being greatly relished by our hunger), when two gentlemen came riding up to the door; and on their coming in, we found them to be the young Doctor Clark, of Boston, a son of the old

Newbury physician, and a Doctor Benjamin Thompson, of Roxbury, who I hear is not a little famous for his ingenious poetry and witty pieces on many subjects. He was, moreover, an admirer of my cousin Rebecca; and on learning of her betrothal to Sir Thomas did write a most despairing verse to her, comparing himself to all manner of lonesome things, so that when Rebecca showed it to me, I told her I did fear the poor young gentleman would put an end to himself, by reason of his great sorrow and disquiet; whereat she laughed merrily, bidding me not fear, for she knew the writer too well to be troubled thereat, for he loved nobody so well as himself, and that under no provocation would he need the Apostle's advice to the jailer, "*Do thyself no harm.*" All which I found to be true, — he being a gay, witty man, full of a fine conceit of himself, which is not so much to be marvelled at, as he hath been greatly flattered and sought after.

The excellent Mr. Ward spent the evening with us; a pleasant, social old man, much beloved by his people. He told us a great deal about the early settlement of the town, and of the grievous hardships which many did undergo the first season, from cold, and hunger, and sickness. He thought, however, that, with all their ease and worldly prosperity, the present generation were less happy and contented than their fathers; for there was now a great striving to outdo each other in luxury and gay apparel; the Lord's day was not so well kept as formerly; and the drinking of spirits and frequenting of ordinaries and places of public resort

vastly increased. Mr. Saltonstall said the war did not a little demoralize the people, and that since the soldiers came back, there had been much trouble in Church and State. The General Court, two years ago, had made severe laws against the provoking evils of the times: profaneness, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, and revelling to excess, loose and sinful conduct on the part of the young and unmarried, pride in dress, attending Quakers' meetings, and neglect of attendance upon divine worship; but these laws had never been well enforced; and he feared too many of the magistrates were in the condition of the Dutch Justice in the New York Province, who, when a woman was brought before him charged with robbing a hen-roost, did request his brother on the bench to pass sentence upon her; for, said he, if I send her to the whipping-post, the wench will cry out against me as her accomplice.

Doctor Clark said his friend Doctor Thompson had written a long piece on this untoward state of our affairs, which he hoped soon to see in print, inasmuch as it did hold the looking-glass to the face of this generation, and shame it by a comparison with that of the generation which has passed. Mr. Ward said he was glad to hear of it, and hoped his ingenious friend had brought the manuscript with him; whereupon, the young gentleman said he did take it along with him, in the hope to benefit it by Mr. Ward's judgment and learning, and with the leave of the company he would read the Prologue thereof. To which we all agreeing, he read what follows, which I copy from his book: —

"The times wherein old PUMPKIN was a saint,
When men fared hardly, yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clam-shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatched roofs, without the cry of rent,
And the best sauce to every dish, content, —
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sinned away for love of gold.
'T was then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
'Good morrow, brother! Is there aught you want?
Take freely of me what I have, you ha'n't.'
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since 'Your servant, sir,' and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanic capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comelier wear, our wise old fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'T was in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a-cold,
And men had better stomachs for religion,
Than now for capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbors' state,
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planter-race before the Flood.
These times were good: merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than jonakin and mush.
And though men fared and lodgëd very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'T was long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawn
New England's beauties, which still seemed to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'T was ere the neighboring Virgin Land had broke
The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoke;
'T was ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin;
'T was ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold, and bits of eight;
Ere wines from France and Muscovado too,
Without the which the drink will scarcely do.
From Western Isles, ere fruits and delicacies

Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces,
Or ere these times did chance the noise of war
Was from our times and hearts removëd far,
Then had the churches rest: as yet, the coals
Were covered up in most contentious souls;
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our Councils sat,
These grave prognostics of our future state;
If these be longer lived, our hopes increase,
These wars will usher in a longer peace;
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.

"This theme is out of date; the peaceful hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers,
Not ink, but blood and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urn.
New England's hour of passion is at hand,
No power except Divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
Than her old prosperous steeds turn heads about;
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon the fruits of sinnings.
So that this mirror of the Christian world
Lies burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furled.
Grief sighs, joys flee, and dismal fears surprise,
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.

"Thus have the fairest hopes deceived the eye
Of the big-swoln expectants standing by:
So the proud ship, after a little turn,
Sinks in the ocean's arms to find its urn:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn;
Even thus thy infant cheek begins to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the Prologue to thy future woe —
The Epilogue no mortal yet can know."

Mr. Ward was much pleased with the verses, saying that they would do honor to any writer.

Rebecca thought the lines concerning the long grace at meat happy, and said she was minded of the wife of the good Mr. Ames, who prided herself on her skill in housewifery and cookery; and on one occasion, seeing a nice pair of roasted fowls growing cold under her husband's long grace, was fain to jog his elbow, telling him that if he did not stop soon, she feared they would have small occasion for thankfulness for their spoiled dinner. Mr. Ward said he was once travelling in company with Mr. Phillips of Rowley, and Mr. Parker of Newbury, and stopping all night at a poor house near the sea-shore, the woman thereof brought into the room for their supper a great wooden tray, full of something nicely covered up by a clean linen cloth. It proved to be a dish of boiled clams, in their shells; and as Mr. Phillips was remarkable in his thanks for aptly citing passages of Scripture with regard to whatsoever food was upon the table before him, Mr. Parker and himself did greatly wonder what he could say of this dish; but he, nothing put to it, offered thanks that now, as formerly, the Lord's people were enabled to partake of the *abundance of the seas, and treasures hid in the sands.* "Whereat," said Mr. Ward, "we did find it so hard to keep grave countenances, that our good hostess was not a little disturbed, thinking we were mocking her poor fare; and we were fain to tell her the cause of our mirth, which was indeed ill-timed."

Doctor Clark spake of Mr. Ward's father, the renowned minister at Ipswich, whose book of

"The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," was much admired. Mr. Ward said that some of the witty turns therein did give much offence at the time of its printing, but that his father could never spoil his joke for the sake of friends, albeit he had no malice towards any one, and was always ready to do a good, even to his enemies. He once even greatly angered his old and true friend, Mr. Cotton of Boston. "It fell out in this wise," said Mr. Ward. "When the arch heretic and fanatic Gorton and his crew were in prison in Boston, my father and Mr. Cotton went to the jail window to see them; and after some little discourse with them, he told Gorton that if he had done or said anything which he could with a clear conscience renounce, he would do well to recant the same, and the Court, he doubted not, would be merciful; adding, that it would be no disparagement for him to do so, as the best of men were liable to err: as, for instance, his brother Cotton here generally did preach that one year which he publicly repented of before his congregation the next year."

Mr. Saltonstall told another story of old Mr. Ward, which made us all merry. There was a noted Antinomian, of Boston, who used to go much about the country disputing with all who would listen to him, who, coming to Ipswich one night, with another of his sort with him, would fain have tarried with Mr. Ward; but he told them that he had scarce hay and grain enough in his barn for the use of his own cattle, and that they would do well to take their horses to the ordinary, where they would be better cared for. But the fellow, not

wishing to be so put off, bade him consider what the Scripture said touching the keeping of strangers, as some had thereby entertained angels unawares. "True, my friend," said Mr. Ward, "but we don't read that the angels came a-horseback!"

The evening passed away in a very pleasant and agreeable manner. We had rare nuts, and apples, and pears, of Mr. Saltonstall's raising, wonderfully sweet and luscious. Our young gentlemen, moreover, seemed to think the wine and ale of good quality; for, long after we had gone to our beds, we could hear them talking and laughing in the great hall below, notwithstanding that Mr. Ward, when he took leave, bade Doctor Thompson take heed to his own hint concerning the

"Wines from France and Muscovado too;"

to which the young wit replied, that there was Scripture warrant for his drinking, inasmuch as the command was, *to give wine to those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more;* and, for his part, he had been little better than miserable ever since he heard of Rebecca's betrothal. A light, careless man, but of good parts, and as brave a talker as I have heard since I have been in the Colony.

November 24.

Mr. Ward's negro girl Dinah came for me yesterday, saying that her master did desire to see me. So, marvelling greatly what he wanted, I went with her, and was shown into the study. Mr.

Ward said he had sent for me to have some discourse in regard to my brother Leonard, who he did greatly fear was likely to make shipwreck of the faith; and that Mr. Richardson had written him concerning the young man, telling him that he did visit the Quakers when at Newbury, and even went over to their conventicle at Hampton, on the Lord's day, in the company of the Brewster family, noted Quakers and ranters. He had the last evening had some words with the lad, but with small satisfaction. Being sorely troubled by this account, I begged him to send for Leonard, which he did, and, when he did come into the room, Mr. Ward told him that he might see by the plight of his sister (for I was in tears) what a great grief he was like to bring upon his family and friends, by running out into heresies. Leonard said he was sorry to give trouble to any one, least of all to his beloved sister; that he did indeed go to the Quakers' meeting, on one occasion, to judge for himself concerning this people, who are everywhere spoken against; and that he must say he did hear or see nothing in their worship contrary to the Gospel. There was, indeed, but little said, but the words were savory and Scriptural. "But they deny the Scriptures," cried Mr. Ward, "and set above them what they call the Light, which I take to be nothing better than their own imaginations." "I do not so understand them," said Leonard; "I think they do diligently study the Scripture, and seek to conform their lives to its teachings; and for the Light of which they speak, it is borne witness to not only in the Bible, but by the early

fathers and devout men of all ages. I do not go to excuse the Quakers in all that they have done, nor to defend all their doctrines and practices, many of which I see no warrant in Scripture for, but believe to be pernicious and contrary to good order; yet I must need look upon them as a sober, earnest-seeking people, who do verily think themselves persecuted for righteousness' sake." Hereupon Mr. Ward struck his cane smartly on the floor, and, looking severely at my brother, bade him beware how he did justify these canting and false pretenders. "They are," he said, "either sad knaves, or silly enthusiasts, — they pretend to Divine Revelation, and set up as prophets; like the Rosicrucians and Gnostics, they profess to a knowledge of things beyond what plain Scripture reveals. The best that can be said of them is, that they are befooled by their own fancies, and the victims of distempered brains and ill habits of body. Then their ranting against the Gospel order of the Church, and against the ministers of Christ, calling us all manner of hirelings, wolves, and hypocrites; belching out their blasphemies against the ordinances and the wholesome laws of the land for the support of a sound ministry and faith, do altogether justify the sharp treatment they have met with; so that, if they have not all lost their ears, they may thank our clemency rather than their own worthiness to wear them. I do not judge of them ignorantly, for I have dipped into their books, where, what is not downright blasphemy and heresy, is mystical and cabalistic. They affect a cloudy and canting style, as if to

keep themselves from being confuted by keeping themselves from being understood. Their divinity is a riddle, a piece of black art; the Scripture they turn into allegory and parabolical conceits, and thus obscure and debauch the truth. Argue with them, and they fall to divining; reason with them, and they straightway prophesy. Then their silent meetings, so called, in the which they do pretend to justify themselves by quoting Revelation, "*There was silence in heaven;*" whereas they might find other authorities, — as, for instance in Psalm 115, where hell is expressed by silence, and in the Gospel, where we read of a dumb devil. As to persecuting these people, we have been quite too charitable to them, especially of late, and they are getting bolder in consequence; as, for example, the behavior of that shameless young wench in Newbury, who disturbed Brother Richardson's church with her antics not long ago. She should have been tied to the cart-tail and whipped all the way to Rhode Island.

"Do you speak of Margaret Brewster?" asked Leonard, his face all a-crimson, and his lip quivering. "Let me tell you, Mr. Ward, that you greatly wrong one of Christ's little ones." And he called me to testify to her goodness and charity, and the blamelessness of her life.

"Don't talk to me of the blameless life of such an one," said Mr. Ward, in a loud, angry tone; "it is the Devil's varnish for heresy. The Manichees, and the Pelagians, and Socinians, all did profess great strictness and sanctity of life; and there never was heretic yet, from they whom the Apostle

makes mention of, who *fasted from meats, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils*, down to the Quakers, Dippers, and New Lights of this generation who have not, like their fathers of old, put on the shape of Angels of Light, and lived severe and over-strict lives. I grant that the Quakers are honest in their dealings, making great show of sobriety and self-denial, and abhor the practice of scandalous vices, being temperate, chaste, and grave in their behavior, and thereby they win upon unstable souls, and make plausible their damnable heresies. I warn you, young man, to take heed of them, lest you be ensnared and drawn into their way."

My brother was about to reply, but, seeing Mr. Ward so moved and vexed, I begged of him to say no more; and, company coming in, the matter was dropped, to my great joy. I went back much troubled and disquieted for my brother's sake.

November 28, 1678.

Leonard hath left Mr. Ward, and given up the thought of fitting for the ministry. This will be a heavy blow for his friends in England. He tells me that Mr. Ward spake angrily to him after I left, but that, when he come to part with him, the old man wept over him, and prayed that the Lord would enable him to see his error, and preserve him from the consequences thereof. I have discoursed with my brother touching his future course of life, and he tells me he shall start in a day or two to visit the Rhode Island, where he hath an acquaintance, one Mr. Easton, formerly of New-

bury. His design is to purchase a small plantation there, and betake himself to farming, of the which he hath some little knowledge, believing that he can be as happy and do as much good to his fellow-creatures in that employment as in any other.

Here Cousin Rebecca, who was by, looking up with that sweet archness which doth so well become her, queried with him whether he did think to live alone on his plantation like a hermit, or whether he had not his eye upon a certain fair-haired young woman, as suitable to keep him company. Whereat he seemed a little disturbed; but she bade him not think her against his prospect, for she had known for some weeks that he did favor the young Brewster woman, who, setting aside her enthusiastic notions of religion, was worthy of any man's love; and turning to me, she begged of me to look at the matter as she did, and not set myself against the choice of my brother, which, in all respects save the one she had spoken of, she could approve with all her heart. Leonard goes back with us to-morrow to Newbury, so I shall have a chance of knowing how matters stand with him. The thought of his marrying a Quaker would have been exceedingly grievous to me a few months ago; but this Margaret Brewster hath greatly won upon me by her beauty, gentleness, and her goodness of heart; and, besides, I know that she is much esteemed by the best sort of people in her neighborhood.

Doctor Thompson left this morning, but his friend Doctor Clark goes with us to Newbury. Rebecca found in her work-basket, after he had gone, some verses, which amused us not a little, and which I here copy.

"Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show
And Autumn in his leafless bowers
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

"I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
'An emblem of myself thou art:'
'Not so,' the earth did seem to say,
'For Spring shall warm my frozen heart.

"'I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

"'But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest, blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

"'No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.'"

Doctor Clark, on hearing this read, told Rebecca she need not take its melancholy to heart, for he could assure her that there was no danger of his friend's acting on her account the sad part of the lover in the old song of Barbara Allen. As a medical man, he could safely warrant him to be heart-whole; and the company could bear him witness, that the poet himself seemed very little like the despairing one depicted in his verses.

The Indian Simon calling this forenoon, Rebecca and I went into the kitchen to see him. He looks fierce and cruel, but he thanked Madam Saltonstall for her gifts of food and clothing, and, giving her in return a little basket wrought of curiously

stained stuff, he told her that if there were more like her, his heart would not be so bitter.

I ventured to ask him why he felt thus; whereupon he drew himself up, and, sweeping about him with his arms, said: "This all Indian land. The Great Spirit made it for Indians. He made the great river for them, and birch-trees to make their canoes of. All the fish in the ponds, and all the pigeons and deer and squirrels he made for Indians. He made land for white men too; but they left it, and took Indian's land, because it was better. My father was a chief; he had plenty meat and corn in his wigwam. But Simon is a dog. When they fight Eastern Indians, I try to live in peace; but they say, Simon, you rogue, you no go into woods to hunt; you keep at home. So when squaw like to starve, I shoot one of their hogs, and then they whip me. Look!" And he lifted the blanket off from his shoulder, and showed the marks of the whip thereon.

"Well, well, Simon," said Mr. Saltonstall, "you do know that our people then were much frightened by what the Indians had done in other places, and they feared you would join them. But it is all over now, and you have all the woods to yourself to range in; and if you would let alone strong drink, you would do well."

"Who makes strong drink?" asked the Indian, with an ugly look. "Who takes the Indian's beaver-skins and corn for it? Tell me that, Captain."

So saying, he put his pack on his back, and calling a poor, lean dog, that was poking his hungry

nose into Madam's pots and kettles, he went off talking to himself.

NEWBURY, *December* 6.

We got back from Haverhill last night, Doctor Clark accompanying us, he having business in Newbury. When we came up to the door, Effie met us with a shy look, and told her mistress that Mrs. Prudence (uncle's spinster cousin) had got *a braw auld wooer* in the east room; and surely enough we found our ancient kinswoman and Deacon Dole, a widower of three years' standing, sitting at the supper-table. We did take note that the Deacon had on a stiff new coat; and as for Aunt Prudence (for so she was called in the family), she was clad in her bravest, with a fine cap on her head. They both did seem a little disturbed by our coming, but plates being laid for us, we sat down with them. After supper, Rebecca had a fire kindled in uncle's room, whither we did betake ourselves; and being very merry at the thought of Deacon Dole's visit, it chanced to enter our silly heads that it would do no harm to stop the clock in the entry a while, and let the two old folks make a long evening of it. After a time Rebecca made an errand into the east room, to see how matters went, and coming back, said the twain were sitting on the same settle by the fire, smoking a pipe of tobacco together. Moreover, our foolish trick did work well, for Aunt Prudence coming at last into the entry to look at the clock, we heard her tell the Deacon that it was only a little past eight, when in truth it was near ten. Not long

after there was a loud knocking at the door, and as Effie had gone to bed, Rebecca did open it, when, whom did she see but the Widow Hepsy Barnet, Deacon Dole's housekeeper, and with her the Deacon's son, Moses, and the minister, Mr. Richardson, with a lantern in his hand! "Dear me," says the woman, looking very dismal, "have you seen anything of the Deacon?" By this time we were all at the door, the Deacon and Aunt Prudence among the rest, when Moses, like a great lout as he is, pulled off his woollen cap and tossed it up in the air, crying out, "There, Goody Barnet, did n't I tell ye so! There 's father now!" And the widow, holding up both her hands, said she never did in all her born days see the like of this, a man of the Deacon's years and station stealing away without letting folks know where to look for him; and then turning upon poor Mrs. Prudence, she said she had long known that some folks were sly and artful, and she was glad Mr. Richardson was here to see for himself. Whereupon Aunt Prudence, in much amazement, said, it was scarce past eight, as they might see by the clock; but Mr. Richardson, who could scarce keep a grave face, pulling out his watch, said it was past ten, and bade her note that the clock was stopped. He told Deacon Dole, that seeing Goody Barnet so troubled about him, he had offered to go along with her a little way, and that he was glad to find that the fault was in the clock. The Deacon, who had stood like one in a maze, here clapped on his hat, and snatched up his cane and went off, looking as guilty as if he had been caught a-housebreaking,

the widow scolding him all the way. Now, as we could scarce refrain from laughing, Mr. Richardson, who tarried a moment, shook his head at Rebecca, telling her he feared by her looks she was a naughty girl, taking pleasure in other folk's trouble. We did both feel ashamed and sorry enough for our mischief, after it was all over; and poor Mistress Prudence is so sorely mortified, that she told Rebecca this morning not to mention Deacon Dole's name to her again, and that Widow Hepsy is welcome to him, since he is so mean-spirited as to let her rule him as she doth.

December 8.

Yesterday I did, at my brother's wish, go with him to Goodman Brewster's house, where I was kindly welcomed by the young woman and her parents. After some little tarry, I found means to speak privily with her touching my brother's regard for her, and to assure her that I did truly and freely consent thereunto; while I did hope, for his sake as well as her own, that she would, as far as might be consistent with her notion of duty, forbear to do or say anything which might bring her into trouble with the magistrates and those in authority. She said that she was very grateful for my kindness towards her, and that what I said was a great relief to her mind; for when she first met my brother, she did fear that his kindness and sympathy would prove a snare to her; and that she had been sorely troubled, moreover, lest by encouraging him she should not only do violence to her own conscience, but also bring trouble and

The Two Margarets

disgrace upon one who was, she did confess, dear unto her, not only as respects outward things, but by reason of what she did discern of an innocent and pure inward life in his conversation and deportment. She had earnestly sought to conform her conduct in this, as in all things, to the mind of her Divine Master; and, as respected my caution touching those in authority, she knew not what the Lord might require of her, and she could only leave all in His hands, being resigned even to deny herself of the sweet solace of human affection, and to take up the cross daily, if He did so will. "Thy visit and kind words," she continued, "have removed a great weight from me. The way seems more open before me. The Lord bless thee for thy kindness."

She said this with so much tenderness of spirit, and withal with such an engaging sweetness of look and voice, that I was greatly moved, and, pressing her in my arms, I kissed her, and bade her look upon me as her dear sister.

The family pressing us, we stayed to supper, and sitting down in silence at the table, I was about to speak to my brother, but he made a sign to check me, and I held my peace, although not then knowing wherefore. So we all sat still for a little space of time, which I afterwards found is the manner of these people at their meat. The supper was plain, but of exceeding good relish: warm rye loaves with butter and honey, and bowls of sweet milk, and roasted apples. Goodwife Brewster, who appeared much above her husband (who is a plain, unlearned man) in her carriage and discourse, talked

with us very pleasantly, and Margaret seemed to grow more at ease, the longer we stayed.

On our way back we met Robert Pike, who hath returned from the eastward. He said Rebecca Rawson had just told him how matters stood with Leonard, and that he was greatly rejoiced to hear of his prospect. He had known Margaret Brewster from a child, and there was scarce her equal in these parts for sweetness of temper and loveliness of person and mind; and, were she ten times a Quaker, he was free to say this in her behalf. I am more and more confirmed in the belief that Leonard hath not done unwisely in this matter, and do cheerfully accept of his choice, believing it to be in the ordering of Him who doeth all things well.

BOSTON, *December* 31.

It wanteth but two hours to the midnight, and the end of the year. The family are all abed, and I can hear nothing save the crackling of the fire now burning low on the hearth, and the ticking of the clock in the corner. The weather being sharp with frost, there is no one stirring in the streets, and the trees and bushes in the yard, being stripped of their leaves, look dismal enough above the white snow with which the ground is covered, so that one would think that all things must needs die with the year. But, from my window, I can see the stars shining with marvellous brightness in the clear sky, and the sight thereof doth assure me that God still watcheth over the work of His hands, and that in due season He will cause the *flowers to appear on*

the earth, and the time of singing-birds to come, and the voice of the turtle to be heard in the land. And I have been led, while alone here, to think of the many mercies which have been vouchsafed unto me in my travels and sojourn in a strange land, and a sense of the wonderful goodness of God towards me, and they who are dear unto me, both here and elsewhere, hath filled mine heart with thankfulness; and as of old time they did use to set up stones of memorial on the banks of deliverance, so would I at this season set up, as it were, in my poor journal, a like pillar of thanksgiving to the praise and honor of Him who hath so kindly cared for His unworthy handmaid.

January 16, 1679.

Have just got back from Reading, a small town ten or twelve miles out of Boston, whither I went along with mine Uncle and Aunt Rawson, and many others, to attend the ordination of Mr. Brock, in the place of the worthy Mr. Hough, lately deceased. The weather being clear, and the travelling good, a great concourse of people got together. We stopped at the ordinary, which we found wellnigh filled; but uncle, by dint of scolding and coaxing, got a small room for aunt and myself, with a clean bed, which was more than we had reason to hope for. The ministers, of whom there were many and of note (Mr. Mather and Mr. Wilson of Boston, and Mr. Corbet of Ipswich, being among them), were already together at the house of one of the deacons. It was quite a sight the next morning to see the people coming in

from the neighboring towns, and to note their odd dresses, which were indeed of all kinds, from silks and velvets to coarsest homespun woollens, dyed with hemlock, or oil-nut bark, and fitting so ill that, if they had all cast their clothes into a heap, and then each snatched up whatsoever coat or gown came to hand, they could not have suited worse. Yet they were all clean and tidy, and the young people especially did look exceeding happy, it being with them a famous holiday. The young men came with their sisters or their sweethearts riding behind them on pillions; and the ordinary and all the houses about were soon noisy enough with merry talking and laughter. The meeting-house was filled long before the services did begin. There was a goodly show of honorable people in the forward seats, and among them that venerable magistrate, Simon Broadstreet, who acteth as Deputy-Governor since the death of Mr. Leverett; the Honorable Thomas Danforth; Mr. William Brown of Salem; and others of note, whose names I do not remember, all with their wives and families, bravely apparelled. The Sermon was preached by Mr. Higginson of Salem, the Charge was given by Mr. Phillips of Rowley, and the Right Hand of Fellowship by Mr. Corbet of Ipswich. When we got back to our inn, we found a great crowd of young roysterers in the yard, who had got Mr. Corbet's negro man, Sam, on the top of a barrel, with a bit of leather, cut in the shape of spectacles, astride of his nose, where he stood swinging his arms, and preaching, after the manner of his master, mimicking his tone and manner very shrewdly,

to the great delight and merriment of the young rogues who did set him on. We stood in the door a while to hear him, and, to say the truth, he did wonderfully well, being a fellow of good parts and much humor. But, just as he was describing the Devil, and telling his grinning hearers that he was not like a black but a white man, old Mr. Corbet, who had come up behind him, gave him a smart blow with his cane, whereupon Sam cried, —

"Dare he be now!" at which all fell to laughing.

"You rascal," said Mr. Corbet, "get down with you; I 'll teach you to compare me to the Devil."

"Beg pardon, massa!" said Sam, getting down from his pulpit, and rubbing his shoulder. "How you think Sam know you? He see nothing; he only feel de lick."

"You shall feel it again," said his master, striking at him a great blow, which Sam dodged.

"Nay, Brother Corbet," said Mr. Phillips, who was with him, "Sam's mistake was not so strange after all; for if Satan can transform himself into an Angel of Light, why not into the likeness of such unworthy ministers as you and I."

This put the old minister in a good humor, and Sam escaped without farther punishment than a grave admonition to behave more reverently for the future. Mr. Phillips, seeing some of his young people in the crowd, did sharply rebuke them for their folly, at which they were not a little abashed.

The inn being greatly crowded, and not a little noisy, we were not unwilling to accept the invitation of the provider of the ordination-dinner, to sit down with the honored guests thereat. I waited,

with others of the younger class, until the ministers and elderly people had made an end of their meal. Among those who sat at the second table was a pert, talkative lad, a son of Mr. Increase Mather, who, although but sixteen years of age, graduated at the Harvard College last year, and hath the reputation of good scholarship and lively wit. He told some rare stories concerning Mr. Brock, the minister ordained, and of the marvellous efficacy of his prayers. He mentioned, among other things, that, when Mr. Brock lived on the Isles of Shoals, he persuaded the people there to agree to spend one day in a month, beside the Sabbath, in religious worship. Now, it so chanced that there was on one occasion a long season of stormy, rough weather, unsuitable for fishing; and when the day came which had been set apart, it proved so exceeding fair, that his congregation did desire him to put off the meeting, that they might fish. Mr. Brock tried in vain to reason with them, and show the duty of seeking first the kingdom of God, when all other things should be added thereto, but the major part determined to leave the meeting. Thereupon he cried out after them: "As for you who will neglect God's worship, go, *and catch fish if you can.*" There were thirty men who thus left, and only five remained behind, and to these he said: "*I will pray the Lord for you, that you may catch fish till you are weary.*" And it so fell out, that the thirty toiled all day, and caught only four fishes; while the five who stayed at meeting went out, after the worship was over, and caught five hundred; and ever afterwards the fishermen attended

all the meetings of the minister's appointing. At another time, a poor man, who had made himself useful in carrying people to meeting in his boat, lost the same in a storm, and came lamenting his loss to Mr. Brock. "Go home, honest man," said the minister. "I will mention your case to the Lord: you will have your boat again to-morrow." And surely enough, the very next day, a vessel pulling up its anchor near where the boat sank, drew up the poor man's boat, safe and whole, after it.

We went back to Boston after dinner, but it was somewhat of a cold ride, especially after the night set in, a keen northerly wind blowing in great gusts, which did wellnigh benumb us. A little way from Reading, we overtook an old couple in the road; the man had fallen off his horse, and his wife was trying to get him up again to no purpose; so young Mr. Richards, who was with us, helped him up to the saddle again, telling his wife to hold him carefully, as her old man had drank too much flip. Thereupon the good wife set upon him with a vile tongue, telling him that her old man was none other than Deacon Rogers of Wenham, and as good and as pious a saint as there was out of heaven; and it did ill become a young, saucy rake and knave to accuse him of drunkenness, and it would be no more than his deserts if the bears did eat him before he got to Boston. As it was quite clear that the woman herself had had a taste of the mug, we left them and rode on, she fairly scolding us out of hearing. When we got home, we found Cousin Rebecca, whom we did leave ill with a

cold, much better in health, sitting up and awaiting us.

January 21, 1679.

Uncle Rawson came home to-day in a great passion, and, calling me to him, he asked me if I too was going to turn Quaker, and fall to prophesying? Whereat I was not a little amazed; and when I asked him what he did mean, he said: "Your brother Leonard hath gone off to them, and I dare say you will follow, if one of the ranters should take it into his head that you would make him a proper wife, or company-keeper, for there 's never an honest marriage among them." Then looking sternly at me, he asked me why I did keep this matter from him, and thus allow the foolish young man to get entangled in the snares of Satan. Whereat I was so greatly grieved, that I could answer never a word.

"You may well weep," said my uncle, "for you have done wickedly. As to your brother, he will do well to keep where he is in the plantations; for if he come hither a *theeing* and *thouing* of me, I will spare him never a whit; and if I do not chastise him myself, it will be because the constable can do it better at the cart-tail. As the Lord lives, I had rather he had turned Turk!"

I tried to say a word for my brother, but he cut me straightway short, bidding me not to mention his name again in his presence. Poor me! I have none here now to whom I can speak freely, Rebecca having gone to her sister's at Weymouth. My young cousin Grindall is below, with his college

friend, Cotton Mather; but I care not to listen to their discourse, and aunt is busied with her servants in the kitchen, so that I must even sit alone with my thoughts, which be indeed but sad company.

The little book which I brought with me from the Maine, it being the gift of young Mr. Jordan, and which I have kept close hidden in my trunk, hath been no small consolation to me this day, for it aboundeth in sweet and goodly thoughts, although he who did write it was a monk. Especially in my low state, have these words been a comfort to me: —

"What thou canst not amend in thyself or others, bear thou with patience until God ordaineth otherwise. When comfort is taken away, do not presently despair. Stand with an even mind resigned to the will of God, whatever shall befall, because after winter cometh the summer; after the dark night the day shineth, and after the storm followeth a great calm. Seek not for consolation which shall rob thee of the grace of penitence; for all that is high is not holy, nor all that is pleasant good; nor every desire pure; nor is what is pleasing to us always pleasant in the sight of God."

January 23.

The weather is bitter cold, and a great snow on the ground. By a letter from Newbury, brought me by Mr. Sewall, who hath just returned from that place, I hear that Goodwife Morse hath been bound for trial as a witch. Mr. Sewall tells me the woman is now in the Boston jail. As to Caleb

Powell, he hath been set at liberty, there being no proof of his evil practice. Yet inasmuch as he did give grounds of suspicion by boasting of his skill in astrology and astronomy, the Court declared that he justly deserves to bear his own shame and the costs of his prosecution and lodging in jail.

Mr. Sewall tells me that Deacon Dole has just married his housekeeper, Widow Barnet, and that Moses says he never knew before his father to get the worst in a bargain.

January 30.

Robert Pike called this morning, bringing me a letter from my brother, and one from Margaret Brewster. He hath been to the Providence Plantations and Rhode Island, and reporteth well of the prospects of my brother, who hath a goodly farm, and a house nigh upon finished, the neighbors, being mostly Quakers, assisting him much therein. My brother's letter doth confirm this account of his temporal condition, although a great part of it is taken up with a defence of his new doctrines, for the which he doth ingeniously bring to mind many passages of Scripture. Margaret's letter being short, I here copy it: —

The Plantations, 20*th of the* 1*st mo.*, 1679.

"Dear Friend, — I salute thee with much love from this new country, where the Lord hath spread a table for us in the wilderness. Here is a goodly company of Friends, who do seek to know the mind of Truth, and to live thereby, being held in favor and esteem by the rulers of the land, and so left in peace

to worship God according to their consciences. The whole country being covered with snow, and the weather being extreme cold, we can scarce say much of the natural gifts and advantages of our new home; but it lieth on a small river, and there be fertile meadows, and old corn-fields of the Indians, and good springs of water, so that I am told it is a desirable and pleasing place in the warm season. My soul is full of thankfulness, and a sweet inward peace is my portion. Hard things are made easy to me; this desert place, with its lonely woods and wintry snows, is beautiful in mine eyes. For here we be no longer gazing-stocks of the rude multitude, we are no longer haled from our meetings, and railed upon as witches and possessed people. Oh, how often have we been called upon heretofore to repeat the prayer of one formerly: '*Let me not fall into the hands of man.*' Sweet, beyond the power of words to express, hath been the change in this respect; and in view of the mercies vouchsafed unto us, what can we do but repeat the language of David, '*Praise is comely; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.*'

"Thou hast doubtless heard that thy dear brother hath been favored to see the way of truth, according to our persuasion thereof, and hath been received into fellowship with us. I fear this hath been a trial to thee; but, dear heart, leave it in the hands of the Lord, whose work I do indeed count it. Nor needest thou to fear that thy brother's regard for thee will be lessened thereby, for the rather shall it be increased by a measure of that Divine love which, so far from destroying, doth but purify and strengthen the natural affections.

Think, then, kindly of thy brother, for his love towards thee is very great; and of me, also, unworthy as I am, for his sake. And so, with salutations of love and peace, in which my dear mother joins, I remain thy loving friend, MARGARET BREWSTER.

"The Morse woman, I hear, is in your jail, to be tried for a witch. She is a poor, weak creature, but I know no harm of her, and do believe her to be more silly than wicked in the matter of the troubles in her house. I fear she will suffer much at this cold season in the jail, she being old and weakly, and must needs entreat thee to inquire into her condition.

M. B."

February 10.

Speaking of Goody Morse to-day, Uncle Rawson says she will, he thinks, be adjudged a witch, as there be many witnesses from Newbury to testify against her. Aunt sent the old creature some warm blankets and other necessaries, which she stood much in need of, and Rebecca and I altered one of aunt's old gowns for her to wear, as she hath nothing seemly of her own. Mr. Richardson, her minister, hath visited her twice since she hath been in jail; but he saith she is hardened in her sin, and will confess nothing thereof.

February 14.

The famous Mr. John Eliot, having business with my uncle, spent the last night with us, a truly worthy man, who, by reason of his great labors among the heathen Indians, may be called the chiefest of our apostles. He brought with him a young Indian lad, the son of a man of some note

among his people, very bright and comely, and handsomely apparelled after the fashion of his tribe. This lad hath a ready wit, readeth and writeth, and hath some understanding of Scripture; indeed, he did repeat the Lord's Prayer in a manner edifying to hear.

The worshipful Major Gookins coming in to sup with us, there was much discourse concerning the affairs of the Province: both the Major and his friend Eliot being great sticklers for the rights and liberties of the people, and exceeding jealous of the rule of the home government, and in this matter my uncle did quite agree with them. In a special manner Major Gookins did complain of the Acts of Trade, as injurious to the interests of the Colony, and which he said ought not to be submitted to, as the laws of England were bounded by the four seas, and did not justly reach America. He read a letter which he had from Mr. Stoughton, one of the agents of the Colony in England, showing how they had been put off from time to time, upon one excuse or another, without being able to get a hearing; and now the Popish Plot did so occupy all minds there, that Plantation matters were sadly neglected; but this much was certain, the laws for the regulating of trade must be consented to by the Massachusetts, if we would escape a total breach. My uncle struck his hand hard on the table at this, and said if all were of his mind they would never heed the breach; adding, that he knew his rights as a free-born Englishman, under Magna Charta, which did declare it the privilege of such to have a voice in the making of laws;

whereas the Massachusetts had no voice in Parliament, and laws were thrust upon them by strangers.

"For mine own part," said Major Gookins, "I do hold our brother Eliot's book on the Christian Commonwealth, which the General Court did make haste to condemn on the coming in of the king, to be a sound and seasonable treatise, notwithstanding the author himself hath in some sort disowned it."

"I did truly condemn and deny the false and seditious doctrines charged upon it," said Mr. Eliot, "but for the book itself, rightly taken, and making allowance for some little heat of discourse and certain hasty and ill-considered words therein, I have never seen cause to repent. I quite agree with what my lamented friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. Danforth, said, when he was told that the king was to be proclaimed at Boston: 'Whatever form of government may be deduced from Scripture, that let us yield to for conscience' sake, not forgetting at the same time that the Apostle hath said, *if thou mayest be free use it rather.*'"

My uncle said this was well spoken of Mr. Danforth, who was a worthy gentleman and a true friend to the liberties of the Colony; and he asked Rebecca to read some ingenious verses writ by him in one of his almanacs, which she had copied not long ago, wherein he compareth New England to a goodly tree or plant. Whereupon, Rebecca read them as followeth: —

"A skilful husbandman he was, who brought
This matchless plant from far, and here hath sought
A place to set it in; and for its sake
The wilderness a pleasant land doth make.

With pleasant aspect, Phœbus smiles upon
The tender buds and blooms that hang thereon;
At this tree's root Astrea sits and sings,
And waters it, whence upright *Justice* springs,
Which yearly shoots forth laws and liberties
That no man's will or wit may tyrannize.
Those birds of prey that sometime have oppressed
And stained the country with their filthy nest,
Justice abhors, and one day hopes to find
A way to make all promise-breakers grind.
On this tree's top hangs pleasant *Liberty*,
Not seen in Austria, France, Spain, Italy.
True Liberty 's there ripe, where all confess
They may do what they will, save wickedness.
Peace is another fruit which this tree bears,
The chiefest garland that the country wears,
Which o'er all house-tops, towns, and fields doth spread,
And stuffs the pillow for each weary head.
It bloomed in Europe once, but now 't is gone,
And glad to find a desert mansion.
Forsaken *Truth*, Time's daughter, groweth here, —
More precious fruit what tree did ever bear, —
Whose pleasant sight aloft hath many fed,
And what falls down knocks Error on the head."

After a little time, Rebecca found means to draw the good Mr. Eliot into some account of his labors and journeys among the Indians, and of their manner of life, ceremonies, and traditions, telling him that I was a stranger in these parts, and curious concerning such matters. So he did address himself to me very kindly, answering such questions as I ventured to put to him. And first, touching the Powahs, of whom I had heard much, he said they were manifestly witches, and such as had familiar spirits; but that, since the Gospel has been preached here, their power had in a great measure gone from them. "My old friend, Passaconaway, the Chief of the Merrimac River Indians," said he,

"was, before his happy and marvellous conversion, a noted Powah and wizard. I once queried with him touching his sorceries, when he said he had done wickedly, and it was a marvel that the Lord spared his life, and did not strike him dead with his lightnings. And when I did press him to tell me how he did become a Powah, he said he liked not to speak of it, but would nevertheless tell me. His grandmother used to tell him many things concerning the good and bad spirits, and in a special manner of the Abomako, or Chepian, who had the form of a serpent, and who was the cause of sickness and pain, and of all manner of evils. And it so chanced that on one occasion, when hunting in the wilderness, three days' journey from home, he did lose his way, and wandered for a long time without food, and night coming on, he thought he did hear voices of men talking; but, on drawing near to the place whence the noise came, he could see nothing but the trees and rocks; and then he did see a light, as from a wigwam a little way off, but, going towards it, it moved away, and, following it, he was led into a dismal swamp, full of water, and snakes, and briers; and being in so sad a plight, he bethought him of all he had heard of evil demons and of Chepian, who, he doubted not was the cause of his trouble. At last, coming to a little knoll in the swamp, he lay down under a hemlock-tree, and being sorely tired, fell asleep. And he dreamed a dream, which was in this wise: —

"He thought he beheld a great snake crawl up out of the marsh, and stand upon his tail under a

tall maple-tree; and he thought the snake spake to him, and bade him be of good cheer, for he would guide him safe out of the swamp, and make of him a great chief and Powah, if he would pray to him and own him as his god. All which he did promise to do; and when he awoke in the morning, he beheld before him the maple-tree under which he had seen the snake in his dream, and, climbing to the top of it, he saw a great distance off the smoke of a wigwam, towards which he went, and found some of his own people cooking a plentiful meal of venison. When he got back to Patucket, he told his dream to his grandmother, who was greatly rejoiced, and went about from wigwam to wigwam, telling the tribe that Chepian had appeared to her grandson. So they had a great feast and dance, and he was thenceforth looked upon as a Powah. Shortly after, a woman of the tribe falling sick, he was sent for to heal her, which he did by praying to Chepian and laying his hands upon her; and at divers other times the Devil helped him in his enchantments and witcheries."

I asked Mr. Eliot whether he did know of any women who were Powahs. He confessed he knew none; which was the more strange, as in Christian countries the Old Serpent did commonly find instruments of his craft among the women.

To my query as to what notion the heathen had of God and a future state, he said that, when he did discourse them concerning the great and true God, who made all things, and of heaven and hell, they would readily consent thereto, saying that so their fathers had taught them; but when he spake

to them of the destruction of the world by fire, and the resurrection of the body, they would not hear to it, for they pretend to hold that the spirit of the dead man goes forthwith, after death, to the happy hunting-grounds made for good Indians, or to the cold and dreary swamps and mountains, where the bad Indians do starve and freeze, and suffer all manner of hardships.

There was, Mr. Eliot told us, a famous Powah, who, coming to Punkapog, while he was at that Indian town, gave out among the people there that a little humming-bird did come to him and peck at him when he did aught that was wrong, and sing sweetly to him when he did a good thing, or spake the right words; which coming to Mr. Eliot's ear, he made him confess, in the presence of the congregation, that he did only mean, by the figure of the bird, the sense he had of right and wrong in his own mind. This fellow was, moreover, exceeding cunning, and did often ask questions hard to be answered touching the creation of the Devil, and the fall of man.

I said to him that I thought it must be a great satisfaction to him to be permitted to witness the fruit of his long labors and sufferings in behalf of these people, in the hopeful conversion of so many of them to the light and knowledge of the Gospel; to which he replied that his poor labors had been indeed greatly blest, but it was all of the Lord's doing, and he could truly say he felt, in view of the great wants of these wild people, and their darkness and misery, that he had by no means done all his duty towards them. He said also,

that whenever he was in danger of being puffed up with the praise of men, or the vanity of his own heart, the Lord had seen meet to abase and humble him, by the falling back of some of his people to their old heathenish practices. The war, moreover, was a sore evil to the Indian churches, as some few of their number were enticed by Philip to join him in his burnings and slaughterings, and this did cause even the peaceful and innocent to be vehemently suspected and cried out against as deceivers and murderers. Poor, unoffending old men, and pious women, had been shot at and killed by our soldiers, their wigwams burned, their families scattered, and driven to seek shelter with the enemy; yea, many Christian Indians, he did believe, had been sold as slaves to the Barbadoes, which he did account a great sin, and a reproach to our people. Major Gookins said that a better feeling towards the Indians did now prevail among the people; the time having been when, because of his friendliness to them, and his condemnation of their oppressors, he was cried out against and stoned in the streets, to the great hazard of his life.

So, after some further discourse, our guests left us, Mr. Eliot kindly inviting me to visit his Indian congregation near Boston, whereby I could judge for myself of their condition.

February 22, 1679.

The weather suddenly changing from a warm rain and mist to sharp, clear cold, the trees a little way from the house did last evening so shine with

a wonderful brightness in the light of the moon, now nigh unto its full, that I was fain to go out upon the hill-top to admire them. And truly it was no mean sight to behold every small twig becrusted with ice, and glittering famously like silver-work or crystal, as the rays of the moon did strike upon them. Moreover, the earth was covered with frozen snow, smooth and hard like to marble, through which the long rushes, the hazels, and mulleins, and the dry blades of the grasses, did stand up bravely, bedight with frost. And, looking upward, there were the dark tops of the evergreen trees, such as hemlocks, pines, and spruces, starred and bespangled, as if wetted with a great rain of molten crystal. After admiring and marvelling at this rare entertainment and show of Nature, I said it did mind me of what the Spaniards and Portuguese relate of the great Incas of Guiana, who had a garden of pleasure in the Isle of Puna, whither they were wont to betake themselves when they would enjoy the air of the sea, in which they had all manner of herbs and flowers, and trees curiously fashioned of gold and silver, and so burnished that their exceeding brightness did dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

"Nay," said the worthy Mr. Mather, who did go with us, "it should rather, methinks, call to mind what the Revelator hath said of the Holy City. I never look upon such a wonderful display of the natural world without remembering the description of the glory of that city which *descended out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like*

unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold like unto clear glass. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

"There never was a king's palace lighted up and adorned like this," continued Mr. Mather, as we went homewards. "It seemeth to be God's design to show how that He can glorify himself in the work of His hands, even at this season of darkness and death, when all things are sealed up, and there be no flowers, nor leaves, nor running brooks, to speak of His goodness and sing forth His praises. Truly hath it been said, *Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend. For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain and the great rain of His strength. He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work. Then the beasts go into their dens, and they remain in their places. Out of the south cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the north. By the breath of God is the frost given, and the breadth of the waters straitened.*"

March 10.

I have been now for many days afflicted with a great cold and pleurisy, although, by God's blessing on the means used, I am wellnigh free from pain, and much relieved, also, from a tedious cough. In this sickness I have not missed the company and kind ministering of my dear Cousin

Rebecca, which was indeed a great comfort. She tells me to-day that the time hath been fixed upon for her marriage with Sir Thomas, which did not a little rejoice me, as I am to go back to mine own country in their company. I long exceedingly to see once again the dear friends from whom I have been separated by many months of time and a great ocean.

Cousin Torrey, of Weymouth, coming in yesterday, brought with her a very bright and pretty Indian girl, one of Mr. Eliot's flock, of the Natick people. She was apparelled after the English manner, save that she wore leggings, called moccasins, in the stead of shoes, wrought over daintily with the quills of an animal called a porcupine, and hung about with small black and white shells. Her hair, which was exceeding long and black, hung straight down her back, and was parted from her forehead, and held fast by means of a strip of birch bark, wrought with quills and feathers, which did encircle her head. She speaks the English well, and can write somewhat, as well as read. Rebecca, for my amusement, did query much with her regarding the praying Indians; and on her desiring to know whether they did in no wise return to their old practices and worships, Wauwoonemeen (for so she was called by her people) told us that they did still hold their Keutikaw, or Dance for the Dead; and that the ministers, although they did not fail to discourage it, had not forbidden it altogether, inasmuch as it was but a civil custom of the people, and not a religious rite. This dance did usually take place at the end of twelve moons

after the death of one of their number, and finished the mourning. The guests invited bring presents to the bereaved family, of wampum, beaver-skins, corn, and ground-nuts, and venison. These presents are delivered to a speaker, appointed for the purpose, who takes them, one by one, and hands them over to the mourners, with a speech entreating them to be consoled by these tokens of the love of their neighbors, and to forget their sorrows. After which, they sit down to eat, and are merry together.

Now it had so chanced that at a Keutikaw held the present winter, two men had been taken ill, and had died the next day; and although Mr. Eliot, when he was told of it, laid the blame thereof upon their hard dancing until they were in a great heat, and then running out into the snow and sharp air to cool themselves, it was thought by many that they were foully dealt with and poisoned. So two noted old Powahs from Wauhktukook, on the great river Connecticut, were sent for to discover the murderers. Then these poor heathen got together in a great wigwam, where the old wizards undertook, by their spells and incantations, to consult the invisible powers in the matter. I asked Wauwoonemeen if she knew how they did practise on the occasion; whereupon she said that none but men were allowed to be in the wigwam, but that she could hear the beating of sticks on the ground, and the groans and howlings and dismal mutterings of the Powahs, and that she, with another young woman, venturing to peep through a hole in the back of the wigwam, saw a great many people

sitting on the ground, and the two Powahs before the fire, jumping and smiting their breasts, and rolling their eyes very frightfully.

"But what came of it?" asked Rebecca. "Did the Evil Spirit whom they thus called upon testify against himself, by telling who were his instruments in mischief?"

The girl said she had never heard of any discovery of the poisoners, if indeed there were such. She told us, moreover, that many of the best people in the tribe would have no part in the business, counting it sinful; and that the chief actors were much censured by the ministers, and so ashamed of it that they drove the Powahs out of the village, the women and boys chasing them and beating them with sticks and frozen snow, so that they had to take to the woods in a sorry plight.

We gave the girl some small trinkets, and a fair piece of cloth for an apron, whereat she was greatly pleased. We were all charmed with her good parts, sweetness of countenance, and discourse and ready wit, being satisfied thereby that Nature knoweth no difference between Europe and America in blood, birth, and bodies, as we read in Acts 17 that God hath made of one blood all mankind. I was specially minded of a saying of that ingenious but schismatic man, Mr. Roger Williams, in the little book which he put forth in England on the Indian tongue: —

> "Boast not, proud English, of thy birth and blood,
> Thy brother Indian is by birth as good;
> Of one blood God made him and thee and all,
> As wise, as fair, as strong, as personal.

By nature wrath 's his portion, thine, no more,
Till grace his soul and thine in Christ restore.
Make sure thy second birth, else thou shalt see
Heaven ope to Indians wild, but shut to thee ! "

March 15.

One Master O'Shane, an Irish scholar, of whom my cousins here did learn the Latin tongue, coming in last evening, and finding Rebecca and I alone (uncle and aunt being on a visit to Mr. Atkinson's), was exceeding merry, entertaining us rarely with his stories and songs. Rebecca tells me he is a learned man, as I can well believe, but that he is too fond of strong drink for his good, having thereby lost the favor of many of the first families here, who did formerly employ him. There was one ballad, which he saith is of his own making, concerning the selling of the daughter of a great Irish lord as a slave in this land, which greatly pleased me; and on my asking for a copy of it, he brought it to me this morning, in a fair hand. I copy it in my Journal, as I know that Oliver, who is curious in such things, will like it.

KATHLEEN.

O Norah ! lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our Old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he,
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids, and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor;
"Ah, woe is me!" the old lord said,
"I rue my bargain sore!"

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall;"
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

"Oh come to me, my daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see!"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair:
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair!"

Oh then spake up the angry dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I 'll sell ye over Ireland,
I 'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a captain sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
And glimmering down the hill;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"
"Ye murthering witch," quoth he,
"So I 'm rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me.

"Oh whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have!"
Oh then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!

"But give to me your daughter dear,
And by the Holy Tree,
Be she on sea or on the land,
I 'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
Ye bring her back to me."

He sailëd east, he sailëd west,
And north and south sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"Oh have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye 'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm,
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold:"
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But since her heart 's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

Oh for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Holy Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye 'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

March 27, 1679.

Spent the afternoon and evening yesterday at Mr. Mather's, with uncle and aunt, Rebecca and Sir Thomas, and Mr. Torrey of Weymouth, and his wife; Mr. Thacher, the minister of the South Meeting, and Major Simon Willard of Concord, being present also. There was much discourse of certain Antinomians, whose loose and scandalous teachings in respect to works were strongly condemned, although Mr. Thacher thought there might be danger, on the other hand, of falling into the error of the Socinians, who lay such stress upon works, that they do not scruple to undervalue and make light of faith. Mr. Torrey told of some of the Antinomians, who, being guilty of scandalous sins, did nevertheless justify themselves, and plead that they were no longer under the law. Sir Thomas drew Rebecca and I into a corner of the room, saying he was a-weary of so much disputation, and began relating somewhat which befell him in a late visit to the New Haven people. Among other things, he told us that while he was there, a maid of nineteen years was put upon trial for her life, by complaint of her parents of disobedience of their commands, and reviling them; that at first the mother of the girl did seem to testify strongly against her; but when she had spoken a few words, the accused crying out with a bitter lamentation, that she should be destroyed in her youth by the words of her own mother, the woman did so soften her testimony that the Court, being in doubt upon the matter, had a consultation with the ministers present, as to whether the accused girl had

made herself justly liable to the punishment prescribed for stubborn and rebellious children in Deut. xxi. 20, 21. It was thought that this law did apply specially unto a rebellious *son*, according to the words of the text, and that a *daughter* could not be put to death under it; to which the Court did assent, and the girl, after being admonished, was set free. Thereupon, Sir Thomas told us, she ran sobbing into the arms of her mother, who did rejoice over her as one raised from the dead, and did moreover mightily blame herself for putting her in so great peril, by complaining of her disobedience to the magistrates.

Major Willard, a pleasant, talkative man, being asked by Mr. Thacher some questions pertaining to his journey into the New Hampshire, in the year '52, with the learned and pious Mr. Edward Johnson, in obedience to an order of the General Court, for the finding the northernmost part of the river Merrimac, gave us a little history of the same, some parts of which I deemed noteworthy. The company, consisting of the two commissioners, and two surveyors, and some Indians, as guides and hunters, started from Concord about the middle of July, and followed the river on which Concord lies, until they came to the great Falls of the Merrimac, at Patucket, where they were kindly entertained at the wigwam of a chief Indian who dwelt there. They then went on to the Falls of the Amoskeag, a famous place of resort for the Indians, and encamped at the foot of a mountain, under the shade of some great trees, where they spent the next day, it being the Sabbath. Mr. Johnson read a portion

of the Word, and a psalm was sung, the Indians sitting on the ground a little way off, in a very reverential manner. They then went to Annahookline, where were some Indian cornfields, and thence over a wild, hilly country, to the head of the Merrimac, at a place called by the Indians Aquedahcan, where they took an observation of the latitude, and set their names upon a great rock, with that of the worshipful Governor, John Endicott. Here was the great Lake Winnipiseogee, as large over as an English county, with many islands upon it, very green with trees and vines, and abounding with squirrels and birds. They spent two days at the lake's outlet, one of them the Sabbath, a wonderfully still, quiet day of the midsummer. "It is strange," said the Major, "but so it is, that although a quarter of a century hath passed over me since that day, it is still very fresh and sweet in my memory. Many times, in my musings, I seem to be once more sitting under the beechen trees of Aquedahcan, with my three English friends, and I do verily seem to see the Indians squatted on the lake shore, round a fire, cooking their dishes, and the smoke thereof curling about among the trees over their heads; and beyond them is the great lake and the islands thereof, some big and others exceeding small, and the mountains that do rise on the other side, and whose woody tops show in the still water as in a glass. And, withal, I do seem to have a sense of the smell of flowers, which did abound there, and of the strawberries with which the old Indian cornfield near unto us was red, they being then ripe and luscious to the taste. It seems, also, as if I could hear the bark of my dog, and the

chatter of squirrels, and the songs of the birds, in the thick woods behind us; and, moreover, the voice of my friend Johnson, as he did call to mind these words of the 104th Psalm: '*Bless the Lord, O my soul! who coverest thyself with light, as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; and walketh upon the wings of the wind!*' Ah me! I shall never truly hear that voice more, unless, through God's mercy, I be permitted to join the saints of light in praise and thanksgiving beside stiller waters and among greener pastures than are those of Aquedahcan."

"He was a shining light, indeed," said Mr. Mather, "and, in view of his loss and that of other worthies in Church and State, we may well say, as of old, *Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth!*"

Major Willard said that the works of Mr. Johnson did praise him, especially that monument of his piety and learning, "The History of New England; or, Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour," wherein he did show himself in verse and in prose a workman not to be ashamed. There was a piece which Mr. Johnson writ upon birchen bark at the head of the Merrimac, during the journey of which he had spoken, which had never been printed, but which did more deserve that honor than much of the rhymes with which the land now aboundeth. Mr. Mather said he had the piece of bark then in his possession, on which Mr. Johnson did write; and, on our desiring to see it, he brought it to us, and, as we could not well make out the writing thereon, he read it as followeth: —

This lonesome lake, like to a sea, among the mountains lies,
And like a glass doth show their shapes, and eke the clouds and skies.
God lays His chambers' beams therein, that all His power may know,
And holdeth in His fist the winds, that else would mar the show.

The Lord hath blest this wilderness with meadows, streams, and springs,
And like a garden planted it with green and growing things;
And filled the woods with wholesome meats, and eke with fowls the air,
And sown the land with flowers and herbs, and fruits of savor rare.

But here the nations know him not, and come and go the days,
Without a morning prayer to Him, or evening song of praise;
The heathen fish upon the lake, or hunt the woods for meat,
And like the brutes do give no thanks for wherewithal to eat.

They dance in shame and nakedness, with horrid yells to hear,
And like to dogs they make a noise, or screeching owls anear.
Each tribe, like Micah, doth its priest or cunning Powah keep;
Yea, wizards who, like them of old, do mutter and do peep.

A cursëd and an evil race, whom Satan doth mislead,
And rob them of Christ's hope, whereby he makes them poor indeed;
They hold the waters and the hills, and clouds, and stars to be
Their gods; for, lacking faith, they do believe but what they see.

Yet God on them His sun and rain doth evermore bestow,
And ripens all their harvest-fields and pleasant fruits also.
For them He makes the deer and moose, for them the fishes swim,
And all the fowls in woods and air are goodly gifts from Him.

Yea, more; for them, as for ourselves, hath Christ a ransom paid,
And on Himself, their sins and ours, a common burden laid.
By nature vessels of God's wrath, 't is He alone can give
To English or to Indians wild the grace whereby we live.

Oh, let us pray that in these wilds the Gospel may be preached,
And these poor Gentiles of the woods may by its truth be reached;
That ransomed ones the tidings glad may sound with joy abroad,
And lonesome Aquedahcan hear the praises of the Lord!

March 18.

My cough still troubling me, an ancient woman, coming in yesterday, did so set forth the worth and virtue of a syrup of her making, that Aunt Rawson sent Effie over to the woman's house for a bottle of it. The woman sat with us a pretty while, being a lively talking body, although now wellnigh fourscore years of age. She could tell many things of the old people of Boston, for, having been in youth the wife of a man of some note and substance, and being herself a notable housewife and of good natural parts, she was well looked upon by the better sort of people. After she became a widow, she was for a little time in the family of Governor Endicott, at Naumkeag, whom she describeth as a just and goodly man, but exceeding exact in the ordering of his household, and of fiery temper withal. When displeasured, he would pull hard at the long tuft of hair which he wore upon his chin; and on one occasion, while sitting in the court, he plucked off his velvet cap, and cast it in the face of one of the assistants, who did profess conscientious scruples against the putting to death of the Quakers.

"I have heard say his hand was heavy upon these people," I said.

"And well it might be," said the old woman, "for more pestilent and provoking strollers and ranters you shall never find than these same Quakers. They were such a sore trouble to the Governor, that I do believe his days were shortened by reason of them. For neither the jail, nor whipping, nor cropping of ears, did suffice to rid him of

them. At last, when a law was made by the General Court, banishing them on pain of death, the Governor, coming home from Boston, said that he now hoped to have peace in the Colony, and that this sharpness would keep the land free from these troublers. I remember it well, how the next day he did invite the ministers and chief men, and in what a pleasant frame he was. In the morning I had mended his best velvet breeches for him, and he praised my work not a little, and gave me six shillings over and above my wages; and, says he to me: 'Goody Lake,' says he, 'you are a worthy woman, and do feel concerned for the good of Zion, and the orderly carrying of matters in Church and State, and hence I know you will be glad to hear that, after much ado, and in spite of the strivings of evil-disposed people, the General Court have agreed upon a law for driving the Quakers out of the jurisdiction, on pain of death; so that, if any come after this, their blood be upon their own heads. It is what I have wrestled with the Lord for this many a month, and I do count it a great deliverance and special favor; yea, I may truly say, with David: "*Thou hast given me my heart's desire, and hast not withholden the prayer of my lips. Thy hand shall find out all thine enemies; thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger; the Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.*" You will find these words, Goody Lake,' says he, 'in the 21st Psalm, where what is said of the King will serve for such as be in authority at this time.' For you must know, young

woman, that the Governor was mighty in Scripture, more especially in his prayers, when you could think that he had it all at his tongue's end.

"There was a famous dinner at the Governor's that day, and many guests, and the Governor had ordered from his cellar some wine, which was a gift from a Portuguese captain, and of rare quality, as I know of mine own tasting, when word was sent to the Governor that a man wished to see him, whom he bid wait awhile. After dinner was over, he went into the hall, and who should be there but Wharton, the Quaker, who, without pulling off his hat, or other salutation, cried out: 'John Endicott, hearken to the word of the Lord, in whose fear and dread I am come. Thou and thy evil counsellors, the priests, have framed iniquity by law, but it shall not avail you. Thus saith the Lord, *Evil shall slay the wicked, and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate!*' Now, when the Governor did hear this, he fell, as must needs be, into a rage, and, seeing me by the door, he bade me call the servants from the kitchen, which I did, and they running up, he bade them lay hands on the fellow, and take him away; and then, in a great passion, he called for his horse, saying he would not rest until he had seen forty stripes save one laid upon that cursed Quaker, and that he should go to the gallows yet for his sauciness. So they had him to jail, and the next morning he was soundly whipped, and ordered to depart the jurisdiction."

I, being curious to know more concerning the Quakers, asked her if she did ever talk with any of

them who were dealt with by the authorities, and what they said for themselves.

"Oh, they never lacked words," said she, "but cried out for liberty of conscience, and against persecution, and prophesied all manner of evil upon such as did put in force the law. Some time about the year '56, there did come two women of them to Boston, and brought with them certain of their blasphemous books, which the constables burnt in the street, as I well remember by this token, that, going near the fire, and seeing one of the books not yet burnt, I stooped to pick it up, when one of the constables gave me a smart rap with his staff, and snatched it away. The women being sent to the jail, the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Bellingham, and the Council, thinking they might be witches, were for having them searched; and Madam Bellingham naming me and another woman to her husband, he sent for us, and bade us go to the jail and search them, to see if there was any witch-mark on their bodies. So we went, and told them our errand, at which they marvelled not a little, and one of them, a young, well-favored woman, did entreat that they might not be put to such shame, for the jailer stood all the time in the yard, looking in at the door; but we told them such was the order, and so, without more ado, stripped them of their clothes, but found nothing save a mole on the left breast of the younger, into which Goodwife Page thrust her needle, at which the woman did give a cry as of pain, and the blood flowed; whereas, if it had been a witch's mark, she would not have felt the prick, nor would it have caused blood. So, finding noth-

ing that did look like witchcraft, we left them; and on being brought before the Court, Deputy-Governor Bellingham asked us what we had to say concerning the women. Whereupon Goodwife Page, being the oldest of us, told him that we did find no appearance of witches upon their bodies, save the mole on the younger woman's breast (which was but natural), but that otherwise she was fair as Absalom, who had no blemish from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. Thereupon the Deputy-Governor dismissed us, saying that it might be that the Devil did not want them for witches, because they could better serve him as Quakers: whereat all the Court fell to laughing."

"And what did become of the women?" I asked.

"They kept them in jail awhile," said Nurse Lake, "and then sent them back to England. But the others that followed fared harder, — some getting whipped at the cart-tail, and others losing their ears. The hangman's wife showed me once the ears of three of them, which her husband cut off in the jail that very morning."

"This is dreadful!" said I, for I thought of my dear brother and sweet Margaret Brewster, and tears filled mine eyes.

"Nay; but they were sturdy knaves and vagabonds," answered Nurse Lake, "although one of them was the son of a great officer in the Barbadoes, and accounted a gentleman before he did run out into his evil practices. But cropping of ears did not stop these headstrong people, and they still coming, some were put to death. There were three of them to be hanged at one time. I do

remember it well, for it was a clear, warm day about the last of October, and it was a brave sight to behold. There was Marshal Michelson and Captain Oliver, with two hundred soldiers afoot, besides many on horse of our chief people, and among them the minister, Mr. Wilson, looking like a saint as he was, with a pleasant and joyful countenance, and a great multitude of people, men, women, and children, not only of Boston, but from the towns round about. I got early on to the ground, and when they were going to the gallows I kept as near to the condemned ones as I could. There were two young, well-favored men, and a woman with gray hairs. As they walked hand in hand, the woman in the middle, the Marshal, who was riding beside them, and who was a merry drolling man, asked her if she was n't ashamed to walk hand in hand between two young men; whereupon, looking upon him solemnly, she said she was not ashamed, for this was to her an hour of great joy, and that no eye could see, no ear hear, no tongue speak, and no heart understand, the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Lord's spirit, which she did then feel. This she spake aloud, so that all about could hear, whereat Captain Oliver bid the drums to beat and drown her voice. Now, when they did come to the gallows ladder, on each side of which the officers and chief people stood, the two men kept on their hats, as is the ill manner of their sort, which so provoked Mr. Wilson, the minister, that he cried out to them: 'What! shall such Jacks as you come before authority with your hats on?' To which one of them said: 'Mind you, it is for

not putting off our hats that we are put to death.' The two men then went up the ladder, and tried to speak; but I could not catch a word, being outside of the soldiers, and much fretted and worried by the crowd. They were presently turned off, and then the woman went up the ladder, and they tied her coats down to her feet, and put the halter on her neck, and, lacking a handkerchief to tie over her face, the minister lent the hangman his. Just then your Uncle Rawson comes a-riding up to the gallows, waving his hand, and crying out, 'Stop! she is reprieved!' So they took her down, although she said she was ready to die as her brethren did, unless they would undo their bloody laws. I heard Captain Oliver tell her it was for her son's sake that she was spared. So they took her to jail, and after a time sent her back to her husband in Rhode Island, which was a favor she did in no wise deserve; but good Governor Endicott, much as he did abhor these people, sought not their lives, and spared no pains to get them peaceably out the country; but they were a stubborn crew, and must needs run their necks into the halter, as did this same woman; for, coming back again, under pretence of pleading for the repeal of the laws against Quakers, she was not long after put to death. The excellent Mr. Wilson made a brave ballad on the hanging, which I have heard the boys in the street sing many a time.

"A great number, both men and women, were whipped and put in the stocks," continued the woman, "and I once beheld two of them, one a young and the other an aged woman, in a cold day

in winter, tied to the tail of a cart, going through Salem Street, stripped to their waists as naked as they were born, and their backs all covered with red whip-marks; but there was a more pitiful case of one Hored Gardner, a young married woman, with a little child and her nurse, who, coming to Weymouth, was laid hold of and sent to Boston, where both were whipped, and, as I was often at the jail to see the keeper's wife, it so chanced that I was there at the time. The woman, who was young and delicate, when they were stripping her, held her little child in her arms; and when the jailer plucked it from her bosom, she looked round anxiously, and, seeing me, said, 'Good woman, I know thou 'lt have pity on the babe,' and asked me to hold it, which I did. She was then whipped with a threefold whip, with knots in the ends, which did tear sadly into her flesh; and, after it was over, she kneeled down, with her back all bleeding, and prayed for them she called her persecutors. I must say I did greatly pity her, and I spoke to the jailer's wife, and we washed the poor creature's back, and put on it some famous ointment, so that she soon got healed."

Aunt Rawson now coming in, the matter was dropped; but, on my speaking to her of it after Nurse Lake had left, she said it was a sore trial to many, even those in authority, and who were charged with the putting in force of the laws against these people. She furthermore said, that Uncle Rawson and Mr. Broadstreet were much cried out against by the Quakers and their abettors on both sides of the water, but they did but their duty in

the matter, and for herself she had always mourned over the coming of these people, and was glad when the Court did set any of them free. When the woman was hanged, my aunt spent the whole day with Madam Broadstreet, who was so wrought upon that she was fain to take to her bed, refusing to be conforted, and counting it the heaviest day of her life.

"Looking out of her chamber window," said Aunt Rawson, "I saw the people who had been to the hanging coming back from the training-field; and when Anne Broadstreet did hear the sound of their feet in the road, she groaned, and said that it did seem as if every foot fell upon her heart. Presently Mr. Broadstreet came home, bringing with him the minister, Mr. John Norton. They sat down in the chamber, and for some little time there was scarce a word spoken. At length Madam Broadstreet, turning to her husband and laying her hand on his arm, as was her loving manner, asked him if it was indeed all over. 'The woman is dead,' said he; 'but I marvel, Anne, to see you so troubled about her. Her blood is upon her own head, for we did by no means seek her life. She hath trodden under foot our laws, and misused our great forbearance, so that we could do no otherwise than we have done. So under the Devil's delusion was she, that she wanted no minister or elder to pray with her at the gallows, but seemed to think herself sure of heaven, heeding in no wise the warnings of Mr. Norton, and other godly people.' 'Did she rail at, or cry out against any?' asked his wife. 'Nay, not to my hearing,' he said, 'but

she carried herself as one who had done no harm, and who verily believed that she had obeyed the Lord's will.'

"'This is very dreadful,' said she, 'and I pray that the death of that poor misled creature may not rest heavy upon us.'

"Hereupon Mr. Norton lifted up his head, which had been bowed down upon his hand; and I shall never forget how his pale and sharp features did seem paler than their wont, and his solemn voice seemed deeper and sadder.

"'Madam!' he said, 'it may well befit your gentleness and sweetness of heart to grieve over the sufferings even of the froward and ungodly, when they be cut off from the congregation of the Lord, as His holy and just law enjoineth, for verily I also could weep for the condemned one, as a woman and a mother; and, since her coming, I have wrestled with the Lord, in prayer and fasting, that I might be His instrument in snatching her as a brand from the burning. But, as a watchman on the walls of Zion, when I did see her casting poison into the wells of life, and enticing unstable souls into the snares and pitfalls of Satan, what should I do but sound an alarm against her? And the magistrate, such as your worthy husband, who is also appointed of God, and set for the defence of the truth, and the safety of the Church and the State, what can he do but faithfully to execute the law of God, which is a terror to evil doers? The natural pity which we feel must give place unto the duty we do severally owe to God and His Church, and the government of His appointment. It is a small

matter to be judged of man's judgment, for, though certain people have not scrupled to call me cruel and hard of heart, yet the Lord knows I have wept in secret places over these misguided men and women.'

"'But might not life be spared?' asked Madam Broadstreet. 'Death is a great thing.'

"'It is appointed unto all to die,' said Mr. Norton, 'and after death cometh the judgment. The death of these poor bodies is a bitter thing, but the death of the soul is far more dreadful; and it is better that these people should suffer than that hundreds of precious souls should be lost through their evil communication. The care of the dear souls of my flock lieth heavily upon me, as many sleepless nights and days of fasting do bear witness. I have not taken counsel of flesh and blood in this grave matter, nor yielded unto the natural weakness of my heart. And while some were for sparing these workers of iniquity, even as Saul spared Agag, I have been strengthened, as it were, to hew them in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. O madam, your honored husband can tell you what travail of spirit, what sore trials, these disturbers have cost us; and as you do know in his case, so believe also in mine, that what we have done hath been urged, not by hardness and cruelty of heart, but rather by our love and tenderness towards the Lord's heritage in this land. Through care and sorrow I have grown old before my time; few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage, and the end seems not far off; and though I have many sins and shortcomings to answer for, I do humbly

trust that the blood of the souls of the flock committed to me will not then be found upon my garments.'

"Ah, me! I shall never forget these words of that godly man," continued my aunt, "for, as he said, his end was not far off. He died very suddenly, and the Quakers did not scruple to say that it was God's judgment upon him for his severe dealing with their people. They even go so far as to say that the land about Boston is cursed because of the hangings and whippings, inasmuch as wheat will not now grow here, as it did formerly, and, indeed, many, not of their way, do believe the same thing."

April 24.

A vessel from London has just come to port, bringing Rebecca's dresses for the wedding, which will take place about the middle of June, as I hear. Uncle Rawson has brought me a long letter from Aunt Grindall, with one also from Oliver, pleasant and lively, like himself. No special news from abroad that I hear of. My heart longs for Old England more and more.

It is supposed that the freeholders have chosen Mr. Broadstreet for their Governor. The vote, uncle says, is exceeding small, very few people troubling themselves about it.

May 2.

Mr. John Easton, a man of some note in the Providence Plantations, having occasion to visit Boston yesterday, brought me a message from my

brother, to the effect that he was now married and settled, and did greatly desire me to make the journey to his house in the company of his friend, John Easton, and his wife's sister. I feared to break the matter to my uncle, but Rebecca hath done so for me, and he hath, to my great joy, consented thereto; for, indeed, he refuseth nothing to her. My aunt fears for me, that I shall suffer from the cold, as the weather is by no means settled, although the season is forward, as compared with the last; but I shall take good care as to clothing; and John Easton saith we shall be but two nights on the way.

THE PLANTATIONS, *May* 10, 1679.

We left Boston on the 4th, at about sunrise, and rode on at a brisk trot, until we came to the banks of the river, along which we went near a mile before we found a suitable ford, and even there the water was so deep that we only did escape a wetting by drawing our feet up to the saddle-trees. About noon, we stopped at a farmer's house, in the hope of getting a dinner; but the room was dirty as an Indian wigwam, with two children in it, sick with the measles, and the woman herself in a poor way, and we were glad to leave as soon as possible, and get into the fresh air again. Aunt had provided me with some cakes, and Mr. Easton, who is an old traveller, had with him a roasted fowl and a good loaf of Indian bread; so, coming to a spring of excellent water, we got off our horses, and, spreading our napkins on the grass and dry leaves, had a comfortable dinner. John's sister is a widow, a

lively, merry woman, and proved rare company for me. Afterwards we rode until the sun was nigh setting, when we came to a little hut on the shore of a broad lake at a place called Massapog. It had been dwelt in by a white family formerly, but it was now empty, and much decayed in the roof, and as we did ride up to it we saw a wild animal of some sort leap out of one of its windows, and run into the pines. Here Mr. Easton said we must make shift to tarry through the night, as it was many miles to the house of a white man. So, getting off our horses, we went into the hut, which had but one room, with loose boards for a floor; and as we sat there in the twilight, it looked dismal enough; but presently Mr. Easton, coming in with a great load of dried boughs, struck a light in the stone fireplace, and we soon had a roaring fire. His sister broke off some hemlock boughs near the door, and made a broom of them, with which she swept up the floor, so that when we sat down on blocks by the hearth, eating our poor supper, we thought ourselves quite comfortable and tidy. It was a wonderful clear night, the moon rising, as we judged, about eight of the clock, over the tops of the hills on the easterly side of the lake, and shining brightly on the water in a long line of light, as if a silver bridge had been laid across it. Looking out into the forest, we could see the beams of the moon, falling here and there through the thick tops of the pines and hemlocks, and showing their tall trunks, like so many pillars in a church or temple. There was a westerly wind blowing, not steadily, but in long gusts, which, sounding from a great

distance through the pine leaves, did make a solemn and not unpleasing music, to which I listened at the door until the cold drove me in for shelter. Our horses having been fed with corn, which Mr. Easton took with him, were tied at the back of the building, under the cover of a thick growth of hemlocks, which served to break off the night wind. The widow and I had a comfortable bed in the corner of the room, which we made of small hemlock sprigs, having our cloaks to cover us, and our saddle-bags for pillows. My companions were soon asleep, but the exceeding strangeness of my situation did keep me a long time awake. For, as I lay there looking upward, I could see the stars shining down a great hole in the roof, and the moonlight streaming through the seams of the logs, and mingling with the red glow of the coals on the hearth. I could hear the horses stamping, just outside, and the sound of the water on the lake shore, the cry of wild animals in the depth of the woods, and, over all, the long and very wonderful murmur of the pines in the wind. At last, being sore weary, I fell asleep, and waked not until I felt the warm sun shining in my face, and heard the voice of Mr. Easton bidding me rise, as the horses were ready.

After riding about two hours we came upon an Indian camp, in the midst of a thick wood of maples. Here were six spacious wigwams; but the men were away, except two very old and infirm ones. There were five or six women, and perhaps twice as many children, who all came out to see us. They brought us some dried meat, as hard nigh upon as chips of wood, and which, although

hungry, I could feel no stomach for; but I bought of one of the squaws two great cakes of sugar, made from the sap of the maples which abound there, very pure and sweet, and which served me instead of their unsavory meat and cakes of pounded corn, of which Mr. Easton and his sister did not scruple to partake. Leaving them, we had a long and hard ride to a place called Winnicinnit, where, to my great joy, we found a comfortable house and Christian people, with whom we tarried. The next day we got to the Plantations; and about noon, from the top of a hill, Mr. Easton pointed out the settlement where my brother dwelt, — a fair, pleasant valley, through which ran a small river, with the houses of the planters on either side. Shortly after, we came to a new frame house, with a great oak-tree left standing on each side of the gate, and a broad meadow before it, stretching down to the water. Here Mr. Easton stopped; and now, who should come hastening down to us but my new sister, Margaret, in her plain but comely dress, kindly welcoming me; and soon my brother came up from the meadow, where he was busy with his men. It was indeed a joyful meeting.

The next day being the Sabbath, I went with my brother and his wife to the meeting, which was held in a large house of one of their Quaker neighbors. About a score of grave, decent people did meet there, sitting still and quiet for a pretty while, when one of their number, a venerable man, spake a few words, mostly Scripture; then a young woman, who, I did afterwards learn, had been hardly treated by the Plymouth people, did offer a

few words of encouragement and exhortation from this portion of the 34th Psalm: "*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.*" When the meeting was over, some of the ancient women came and spake kindly to me, inviting me to their houses. In the evening certain of these people came to my brother's, and were kind and loving towards me. There was, nevertheless, a gravity and a certain staidness of deportment which I could but ill conform unto, and I was not sorry when they took leave. My Uncle Rawson need not fear my joining with them; for, although I do judge them to be a worthy and pious people, I like not their manner of worship, and their great gravity and soberness do little accord with my natural temper and spirits.

May 16.

This place is in what is called the Narragansett country, and about twenty miles from Mr. Williams's town of Providence, a place of no small note. Mr. Williams, who is now an aged man, more than fourscore, was the founder of the Province, and is held in great esteem by the people, who be of all sects and persuasions, as the Government doth not molest any in worshipping according to conscience; and hence you will see in the same neighborhood Anabaptists, Quakers, New Lights, Brownists, Antinomians, and Socinians, — nay, I am told there be Papists also. Mr. Williams is a Baptist, and holdeth mainly with Calvin and Beza, as respects the decrees, and hath been a bitter

reviler of the Quakers, although he hath ofttimes sheltered them from the rigor of the Massachusetts Bay magistrates, who he saith have no warrant to deal in matters of conscience and religion, as they have done.

Yesterday came the Governor of the Rhode Island, Nicholas Easton, the father of John, with his youngest daughter Mary, as fair and as lady-like a person as I have seen for many a day. Both her father and herself do meet with the "Friends," as they call themselves, at their great house on the Island, and the Governor sometimes speaks therein, having, as one of the elders here saith of him, "a pretty gift in the ministry." Mary, who is about the age of my brother's wife, would fain persuade us to go back with them on the morrow to the Island, but Leonard's business will not allow it, and I would by no means lose his company while I tarry in these parts, as I am so soon to depart for home, where a great ocean will separate us, it may be for many years. Margaret, who hath been to the Island, saith that the Governor's house is open to all new-comers, who are there entertained with rare courtesy, he being a man of substance, having a great plantation, with orchards and gardens, and a stately house on an hill over-looking the sea on either hand, where, six years ago, when the famous George Fox was on the Island, he did entertain and lodge no less than fourscore persons, beside his own family and servants.

Governor Easton, who is a pleasant talker, told a story of a magistrate who had been a great persecutor of his people. On one occasion, after he

had cast a worthy Friend into jail, he dreamed a dream in this wise: He thought he was in a fair, delightsome place, where were sweet springs of water and green meadows, and rare fruit-trees and vines with ripe clusters thereon, and in the midst thereof flowed a river whose waters were clearer than crystal. Moreover, he did behold a great multitude walking on the river's bank, or sitting lovingly in the shade of the trees which grew thereby. Now, while he stood marvelling at all this, he beheld in his dream the man he had cast into prison sitting with his hat on, side by side with a minister then dead, whom the magistrate had held in great esteem while living; whereat, feeling his anger stirred within him, he went straight and bade the man take off his hat in the presence of his betters. Howbeit the twain did give no heed to his words, but did continue to talk lovingly together as before; whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth, and would have laid hands upon the man. But, hearing a voice calling upon him to forbear, he did look about him, and behold one, with a shining countenance, and clad in raiment so white that it did dazzle his eyes to look upon it, stood before him. And the shape said, "Dost thou well to be angry?" Then said the magistrate, "Yonder is a Quaker with his hat on talking to a godly minister." "Nay," quoth the shape, "thou seest but after the manner of the world and with the eyes of flesh. Look yonder, and tell me what thou seest." So he looked again, and lo! two men in shining raiment, like him who talked with him, sat under the tree. "Tell me," said the

shape, "if thou canst, which of the twain is the Quaker and which is the Priest?" And when he could not, but stood in amazement confessing he did see neither of them, the shape said, "Thou sayest well, for here be neither Priest nor Quaker, Jew nor Gentile, but all are one in the Lord." Then he awoke, and pondered long upon his dream, and when it was morning he went straightway to the jail, and ordered the man to be set free, and hath ever since carried himself lovingly towards the Quakers.

My brother's lines have indeed fallen unto him in a pleasant place. His house is on a warm slope of a hill, looking to the southeast, with a great wood of oaks and walnuts behind it, and before it many acres of open land, where formerly the Indians did plant their corn, much of which is now ploughed and seeded. From the top of the hill one can see the waters of the great Bay; at the foot of it runs a small river noisily over the rocks, making a continual murmur. Going thither this morning, I found a great rock hanging over the water, on which I sat down, listening to the noise of the stream and the merriment of the birds in the trees, and admiring the green banks, which were besprinkled with white and yellow flowers. I call to mind that sweet fancy of the lamented Anne Broadstreet, the wife of the new Governor of Massachusetts, in a little piece which she nameth "Contemplations," being written on the banks of a stream, like unto the one whereby I was then sitting, in which the writer first describeth the beauties of the wood, and the flowing water, with

the bright fishes therein, and then the songs of birds in the boughs over her head, in this sweet and pleasing verse, which I have often heard repeated by Cousin Rebecca: —

"While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
A sweet-tongued songster perched above my head,
And chanted forth her most melodious strain;
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry bird! said I, that fears no snares,
That neither toils nor hoards up in the barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares,
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm.
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what 's to come dost fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And, warbling out the old, begins the new.
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee unto a better region,
Where winter 's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Now, while I did ponder these lines, hearing a step in the leaves, I looked up, and behold there was an old Indian close beside me; and, being much affrighted, I gave a loud cry, and ran towards the house. The old man laughed at this, and, calling after me, said he would not harm me; and Leonard, hearing my cries, now coming up, bade me never fear the Indian, for he was a harmless creature, who was well known to him. So he kindly saluted the old man, asking me to shake hands

with him, which I did, when he struck across the field to a little cleared spot on the side of the hill. My brother bidding me note his actions, I saw him stoop down on his knees, with his head to the ground, for some space of time, and then, getting up, he stretched out his hands towards the south-west, as if imploring some one whom I could not see. This he repeated for nigh upon half an hour, when he came back to the house, where he got some beer and bread to eat, and a great loaf to carry away. He said but little until he rose to depart, when he told my brother that he had been to see the graves of his father and his mother, and that he was glad to find them as he did leave them the last year; for he knew that the spirits of the dead would be sore grieved, if the white man's hoe touched their bones.

My brother promised him that the burial-place of his people should not be disturbed, and that he would find it as now, when he did again visit it.

"Me never come again," said the old Indian. "No. Umpachee is very old. He has no squaw; he has no young men who call him father. Umpachee is like that tree;" and he pointed, as he spoke, to a birch, which stood apart in the field, from which the bark had fallen, and which did show no leaf nor bud.

My brother hereupon spake to him of the great Father of both white and red men, and of his love towards them, and of the measure of light which he had given unto all men, whereby they might know good from evil, and by living in obedience to which they might be happy in this life and in

that to come; exhorting him to put his trust in God, who was able to comfort and sustain him in his old age, and not to follow after lying Powahs, who did deceive and mislead him.

"My young brother's talk is good," said the old man. "The Great Father sees that his skin is white, and that mine is red. He sees my young brother when he sits in his praying-house, and me when me offer him corn and deer's flesh in the woods, and he says good. Umpachee's people have all gone to one place. If Umpachee go to a praying-house, the Great Father will send him to the white man's place, and his father and his mother and his sons will never see him in their hunting-ground. No. Umpachee is an old beaver that sits in his own house, and swims in his own pond. He will stay where he is, until his Father calls him.

Saying this, the old savage went on his way. As he passed out of the valley, and got to the top of the hill on the other side, we, looking after him, beheld him standing still a moment, as if bidding farewell to the graves of his people.

May 24.

My brother goes with me to-morrow on my way to Boston. I am not a little loath to leave my dear sister Margaret, who hath greatly won upon me by her gentleness and loving deportment, and who doth at all times, even when at work in ordering her household affairs, and amidst the cares and perplexities of her new life, show forth that sweetness of temper and that simplicity wherewith I was charmed when I first saw her. She hath naturally

an ingenious mind, and, since her acquaintance with my brother, hath dipped into such of his studies and readings as she had leisure and freedom to engage in, so that her conversation is in no wise beneath her station. Nor doth she, like some of her people, especially the more simple and unlearned, affect a painful and melancholy look and a canting tone of discourse, but lacketh not for cheerfulness and a certain natural ease and grace of demeanor; and the warmth and goodness of her heart doth at times break the usual quiet of her countenance, like to sunshine and wind on a still water, and she hath the sweetest smile I ever saw. I have often thought, since I have been with her, that if Uncle Rawson could see and hear her as I do for a single day, he would confess that my brother might have done worse than to take a Quaker to wife.

Boston, *May* 28, 1679.

Through God's mercy, I got here safe and well, saving great weariness, and grief at parting with my brother and his wife. The first day we went as far as a place they call Rehoboth, where we tarried over night, finding but small comfort therein; for the house was so filled, that Leonard and a friend who came with us were fain to lie all night in the barn, on the mow before their horses; and, for mine own part, I had to choose between lying in the large room, where the man of the house and his wife and two sons, grown men, did lodge, or to climb into the dark loft, where was barely space for a bed, — which last I did make choice of, although the woman thought it strange, and mar-

velled not a little at my unwillingness to sleep in the same room with her husband and boys, as she called them. In the evening, hearing loud voices in a house near by, we inquired what it meant, and were told that some people from Providence were holding a meeting there, the owner of the house being accounted a Quaker. Whereupon, I went thither with Leonard, and found nigh upon a score of people gathered, and a man with loose hair and beard speaking to them. My brother whispered to me that he was no Friend, but a noted ranter, a noisy, unsettled man. He screamed exceeding loud, and stamped with his feet, and foamed at the mouth, like one possessed with an evil spirit, crying against all order in State or Church, and declaring that the Lord had a controversy with Priests and Magistrates, the prophets who prophesy falsely, and the priests who bear rule by their means, and the people who love to have it so. He spake of the Quakers as a tender and hopeful people in their beginning, and while the arm of the wicked was heavy upon them; but now he said that they, even as the rest, were settled down into a dead order, and heaping up worldly goods, and speaking evil of the Lord's messengers. They were a part of Babylon, and would perish with their idols; they should drink of the wine of God's wrath; the day of their visitation was at hand. After going on thus for a while, up gets a tall, wild-looking woman, as pale as a ghost, and trembling from head to foot, who, stretching out her long arms towards the man who had spoken, bade the people take notice that this was the angel

spoken of in Revelation, flying through the midst of heaven, and crying, *Woe! woe! to the inhabitants of the earth!* with more of the like wicked rant, whereat I was not a little discomposed, and, beckoning my brother, left them to foam out their shame to themselves.

The next morning, we got upon our horses at an early hour, and after a hard and long ride reached Mr. Torrey's at Weymouth, about an hour after dark. Here we found Cousin Torrey in bed with her second child, a boy, whereat her husband is not a little rejoiced. My brother here took his leave of me, going back to the Plantations. My heart is truly sad and heavy with the great grief of parting.

May 30.

Went to the South meeting to-day, to hear the sermon preached before the worshipful Governor, Mr. Broadstreet, and his Majesty's Council, it being the election day. It was a long sermon, from Esther x. 3. Had much to say concerning the duty of Magistrates to support the Gospel and its ministers, and to put an end to schism and heresy. Very pointed, also, against time-serving Magistrates.

June 1.

Mr. Michael Wigglesworth, the Malden minister, at uncle's house last night. Mr. Wigglesworth told aunt that he had preached a sermon against the wearing of long hair and other like vanities, which he hoped, with God's blessing, might do

good. It was from Isaiah iii. 16, and so on to the end of the chapter. Now, while he was speaking of the sermon, I whispered Rebecca that I would like to ask him a question, which he overhearing, turned to me, and bade me never heed, but speak out. So I told him that I was but a child in years and knowledge, and he a wise and learned man; but if he would not deem it forward in me, I would fain know whether the Scripture did anywhere lay down the particular fashion of wearing the hair.

Mr. Wigglesworth said that there were certain general rules laid down, from which we might make a right application to particular cases. The wearing of long hair by men is expressly forbidden in 1 Corinthians xi. 14, 15; and there is a special word for women, also, in 1 Tim. ii. 9.

Hereupon Aunt Rawson told me she thought I was well answered; but I (foolish one that I was), being unwilling to give up the matter so, ventured further to say that there were the Nazarites, spoken of in Numbers vi. 5, upon whose heads, by the appointment of God, no razor was to come.

"Nay," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "that was by a special appointment only, and proveth the general rule and practice."

Uncle Rawson said that long hair might, he judged, be lawfully worn, where the bodily health did require it, to guard the necks of weakly people from the cold.

"Where there seems plainly a call of nature for it," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "as a matter of bodily comfort, and for the warmth of the head and neck,

it is nowise unlawful. But for healthy, sturdy young people to make this excuse for their sinful vanity doth but add to their condemnation. If a man go any whit beyond God's appointment and the comfort of nature, I know not where he will stop, until he grows to be the veriest ruffian in the world. It is a wanton and shameful thing for a man to liken himself to a woman, by suffering his hair to grow, and curling and parting it in a seam, as is the manner of too many. It betokeneth pride and vanity, and causeth no small offence to godly, sober people.

"The time hath been," continued Mr. Wigglesworth, "when God's people were ashamed of such vanities, both in the home country and in these parts; but since the Bishops and the Papists have had their way, and such as feared God are put down from authority, to give place to scorners and wantons, there hath been a sad change."

He furthermore spake of the gay apparel of the young women of Boston, and their lack of plainness and modesty in the manner of wearing and ordering their hair; and said he could in no wise agree with some of his brethren in the ministry that this was a light matter, inasmuch as it did most plainly appear from Scripture that the pride and haughtiness of the daughters of Zion did provoke the judgments of the Lord, not only upon them, but upon the men also. Now, the special sin of women is pride and haughtiness, and that because they be generally more ignorant, being the weaker vessel; and this sin venteth itself in their gesture, their hair and apparel. Now, God abhors

all pride, especially pride in base things; and hence the conduct of the daughters of Zion does greatly provoke his wrath, first against themselves, secondly their fathers and husbands, and thirdly against the land they do inhabit.

Rebecca here roguishly pinched my arm, saying apart that, after all, we weaker vessels did seem to be of great consequence, and nobody could tell but that our head-dresses would yet prove the ruin of the country.

June 4.

Robert Pike, coming into the harbor with his sloop, from the Pemaquid country, looked in upon us yesterday. Said that since coming to the town he had seen a Newbury man, who told him that old Mr. Wheelwright, of Salisbury, the famous Boston minister in the time of Sir Harry Vane and Madam Hutchinson, was now lying sick, and nigh unto his end. Also, that Goodman Morse was so crippled by a fall in his barn, that he cannot get to Boston to the trial of his wife, which is a sore affliction to him. The trial of the witch is now going on, and uncle saith it looks much against her, especially the testimony of the Widow Goodwin about her child, and of John Gladding about seeing one half of the body of Goody Morse flying about in the sun, as if she had been cut in twain, or as if the Devil did hide the lower part of her. Robert Pike saith such testimony ought not to hang a cat, the widow being little more than a fool; and as for the fellow Gladding, he was no doubt in his cups, for he had often seen him in such a plight that he

could not have told Goody Morse from the Queen of Sheba.

June 8.

The Morse woman having been found guilty by the Court of Assistants, she was brought out to the North Meeting, to hear the Thursday Lecture, yesterday, before having her sentence. The house was filled with people, they being curious to see the witch. The Marshal and the constables brought her in, and set her in front of the pulpit; the old creature looking round her wildly, as if wanting her wits, and then covering her face with her dark wrinkled hands; a dismal sight! The minister took his text in Romans xiii. 3, 4, especially the last clause of the 4th verse, relating to rulers: *For he beareth not the sword in vain*, &c. He dwelt upon the power of the ruler as a Minister of God, and as a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil; and showeth that the punishment of witches and such as covenant with the Devil is one of the duties expressly enjoined upon rulers by the Word of God, inasmuch as a witch was not to be suffered to live.

He then did solemnly address himself to the condemned woman, quoting 1 Tim. v. 20: "*Them that sin, rebuke before all, that others also may fear.*" The woman was greatly moved, for no doubt the sharp words of the preacher did prick her guilty conscience, and the terrors of hell did take hold of her, so that she was carried out, looking scarcely alive. They took her, when the lecture was over, to the Court, where the Governor did pronounce sentence of death upon her. But

uncle tells me there be many who are stirring to get her respited for a time, at least, and he doth himself incline to favor it, especially as Rebecca hath labored much with him to that end, as also hath Major Pike and Major Saltonstall with the Governor, who himself sent for uncle last night, and they had a long talk together, and looked over the testimony against the woman, and neither did feel altogether satisfied with it. Mr. Norton adviseth for the hanging; but Mr. Willard, who has seen much of the woman, and hath prayed with her in the jail, thinks she may be innocent in the matter of witchcraft, inasmuch as her conversation was such as might become a godly person in affliction, and the reading of the Scripture did seem greatly to comfort her.

June 9.

Uncle Rawson being at the jail to-day, a messenger, who had been sent to the daughter of Goody Morse, who is the wife of one Hate Evil Nutter, on the Cocheco, to tell her that her mother did greatly desire to see her once more before she was hanged, coming in, told the condemned woman that her daughter bade him say to her, that inasmuch as she had sold herself to the Devil, she did owe her no further love or service, and that she could not complain of this, for as she had made her bed, so she must lie. Whereat the old creature set up a miserable cry, saying that to have her own flesh and blood turn against her was more bitter than death itself. And she begged Mr. Willard to pray for her, that her trust in the Lord might not be shaken by this new affliction.

June 10.

The condemned woman hath been reprieved by the Governor and the Magistrates until the sitting of the Court in October. Many people, both men and women, coming in from the towns about to see the hanging, be sore disappointed, and do vehemently condemn the conduct of the Governor therein. For mine own part, I do truly rejoice that mercy hath been shown to the poor creature; for even if she is guilty, it affordeth her a season for repentance; and if she be innocent, it saveth the land from a great sin. The sorrowful look of the old creature at the Lecture hath troubled me ever since, so forlorn and forsaken did she seem. Major Pike (Robert's father), coming in this morning, says, next to the sparing of Goody Morse's life, it did please him to see the blood-thirsty rabble so cheated out of their diversion; for example, there was Goody Matson, who had ridden bare-backed, for lack of a saddle, all the way from Newbury, on Deacon Dole's hard-trotting horse, and was so galled and lame of it that she could scarce walk. The Major said he met her at the head of King Street yesterday, with half a score more of her sort, scolding and railing about the reprieve of the witch, and prophesying dreadful judgments upon all concerned in it. He said he bade her shut her mouth and go home, where she belonged; telling her that if he heard any more of her railing, the Magistrates should have notice of it, and she would find that laying by the heels in the stocks was worse than riding Deacon Dole's horse.

June 14.

Yesterday the wedding took place. It was an exceeding brave one; most of the old and honored families being at it, so that the great house wherein my uncle lives was much crowded. Among them were Governor Broadstreet and many of the honorable Magistrates, with Mr. Saltonstall and his worthy lady; Mr. Richardson, the Newbury minister, joining the twain in marriage, in a very solemn and feeling manner. Sir Thomas was richly apparelled, as became one of his rank, and Rebecca in her white silk looked comely as an angel. She wore the lace collar I wrought for her last winter, for my sake, although I fear me she had prettier ones of her own working. The day was wet and dark, with an easterly wind blowing in great gusts from the bay, exceeding cold for the season.

Rebecca, or Lady Hale, as she is now called, had invited Robert Pike to her wedding, but he sent her an excuse for not coming, to the effect that urgent business did call him into the eastern country as far as Monhegan and Pemaquid. His letter, which was full of good wishes for her happiness and prosperity, I noted saddened Rebecca a good deal; and she was, moreover, somewhat disturbed by certain things that did happen yesterday: the great mirror in the hall being badly broken, and the family arms hanging over the fire-place thrown down, so that it was burned by the coals kindled on the hearth, on account of the dampness; which were looked upon as ill signs by most people. Grindall, a thoughtless youth, told his sister of the

burning of the arms, and that nothing was left save the head of the raven in the crest, at which she grew very pale, and said it was strange, indeed, and, turning to me, asked me if I did put faith in what was said of signs and prognostics. So, seeing her troubled, I laughed at the matter, although I secretly did look upon it as an ill omen, especially as I could never greatly admire Sir Thomas. My brother's wife, who seemed fully persuaded that he is an unworthy person, sent by me a message to Rebecca, to that effect; but I had not courage to speak of it, as matters had gone so far, and uncle and aunt did seem so fully bent upon making a great lady of their daughter.

The vessel in which we are to take our passage is near upon ready for the sea. The bark is a London one, called "The Three Brothers," and is commanded by an old acquaintance of Uncle Rawson. I am happy with the thought of going home, yet, as the time of departure draws nigh, I do confess some regrets at leaving this country, where I have been so kindly cared for and entertained, and where I have seen so many new and strange things. The great solemn woods, as wild and natural as they were thousands of years ago, the fierce suns of the summer season and the great snows of the winter, and the wild beasts, and the heathen Indians, — these be things the memory whereof will ever abide with me. To-day the weather is again clear and warm, the sky wonderfully bright; the green leaves flutter in the wind, and the birds are singing sweetly. The waters of the bay, which be yet troubled by the storm of last night, are break-

ing in white foam on the rocks of the main land, and on the small islands covered with trees and vines; and many boats and sloops going out with the west wind, to their fishing, do show their white sails in the offing. How I wish I had skill to paint the picture of all this for my English friends! My heart is pained, as I look upon it, with the thought that after a few days I shall never see it more.

June 18.

To-morrow we embark for home. Wrote a long letter to my dear brother and sister, and one to my cousins at York. Mr. Richardson hath just left us, having come all the way from Newbury to the wedding. The excellent Governor Broadstreet hath this morning sent to Lady Hale a handsome copy of his first wife's book, entitled "Several Poems by a Gentlewoman of New England," with these words on the blank page thereof, from Proverbs xxxi. 30, "*A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised*," written in the Governor's own hand. All the great folks hereabout have not failed to visit my cousin since her marriage; but I do think she is better pleased with some visits she hath had from poor widows and others who have been in times past relieved and comforted by her charities and kindness, the gratitude of these people affecting her unto tears. Truly it may be said of her, as of Job: "*When the ear heard her then it blessed her, and when the eye saw her it gave witness to her: because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was*

ready to perish came upon her; and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

[Here the diary ends somewhat abruptly. It appears as if some of the last pages have been lost. Appended to the manuscript I find a note, in another handwriting, signed "R. G.," dated at Malton Rectory, 1747. One Rawson Grindall, M. A., was curate of Malton at this date, and the initials are undoubtedly his. The sad sequel to the history of the fair Rebecca Rawson is confirmed by papers now on file in the State-House at Boston, in which she is spoken of as "one of the most beautiful, polite, and accomplished young ladies in Boston." — *Editor.*]

"These papers of my honored and pious grandmother, Margaret Smith, who, soon after her return from New England, married her cousin, Oliver Grindall, Esq., of Hilton Grange, Crowell, in Oxfordshire (both of whom have within the last ten years departed this life, greatly lamented by all who knew them), having come into my possession, I have thought it not amiss to add to them a narrative of what happened to her friend and cousin, as I have had the story often from her own lips.

"It appears that the brave gallant calling himself Sir Thomas Hale, for all his fair seeming and handsome address, was but a knave and impostor, deceiving with abominable villany Rebecca Rawson and most of her friends (although my grandmother was never satisfied with him, as is seen in

her journal). When they got to London, being anxious, on account of sea-sickness and great weariness, to leave the vessel as soon as possible, they went ashore to the house of a kinsman to lodge, leaving their trunks and clothing on board. Early on the next morning, he that called himself Sir Thomas left his wife, taking with him the keys of her trunks, telling her he would send them up from the vessel in season for her to dress for dinner. The trunks came, as he said, but after waiting impatiently for the keys until near the dinner-hour, and her husband not returning, she had them broken open, and, to her grief and astonishment, found nothing therein but shavings and other combustible matter. Her kinsman forthwith ordered his carriage, and went with her to the inn where they first stopped on landing from the vessel, where she inquired for Sir Thomas Hale. The landlord told her there was such a gentleman, but he had not seen him for some days. 'But he was at your house last night,' said the astonished young woman. 'He is my husband, and I was with him.' The landlord then said that one Thomas Rumsey was at his house, with a young lady, the night before, but she was not his lawful wife, for he had one already in Kent. At this astounding news, the unhappy woman swooned outright, and, being taken back to her kinsman's, she lay grievously ill for many days, during which time, by letters from Kent, it was ascertained that this Rumsey was a graceless young spendthrift, who had left his wife and his two children three years before, and gone to parts unknown.

"My grandmother, who affectionately watched over her, and comforted her in her great affliction, has often told me that, on coming to herself, her poor cousin said it was a righteous judgment upon her, for her pride and vanity, which had led her to discard worthy men for one of great show and pretensions, who had no solid merit to boast of. She had sinned against God, and brought disgrace upon her family, in choosing him. She begged that his name might never be mentioned again in her hearing, and that she might only be known as a poor relative of her English kinsfolk, and find a home among them until she could seek out some employment for her maintenance, as she could not think of going back to Boston, to become the laughing-stock of the thoughtless and the reproach of her father's family.

"After the marriage of my grandmother, Rebecca was induced to live with her for some years. My great-aunt, Martha Grindall, an ancient spinster, now living, remembers her well at that time, describing her as a young woman of a sweet and gentle disposition, and much beloved by all the members of the family. Her father, hearing of her misfortunes, wrote to her, kindly inviting her to return to New England, and live with him, and she at last resolved to do so. My great-uncle, Robert, having an office under the government at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, she went out with him, intending to sail from thence to Boston. From that place she wrote to my grandmother a letter, which I have also in my possession, informing her of her safe arrival, and of her having seen

an old friend, Captain Robert Pike, whose business concerns had called him to the island, who had been very kind and considerate in his attention to her, offering to take her home in his vessel, which was to sail in a few days. She mentions, in a postscript to her letter, that she found Captain Pike to be much improved in his appearance and manners, — a true natural gentleman; and she does not forget to notice the fact that he was still single. She had, she said, felt unwilling to accept his offer of a passage home, holding herself unworthy of such civilities at his hands; but he had so pressed the matter that she had, not without some misgivings, consented to it.

"But it was not according to the inscrutable wisdom of Providence that she should ever be restored to her father's house. Among the victims of the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal a few days after the date of her letter, was this unfortunate lady. It was a heavy blow to my grandmother, who entertained for her cousin the tenderest affection, and, indeed, she seems to have been every way worthy of it, — lovely in person, amiable in deportment, and of a generous and noble nature. She was, especially after her great trouble, of a somewhat pensive and serious habit of mind, contrasting with the playfulness and innocent light-heartedness of her early life, as depicted in the diary of my grandmother, yet she was ever ready to forget herself in ministering to the happiness and pleasures of others. She was not, as I learn, a member of the church, having some scruples in respect to the rituals, as was

natural from her education in New England, among Puritanic schismatics; but she lived a devout life, and her quiet and unostentatious piety exemplified the truth of the language of one of the greatest of our divines, the Bishop of Down and Connor: 'Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the issue of a quiet mind, the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.' *Optimus animus est pulcherrimus Dei cultus.*

"R. G."

TALES AND SKETCHES

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

A FRAGMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Dr. Singletary is dead!

Well, what of it? All who live die sooner or later; and pray who was Dr. Singletary, that his case should claim particular attention?

Why, in the first place, Dr. Singletary, as a man born to our common inheritance of joy and sorrow, earthly instincts and heavenward aspirations, — our brother in sin and suffering, wisdom and folly, love, and pride, and vanity, — has a claim upon the universal sympathy. Besides, whatever the living man may have been, death has now invested him with its great solemnity. He is with the immortals. For him the dark curtain has been lifted. The weaknesses, the follies, and the repulsive mental and personal idiosyncrasies which may have kept him without the sphere of our respect and sympathy have now fallen off, and he stands radiant with the transfiguration of eternity, God's child, our recognized and acknowledged brother.

Dr. Singletary is dead. He was an old man, and seldom, of latter years, ventured beyond the precincts of his neighborhood. He was a single man, and his departure has broken no circle of family affection. He was little known to the public, and is now little missed. The village newspaper simply appended to its announcement of his decease the customary *post mortem* compliment, "Greatly respected by all who knew him;" and in the annual catalogue of his *alma mater* an asterisk has been added to his name, over which perchance some gray-haired survivor of his class may breathe a sigh, as he calls up the image of the fresh-faced, bright-eyed boy, who, aspiring, hopeful, vigorous, started with him on the journey of life, — a sigh rather for himself than for its unconscious awakener.

But, a few years have passed since he left us; yet already wellnigh all the outward manifestations, landmarks, and memorials of the living man have passed away or been removed. His house, with its broad, mossy roof sloping down on one side almost to the rose-bushes and lilacs, and with its comfortable little porch in front, where he used to sit of a pleasant summer afternoon, has passed into new hands, and has been sadly disfigured by a glaring coat of white paint; and in the place of the good Doctor's name, hardly legible on the corner-board, may now be seen, in staring letters of black and gold, "VALENTINE ORSON STUBBS, M. D., Indian doctor and dealer in roots and herbs." The good Doctor's old horse, as well known as its owner to every man, woman, and

child in the village, has fallen into the new comer's hands, who (being prepared to make the most of him, from the fact that he commenced the practice of the healing art in the stable, rising from thence to the parlor) has rubbed him into comparative sleekness, cleaned his mane and tail of the accumulated burrs of many autumns, and made quite a gay nag of him. The wagon, too, in which at least two generations of boys and girls have ridden in noisy hilarity whenever they encountered it on their way to school, has been so smartly painted and varnished, that if its former owner could look down from the hill-slope where he lies, he would scarcely know his once familiar vehicle as it whirls glittering along the main road to the village. For the rest, all things go on as usual; the miller grinds, the blacksmith strikes and blows, the cobbler and tailor stitch and mend, old men sit in the autumn sun, old gossips stir tea and scandal, revival meetings alternate with apple-bees and huskings, — toil, pleasure, family jars, petty neighborhood quarrels, courtship, and marriage, — all which make up the daily life of a country village continue as before. The little chasm which his death has made in the hearts of the people where he lived and labored seems nearly closed up. There is only one more grave in the burying-ground, — that is all.

Let nobody infer from what I have said that the good man died unlamented; for, indeed, it was a sad day with his neighbors when the news, long expected, ran at last from house to house and from workshop to workshop, "*Dr. Singletary is dead!*"

He had not any enemy left among them; in one way or another he had been the friend and benefactor of all. Some owed to his skill their recovery from sickness; others remembered how he had watched with anxious solicitude by the bedside of their dying relatives, soothing them, when all human aid was vain, with the sweet consolations of that Christian hope which alone pierces the great shadow of the grave and shows the safe stepping-stones above the dark waters. The old missed a cheerful companion and friend, who had taught them much without wounding their pride by an offensive display of his superiority, and who, while making a jest of his own trials and infirmities, could still listen with real sympathy to the querulous and importunate complaints of others. For one day, at least, even the sunny faces of childhood were marked with unwonted thoughtfulness; the shadow of the common bereavement fell over the play-ground and nursery. The little girl remembered, with tears, how her broken-limbed doll had taxed the surgical ingenuity of her genial old friend; and the boy showed sorrowfully to his playmates the top which the good Doctor had given him. If there were few, among the many who stood beside his grave, capable of rightly measuring and appreciating the high intellectual and spiritual nature which formed the background of his simple social life, all could feel that no common loss had been sustained, and that the kindly and generous spirit which had passed away from them had not lived to himself alone.

As you follow the windings of one of the love-

liest rivers of New England, a few miles above the sea-mart, at its mouth, you can see on a hill, whose grassy slope is checkered with the graceful foliage of the locust, and whose top stands relieved against a still higher elevation, dark with oaks and walnuts, the white stones of the burying-place. It is a quiet spot, but without gloom, as befits "God's Acre." Below is the village, with its sloops and fishing-boats at the wharves, and its crescent of white houses mirrored in the water. Eastward is the misty line of the great sea. Blue peaks of distant mountains roughen the horizon of the north. Westward, the broad, clear river winds away into a maze of jutting bluffs and picturesque wooded headlands. The tall, white stone on the westerly slope of the hill bears the name of "Nicholas Singletary, M. D.," and marks the spot which he selected many years before his death. When I visited it last spring, the air about it was fragrant with the bloom of sweet-brier and blackberry and the balsamic aroma of the sweet-fern; birds were singing in the birch-trees by the wall; and two little, brown-locked, merry-faced girls were making wreaths of the dandelions and grasses which grew upon the old man's grave. The sun was setting behind the western river-bluffs, flooding the valley with soft light, glorifying every object and fusing all into harmony and beauty. I saw and felt nothing to depress or sadden me. I could have joined in the laugh of the children. The light whistle of a young teamster, driving merrily homeward, did not jar upon my ear; for from the transfigured landscape, and from the singing birds, and from

sportive childhood, and from blossoming sweet-brier, and from the grassy mound before me, I heard the whisper of one word only, and that word was PEACE.

CHAPTER II.

SOME ACCOUNT OF PEEWAWKIN ON THE TOCKE-TUCK.

WELL and truly said the wise man of old, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." Hard and close application through the winter had left me ill prepared to resist the baleful influences of a New England spring. I shrank alike from the storms of March, the capricious changes of April, and the sudden alternations of May, from the blandest of southwest breezes to the terrible and icy eastern blasts which sweep our seaboard like the fabled sanser, or wind of death. The buoyancy and vigor, the freshness and beauty of life seemed leaving me. The flesh and the spirit were no longer harmonious. I was tormented by a night-mare feeling of the necessity of exertion, coupled with a sense of utter inability. A thousand plans for my own benefit, or the welfare of those dear to me, or of my fellow-men at large, passed before me; but I had no strength to lay hold of the good angels and detain them until they left their blessing. The trumpet sounded in my ears for the tournament of life; but I could not bear the weight of my armor. In the midst of duties and responsibilities which I clearly comprehended, I found

myself yielding to the absorbing egotism of sickness. I could work only when the sharp rowels of necessity were in my sides.

It needed not the ominous warnings of my acquaintance to convince me that some decisive change was necessary. But what was to be done? A voyage to Europe was suggested by my friends; but unhappily I reckoned among them no one who was ready, like the honest laird of Dumbiedikes, to inquire, purse in hand, "Will siller do it?" In casting about for some other expedient, I remembered the pleasant old-fashioned village of Peewawkin, on the Tocketuck River. A few weeks of leisure, country air, and exercise, I thought might be of essential service to me. So I turned my key upon my cares and studies, and my back to the city, and one fine evening of early June the mail coach rumbled over Tocketuck Bridge, and left me at the house of Dr. Singletary, where I had been fortunate enough to secure bed and board.

The little village of Peewawkin at this period was a well-preserved specimen of the old, quiet, cozy hamlets of New England. No huge factory threw its evil shadow over it; no smoking demon of an engine dragged its long train through the streets; no steamboat puffed at its wharves, or ploughed up the river, like the enchanted ship of the Ancient Mariner, —

> "Against the wind, against the tide,
> Steadied with upright keel."

The march of mind had not overtaken it. It had neither printing-press nor lyceum. As the fathers had done before them, so did its inhabitants at

the time of my visit. There was little or no competition in their business; there were no rich men, and none that seemed over-anxious to become so. Two or three small vessels were annually launched from the carpenters' yards on the river. It had a blacksmith's shop, with its clang of iron and roar of bellows; a pottery, garnished with its coarse earthen-ware; a store, where molasses, sugar, and spices were sold on one side, and calicoes, tape, and ribbons on the other. Three or four small schooners annually left the wharves for the St. George's and Labrador fisheries. Just back of the village, a bright, noisy stream, gushing out, like a merry laugh, from the walnut and oak woods which stretched back far to the north through a narrow break in the hills, turned the great wheel of a grist-mill, and went frolicking away, like a wicked Undine, under the very windows of the brown, lilac-shaded house of Deacon Warner, the miller, as if to tempt the good man's handsome daughters to take lessons in dancing. At one end of the little crescent-shaped village, at the corner of the main road and the green lane to Deacon Warner's mill, stood the school-house, — a small, ill-used, Spanish-brown building, its patched windows bearing unmistakable evidence of the mischievous character of its inmates. At the other end, farther up the river, on a rocky knoll open to all the winds, stood the meeting-house, — old, two story, and full of windows, — its gilded weathercock glistening in the sun. The bell in its belfry had been brought from France by Skipper Evans in the latter part of the last century. Solemnly baptized and con-

secrated to some holy saint, it had called to prayer the veiled sisters of a convent, and tolled heavily in the masses for the dead. At first some of the church felt misgivings as to the propriety of hanging a Popish bell in a Puritan steeple-house; but their objections were overruled by the minister, who wisely maintained that if Moses could use the borrowed jewels and ornaments of the Egyptians to adorn and beautify the ark of the Lord, it could not be amiss to make a Catholic bell do service in an Orthodox belfry. The space between the school and the meeting-house was occupied by some fifteen or twenty dwellings, many-colored and diverse in age and appearance. Each one had its green yard in front, its rose-bushes and lilacs. Great elms, planted a century ago, stretched and interlocked their heavy arms across the street. The mill-stream, which found its way into the Tocketuck, near the centre of the village, was spanned by a rickety wooden bridge, rendered picturesque by a venerable and gnarled white-oak which hung over it, with its great roots half bared by the water and twisted among the mossy stones of the crumbling abutment.

The house of Dr. Singletary was situated somewhat apart from the main street, just on the slope of Blueberry Hill, — a great, green swell of land, stretching far down from the north, and terminating in a steep bluff at the river side. It overlooked the village and the river a long way up and down. It was a brown-looking, antiquated mansion, built by the Doctor's grandfather in the earlier days of the settlement. The rooms were large and low,

with great beams, scaly with whitewash, running across them, scarcely above the reach of a tall man's head. Great-throated fireplaces, filled with pine-boughs and flower-pots, gave promise of winter fires, roaring and crackling in boisterous hilarity, as if laughing to scorn the folly and discomfort of our modern stoves. In the porch at the front-door were two seats, where the Doctor was accustomed to sit in fine weather with his pipe and his book, or with such friends as might call to spend a half hour with him. The lawn in front had scarcely any other ornament than its green grass, cropped short by the Doctor's horse. A stone wall separated it from the lane, half overrun with wild hop, or clematis, and two noble rock-maples arched over with their dense foliage the little red gate. Dark belts of woodland, smooth hill pasture, green, broad meadows, and fields of corn and rye, the homesteads of the villagers, were seen on one hand; while on the other was the bright, clear river, with here and there a white sail, relieved against bold, wooded banks, jutting rocks, or tiny islands, dark with dwarf evergreens. It was a quiet, rural picture, a happy and peaceful contrast to all I had looked upon for weary, miserable months. It soothed the nervous excitement of pain and suffering. I forgot myself in the pleasing interest which it awakened. Nature's healing ministrations came to me through all my senses. I felt the medicinal virtues of her sights, and sounds, and aromal breezes. From the green turf of her hills and the mossy carpets of her woodlands my languid steps derived new vigor and elas-

ticity. I felt, day by day, the transfusion of her strong life.

The Doctor's domestic establishment consisted of Widow Matson, his housekeeper, and an idle slip of a boy, who, when he was not paddling across the river, or hunting in the swamps, or playing ball on the "Meetin'-'us-Hill," used to run of errands, milk the cow, and saddle the horse. Widow Matson was a notable shrill-tongued woman, from whom two long-suffering husbands had obtained what might, under the circumstances, be well called a comfortable release. She was neat and tidy almost to a fault, thrifty and industrious, and, barring her scolding propensity, was a pattern housekeeper. For the Doctor she entertained so high a regard that nothing could exceed her indignation when any one save herself presumed to find fault with him. Her bark was worse than her bite; she had a warm, woman's heart, capable of soft relentings; and this the roguish errand-boy so well understood that he bore the daily infliction of her tongue with a good-natured unconcern which would have been greatly to his credit had it not resulted from his confident expectation that an extra slice of cake or segment of pie would erelong tickle his palate in atonement for the tingling of his ears.

It must be confessed that the Doctor had certain little peculiarities and ways of his own which might have ruffled the down of a smoother temper than that of the Widow Matson. He was careless and absent-minded. In spite of her labors and complaints, he scattered his superfluous clothing,

books, and papers over his rooms in "much-admired disorder." He gave the freedom of his house to the boys and girls of his neighborhood, who, presuming upon his good nature, laughed at her remonstrances and threats as they chased each other up and down the nicely-polished stairway. Worse than all, he was proof against the vituperations and reproaches with which she indirectly assailed him from the recesses of her kitchen. He smoked his pipe and dozed over his newspaper as complacently as ever, while his sins of omission and commission were arrayed against him.

Peewawkin had always the reputation of a healthy town: and if it had been otherwise, Dr. Singletary was the last man in the world to transmute the aches and ails of its inhabitants into gold for his own pocket. So, at the age of sixty, he was little better off, in point of worldly substance, than when he came into possession of the small homestead of his father. He cultivated with his own hands his corn-field and potato-patch, and trimmed his apple and pear trees, as well satisfied with his patrimony as Horace was with his rustic Sabine villa. In addition to the care of his homestead and his professional duties, he had long been one of the overseers of the poor and a member of the school committee in his town; and he was a sort of standing reference in all disputes about wages, boundaries, and cattle trespasses in his neighborhood. He had, nevertheless, a good deal of leisure for reading, errands of charity, and social visits. He loved to talk with his friends, Elder Staples, the minister, Deacon Warner, and

Skipper Evans. He was an expert angler, and knew all the haunts of pickerel and trout for many miles around. His favorite place of resort was the hill back of his house, which afforded a view of the long valley of the Tocketuck and the great sea. Here he would sit, enjoying the calm beauty of the landscape, pointing out to me localities interesting from their historical or traditional associations, or connected in some way with humorous or pathetic passages of his own life experience. Some of these autobiographical fragments affected me deeply. In narrating them he invested familiar and commonplace facts with something of the fascination of romance. "Human life," he would say, "is the same everywhere. If we could but get at the truth, we should find that all the tragedy and comedy of Shakespeare have been reproduced in this little village. God has made all of one blood; what is true of one man is in some sort true of another; manifestations may differ, but the essential elements and spring of action are the same. On the surface, everything about us just now looks prosaic and mechanical; you see only a sort of bark-mill grinding over of the same dull, monotonous grist of daily trifles. But underneath all this there is an earnest life, rich and beautiful with love and hope, or dark with hatred, and sorrow, and remorse. That fisherman by the riverside, or that woman at the stream below, with her wash-tub, — who knows what lights and shadows checker their memories, or what present thoughts of theirs, born of heaven or hell, the future shall ripen into deeds of good or evil? Ah, what have

I not seen and heard? My profession has been to me, in some sort, like the vial genie of the Salamanca student; it has unroofed these houses, and opened deep, dark chambers to the hearts of their tenants, which no eye save that of God had ever looked upon. Where I least expected them, I have encountered shapes of evil; while, on the other hand, I have found beautiful, heroic love and self-denial in those who had seemed to me frivolous and selfish."

So would Dr. Singletary discourse as we strolled over Blueberry Hill, or drove along the narrow willow-shaded road which follows the windings of the river. He had read and thought much in his retired, solitary life, and was evidently well satisfied to find in me a gratified listener. He talked well and fluently, with little regard to logical sequence, and with something of the dogmatism natural to one whose opinions had seldom been subjected to scrutiny. He seemed equally at home in the most abstruse questions of theology and metaphysics, and in the more practical matters of mackerel-fishing, corn-growing, and cattle-raising. It was manifest that to his book lore he had added that patient and close observation of the processes of Nature which often places the unlettered ploughman and mechanic on a higher level of available intelligence than that occupied by professors and schoolmen. To him nothing which had its root in the eternal verities of Nature was "common or unclean." The blacksmith, subjecting to his will the swart genii of the mines of coal and iron; the potter, with his "power over the clay;" the skipper,

who had tossed in his frail fishing-smack among the icebergs of Labrador; the farmer, who had won from Nature the occult secrets of her woods and fields; and even the vagabond hunter and angler, familiar with the habits of animals and the migration of birds and fishes, — had been his instructors; and he was not ashamed to acknowledge that they had taught him more than college or library.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOCTOR'S MATCH-MAKING.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mrs. Barnet," cried the Doctor, as we drew near a neat farm-house during one of our morning drives.

A tall, healthful young woman, in the bloom of matronly beauty, was feeding chickens at the door. She uttered an exclamation of delight and hurried towards us. Perceiving a stranger in the wagon she paused, with a look of embarrassment.

"My friend, who is spending a few weeks with me," explained the Doctor.

She greeted me civilly and pressed the Doctor's hand warmly.

"Oh, it is so long since you have called on us that we have been talking of going up to the village to see you, as soon as Robert can get away from his cornfield. You don't know how little Lucy has grown. You *must* stop and see her."

"She 's coming to see me herself," replied the

Doctor, beckoning to a sweet blue-eyed child in the door-way.

The delighted mother caught up her darling and held her before the Doctor.

"Does n't she look like Robert?" she inquired. "His very eyes and forehead! Bless me! here he is now."

A stout, hale young farmer, in a coarse checked frock and broad straw hat, came up from the adjoining field.

"Well, Robert," said the Doctor, "how do matters now stand with you? Well, I hope."

"All right, Doctor. We 've paid off the last cent of the mortgage, and the farm is all free and clear. Julia and I have worked hard; but we 're none the worse for it."

"You look well and happy, I am sure," said the Doctor. "I don't think you are sorry you took the advice of the old Doctor, after all."

The young wife's head drooped until her lips touched those of her child.

"Sorry!" exclaimed her husband. "Not we! If there 's anybody happier than we are within ten miles of us, I don't know them. Doctor, I 'll tell you what I said to Julia the night I brought home that mortgage. 'Well,' said I, 'that debt 's paid; but there 's one debt we can never pay as long as we live.' 'I know it,' says she; 'but Dr. Singletary wants no better reward for his kindness than to see us live happily together, and do for others what he has done for us.'"

"Pshaw!" said the Doctor, catching up his reins and whip. "You owe me nothing. But I

must not forget my errand. Poor old Widow Osborne needs a watcher to-night; and she insists upon having Julia Barnet, and nobody else. What shall I tell her?"

"I'll go, certainly. I can leave Lucy now as well as not."

"Good-by, neighbors."

"Good-by, Doctor."

As we drove off I saw the Doctor draw his hand hastily across his eyes, and he said nothing for some minutes.

"Public opinion," said he at length, as if pursuing his meditations aloud, — "public opinion is, in nine cases out of ten, public folly and impertinence. We are slaves to one another. We dare not take counsel of our consciences and affections, but must needs suffer popular prejudice and custom to decide for us, and at their bidding are sacrificed love and friendship and all the best hopes of our lives. We do not ask, What is right and best for us? but, What will folks say of it? We have no individuality, no self-poised strength, no sense of freedom. We are conscious always of the gaze of the many-eyed tyrant. We propitiate him with precious offerings; we burn incense perpetually to Moloch, and pass through his fire the sacred first-born of our hearts. How few dare to seek their own happiness by the lights which God has given them, or have strength to defy the false pride and the prejudice of the world and stand fast in the liberty of Christians! Can anything be more pitiable than the sight of so many, who should be the choosers and creators under God of

their own spheres of utility and happiness, self-degraded into mere slaves of propriety and custom, their true natures undeveloped, their hearts cramped and shut up, each afraid of his neighbor and his neighbor of him, living a life of unreality, deceiving and being deceived, and forever walking in a vain show? Here, now, we have just left a married couple who are happy because they have taken counsel of their honest affections rather than of the opinions of the multitude, and have dared to be true to themselves in defiance of impertinent gossip."

"You speak of the young farmer Barnet and his wife, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes. I will give their case as an illustration. Julia Atkins was the daughter of Ensign Atkins, who lived on the mill-road, just above Deacon Warner's. When she was ten years old her mother died; and in a few months afterwards her father married Polly Wiggin, the tailoress, a shrewd, selfish, managing woman. Julia, poor girl! had a sorry time of it; for the Ensign, although a kind and affectionate man naturally, was too weak and yielding to interpose between her and his strong-minded, sharp-tongued wife. She had one friend, however, who was always ready to sympathize with her. Robert Barnet was the son of her next-door neighbor, about two years older than herself; they had grown up together as school companions and playmates; and often in my drives I used to meet them coming home hand in hand from school, or from the woods with berries and nuts, talking and laughing as if there were no scolding step-mothers in the world.

"It so fell out that when Julia was in her sixteenth year there came a famous writing-master to Peewawkin. He was a showy, dashing fellow, with a fashionable dress, a wicked eye, and a tongue like the old serpent's when he tempted our great-grandmother. Julia was one of his scholars, and perhaps the prettiest of them all. The rascal singled her out from the first; and, the better to accomplish his purpose, he left the tavern and took lodgings at the Ensign's. He soon saw how matters stood in the family, and governed himself accordingly, taking special pains to conciliate the ruling authority. The Ensign's wife hated young Barnet, and wished to get rid of her step-daughter. The writing-master, therefore, had a fair field. He flattered the poor young girl by his attentions and praised her beauty. Her moral training had not fitted her to withstand this seductive influence; no mother's love, with its quick, instinctive sense of danger threatening its object, interposed between her and the tempter. Her old friend and playmate — he who could alone have saved her — had been rudely repulsed from the house by her step-mother; and, indignant and disgusted, he had retired from all competition with his formidable rival. Thus abandoned to her own undisciplined imagination, with the inexperience of a child and the passions of a woman, she was deceived by false promises, bewildered, fascinated, and beguiled into sin.

"It is the same old story of woman's confidence and man's duplicity. The rascally writing-master, under pretence of visiting a neighboring town, left

his lodgings and never returned. The last I heard of him, he was the tenant of a western penitentiary. Poor Julia, driven in disgrace from her father's house, found a refuge in the humble dwelling of an old woman of no very creditable character. There I was called to visit her; and, although not unused to scenes of suffering and sorrow, I had never before witnessed such an utter abandonment to grief, shame, and remorse. Alas! what sorrow was like unto her sorrow? The birth hour of her infant was also that of its death.

"The agony of her spirit seemed greater than she could bear. Her eyes were opened, and she looked upon herself with loathing and horror. She would admit of no hope, no consolation; she would listen to no palliation or excuse of her guilt. I could only direct her to that Source of pardon and peace to which the broken and contrite heart never appeals in vain.

"In the mean time Robert Barnet shipped on board a Labrador vessel. The night before he left he called on me, and put in my hand a sum of money, small indeed, but all he could then command.

"'You will see *her* often,' he said. 'Do not let her suffer; for she is more to be pitied than blamed.'

"I answered him that I would do all in my power for her; and added, that I thought far better of her, contrite and penitent as she was, than of some who were busy in holding her up to shame and censure.

"'God bless you for these words!' he said,

grasping my hand. 'I shall think of them often. They will be a comfort to me.'

"As for Julia, God was more merciful to her than man. She rose from her sick-bed thoughtful and humbled, but with hopes that transcended the world of her suffering and shame. She no longer murmured against her sorrowful allotment, but accepted it with quiet and almost cheerful resignation as the fitting penalty of God's broken laws and the needed discipline of her spirit. She could say with the Psalmist, 'The judgments of the Lord are true, justified in themselves. Thou art just, O Lord, and thy judgment is right.' Through my exertions she obtained employment in a respectable family, to whom she endeared herself by her faithfulness, cheerful obedience, and unaffected piety.

"Her trials had made her heart tender with sympathy for all in affliction. She seemed inevitably drawn towards the sick and suffering. In their presence the burden of her own sorrow seemed to fall off. She was the most cheerful and sunny-faced nurse I ever knew; and I always felt sure that my own efforts would be well seconded when I found her by the bedside of a patient. Beautiful it was to see this poor young girl, whom the world still looked upon with scorn and unkindness, cheering the desponding, and imparting, as it were, her own strong, healthful life to the weak and faint; supporting upon her bosom, through weary nights, the heads of those who, in health, would have deemed her touch pollution; or to hear her singing for the ear of the dying some sweet hymn of

pious hope or resignation, or calling to mind the consolations of the gospel and the great love of Christ."

"I trust," said I, "that the feelings of the community were softened towards her."

"You know what human nature is," returned the Doctor, "and with what hearty satisfaction we abhor and censure sin and folly in others. It is a luxury which we cannot easily forego, although our own experience tells us that the consequences of vice and error are evil and bitter enough without the aggravation of ridicule and reproach from without. So you need not be surprised to learn that, in poor Julia's case, the charity of sinners like herself did not keep pace with the mercy and forgiveness of Him who is infinite in purity. Nevertheless, I will do our people the justice to say that her blameless and self-sacrificing life was not without its proper effect upon them."

"What became of Robert Barnet?" I inquired.

"He came back after an absence of several months, and called on me before he had even seen his father and mother. He did not mention Julia; but I saw that his errand with me concerned her. I spoke of her excellent deportment and her useful life, dwelt upon the extenuating circumstances of her error and of her sincere and hearty repentance.

"'Doctor,' said he, at length, with a hesitating and embarrassed manner, 'what should you think if I should tell you that, after all that has passed, I have half made up my mind to ask her to become my wife?'

"'I should think better of it if you had wholly made up your mind,' said I; 'and if you were my own son, I would n't ask for you a better wife than Julia Atkins. Don't hesitate, Robert, on account of what some ill-natured people may say. Consult your own heart first of all.'

"'I don't care for the talk of all the busybodies in town,' said he; 'but I wish father and mother could feel as you do about her.'

"'Leave that to me,' said I. 'They are kind-hearted and reasonable, and I dare say will be disposed to make the best of the matter when they find you are decided in your purpose.'

"I did not see him again; but a few days after I learned from his parents that he had gone on another voyage. It was now autumn, and the most sickly season I had ever known in Peewawkin. Ensign Atkins and his wife both fell sick; and Julia embraced with alacrity this providential opportunity to return to her father's house and fulfil the duties of a daughter. Under her careful nursing the Ensign soon got upon his feet; but his wife, whose constitution was weaker, sunk under the fever. She died better than she had lived, — penitent and loving, asking forgiveness of Julia for her neglect and unkindness, and invoking blessings on her head. Julia had now, for the first time since the death of her mother, a comfortable home and a father's love and protection. Her sweetness of temper, patient endurance, and forgetfulness of herself in her labors for others, gradually overcame the scruples and hard feelings of her neighbors. They began to question whether, after all, it was

meritorious in them to treat one like her as a sinner beyond forgiveness. Elder Staples and Deacon Warner were her fast friends. The Deacon's daughters — the tall, blue-eyed, brown-locked girls you noticed in meeting the other day — set the example among the young people of treating her as their equal and companion. The dear good girls! They reminded me of the maidens of Naxos cheering and comforting the unhappy Ariadne.

"One midwinter evening I took Julia with me to a poor sick patient of mine, who was suffering for lack of attendance. The house where she lived was in a lonely and desolate place, some two or three miles below us, on a sandy level, just elevated above the great salt marshes, stretching far away to the sea. The night set in dark and stormy; a fierce northeasterly wind swept over the level waste, driving thick snow-clouds before it, shaking the doors and windows of the old house, and roaring in its vast chimney. The woman was dying when we arrived, and her drunken husband was sitting in stupid unconcern in the corner of the fireplace. A little after midnight she breathed her last.

"In the mean time the storm had grown more violent; there was a blinding snow-fall in the air; and we could feel the jar of the great waves as they broke upon the beach.

"'It is a terrible night for sailors on the coast,' I said, breaking our long silence with the dead. 'God grant them sea-room!'

"Julia shuddered as I spoke, and by the dim-flashing firelight I saw she was weeping. Her

thoughts, I knew, were with her old friend and playmate on the wild waters.

"'Julia,' said I, 'do you know that Robert Barnet loves you with all the strength of an honest and true heart?'

"She trembled, and her voice faltered as she confessed that when Robert was at home he had asked her to become his wife.

"'And, like a fool, you refused him, I suppose? — the brave, generous fellow!'

"'O Doctor!' she exclaimed. 'How can you talk so? It is just because Robert is so good, and noble, and generous, that I dared not take him at his word. You yourself, Doctor, would have despised me if I had taken advantage of his pity or his kind remembrance of the old days when we were children together. I have already brought too much disgrace upon those dear to me.'

"I was endeavoring to convince her, in reply, that she was doing injustice to herself and wronging her best friend, whose happiness depended in a great measure upon her, when, borne on the strong blast, we both heard a faint cry as of a human being in distress. I threw up the window which opened seaward, and we leaned out into the wild night, listening breathlessly for a repetition of the sound.

"Once more, and once only, we heard it, — a low, smothered, despairing cry.

"'Some one is lost, and perishing in the snow,' said Julia. 'The sound comes in the direction of the beach plum-bushes on the side of the marsh. Let us go at once.'

"She snatched up her hood and shawl, and was already at the door. I found and lighted a lantern and soon overtook her. The snow was already deep and badly drifted, and it was with extreme difficulty that we could force our way against the storm. We stopped often to take breath and listen; but the roaring of the wind and waves was alone audible. At last we reached a slightly elevated spot, overgrown with dwarf plum-trees, whose branches were dimly visible above the snow.

"'Here, bring the lantern here!' cried Julia, who had strayed a few yards from me. I hastened to her, and found her lifting up the body of a man who was apparently insensible. The rays of the lantern fell full upon his face, and we both, at the same instant, recognized Robert Barnet. Julia did not shriek nor faint; but, kneeling in the snow, and still supporting the body, she turned towards me a look of earnest and fearful inquiry.

"'Courage!' said I. 'He still lives. He is only overcome with fatigue and cold.'

"With much difficulty — partly carrying and partly dragging him through the snow — we succeeded in getting him to the house, where, in a short time, he so far recovered as to be able to speak. Julia, who had been my prompt and efficient assistant in his restoration, retired into the shadow of the room as soon as he began to rouse himself and look about him. He asked where he was and who was with me, saying that his head was so confused that he thought he saw Julia Atkins by the bedside. 'You were not mistaken,' said I; 'Julia is here, and you owe your life to

her.' He started up and gazed round the room. I beckoned Julia to the bedside; and I shall never forget the grateful earnestness with which he grasped her hand and called upon God to bless her. Some folks think me a tough-hearted old fellow, and so I am; but that scene was more than I could bear without shedding tears.

"Robert told us that his vessel had been thrown upon the beach a mile or two below, and that he feared all the crew had perished save himself. Assured of his safety, I went out once more, in the faint hope of hearing the voice of some survivor of the disaster; but I listened only to the heavy thunder of the surf rolling along the horizon of the east. The storm had in a great measure ceased; the gray light of dawn was just visible; and I was gratified to see two of the nearest neighbors approaching the house. On being informed of the wreck they immediately started for the beach, where several dead bodies, half buried in snow, confirmed the fears of the solitary survivor.

"The result of all this you can easily conjecture. Robert Barnet abandoned the sea, and, with the aid of some of his friends, purchased the farm where he now lives, and the anniversary of his shipwreck found him the husband of Julia. I can assure you I have had every reason to congratulate myself on my share in the match-making. Nobody ventured to find fault with it except two or three sour old busybodies, who, as Elder Staples well says, 'would have cursed her whom Christ had forgiven, and spurned the weeping Magdalen from the feet of her Lord.'"

CHAPTER IV.

BY THE SPRING.

It was one of the very brightest and breeziest of summer mornings that the Doctor and myself walked homeward from the town poor-house, where he had always one or more patients, and where his coming was always welcomed by the poor, diseased, and age-stricken inmates. Dark, miserable faces of lonely and unreverenced age, written over with the grim records of sorrow and sin, seemed to brighten at his approach as with an inward light, as if the good man's presence had power to call the better natures of the poor unfortunates into temporary ascendency. Weary, fretful women — happy mothers in happy homes, perchance, half a century before — felt their hearts warm and expand under the influence of his kind salutations and the ever-patient good-nature with which he listened to their reiterated complaints of real or imaginary suffering. However it might be with others, he never forgot the man or the woman in the pauper. There was nothing like condescension or consciousness in his charitable ministrations; for he was one of the few men I have ever known in whom the milk of human kindness was never soured by contempt for humanity in whatever form it presented itself. Thus it was that his faithful performance of the duties of his profession, however repulsive and disagreeable, had the effect of Murillo's picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary

binding up the ulcered limbs of the beggars. The moral beauty transcended the loathsomeness of physical evil and deformity.

Our nearest route home lay across the pastures and over Blueberry Hill, just at the foot of which we encountered Elder Staples and Skipper Evans, who had been driving their cows to pasture, and were now leisurely strolling back to the village. We toiled together up the hill in the hot sunshine, and, just on its eastern declivity, were glad to find a white-oak tree, leaning heavily over a little ravine, from the bottom of which a clear spring of water bubbled up and fed a small rivulet, whose track of darker green might be traced far down the hill to the meadow at its foot.

A broad shelf of rock by the side of the spring, cushioned with mosses, afforded us a comfortable resting-place. Elder Staples, in his faded black coat and white neck-cloth, leaned his quiet, contemplative head on his silver-mounted cane: right opposite him sat the Doctor, with his sturdy, rotund figure, and broad, seamed face, surmounted by a coarse stubble of iron-gray hair, the sharp and almost severe expression of his keen gray eyes, flashing under their dark penthouse, happily relieved by the softer lines of his mouth, indicative of his really genial and generous nature. A small, sinewy figure, half doubled up, with his chin resting on his rough palms, Skipper Evans sat on a lower projection of the rock just beneath him, in an attentive attitude, as at the feet of Gamaliel. Dark and dry as one of his own dunfish on a Labrador flake, or a seal-skin in an Esquimaux hut,

he seemed entirely exempt from one of the great trinity of temptations; and, granting him a safe deliverance from the world and the devil, he had very little to fear from the flesh.

We were now in the Doctor's favorite place of resort, green, cool, quiet, and sightly withal. The keen light revealed every object in the long valley below us; the fresh west wind fluttered the oak-leaves above; and the low voice of the water, coaxing or scolding its way over bare roots or mossy stones, was just audible.

"Doctor," said I, "this spring, with the oak hanging over it, is, I suppose, your Fountain of Bandusia. You remember what Horace says of his spring, which yielded such cool refreshment when the dog-star had set the day on fire. What a fine picture he gives us of this charming feature of his little farm!"

The Doctor's eye kindled. "I'm glad to see you like Horace; not merely as a clever satirist and writer of amatory odes, but as a true lover of Nature. How pleasant are his simple and beautiful descriptions of his yellow, flowing Tiber, the herds and herdsmen, the harvesters, the grape vintage, the varied aspects of his Sabine retreat in the fierce summer heats, or when the snowy forehead of Soracte purpled in winter sunsets! Scattered through his odes and the occasional poems which he addresses to his city friends, you find these graceful and inimitable touches of rural beauty, each a picture in itself."

"It is long since I have looked at my old school-day companions, the classics," said Elder Staples;

"but I remember Horace only as a light, witty, careless epicurean, famous for his lyrics in praise of Falernian wine and questionable women."

"Somewhat too much of that, doubtless," said the Doctor; "but to me Horace is serious and profoundly suggestive, nevertheless. Had I laid him aside on quitting college, as you did, I should perhaps have only remembered such of his epicurean lyrics as recommended themselves to the warm fancy of boyhood. Ah, Elder Staples, there was a time when the Lyces and Glyceras of the poet were no fiction to us. They played blind-man's buff with us in the farmer's kitchen, sang with us in the meeting-house, and romped and laughed with us at huskings and quilting-parties. Grandmothers and sober spinsters as they now are, the change in us is perhaps greater than in them."

"Too true," replied the Elder, the smile which had just played over his pale face fading into something sadder than its habitual melancholy. "The living companions of our youth, whom we daily meet, are more strange to us than the dead in yonder graveyard. *They* alone remain unchanged!"

"Speaking of Horace," continued the Doctor, in a voice slightly husky with feeling, "he gives us glowing descriptions of his winter circles of friends, where mirth and wine, music and beauty, charm away the hours, and of summer-day recreations beneath the vine-wedded elms of the Tiber or on the breezy slopes of Soracte; yet I seldom read them without a feeling of sadness. A low wail of inappeasable sorrow, an undertone of dirges,

mingles with his gay melodies. His immediate horizon is bright with sunshine; but beyond is a land of darkness, the light whereof is darkness. It is walled about by the everlasting night. The skeleton sits at his table; a shadow of the inevitable terror rests upon all his pleasant pictures. He was without God in the world; he had no clear abiding hope of a life beyond that which was hastening to a close. Eat and drink, he tells us; enjoy present health and competence; alleviate present evils, or forget them, in social intercourse, in wine, music, and sensual indulgence; for to-morrow we must die. Death was in his view no mere change of condition and relation; it was the black end of all. It is evident that he placed no reliance on the mythology of his time, and that he regarded the fables of the Elysian Fields and their dim and wandering ghosts simply in the light of convenient poetic fictions for illustration and imagery. Nothing can, in my view, be sadder than his attempts at consolation for the loss of friends. Witness his Ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius. He tells his illustrious friend simply that his calamity is without hope, irretrievable and eternal; that it is idle to implore the gods to restore the dead; and that, although his lyre may be more sweet than that of Orpheus, he cannot reanimate the shadow of his friend nor persuade 'the ghost-compelling god' to unbar the gates of death. He urges patience as the sole resource. He alludes not unfrequently to his own death in the same despairing tone. In the Ode to Torquatus, — one of the most beautiful and touching of all

he has written, — he sets before his friend, in melancholy contrast, the return of the seasons, and of the moon renewed in brightness, with the end of man, who sinks into the endless dark, leaving nothing save ashes and shadows. He then, in the true spirit of his philosophy, urges Torquatus to give his present hour and wealth to pleasures and delights, as he had no assurance of to-morrow."

"In something of the same strain," said I, "Moschus moralizes on the death of Bion: —

> 'Our trees and plants revive; the rose
> In annual youth of beauty glows;
> But when the pride of Nature dies,
> Man, who alone is great and wise,
> No more he rises into light,
> The wakeless sleeper of eternal night.' "

"It reminds me," said Elder Staples, "of the sad burden of Ecclesiastes, the mournfulest book of Scripture; because, while the preacher dwells with earnestness upon the vanity and uncertainty of the things of time and sense, he has no apparent hope of immortality to relieve the dark picture. Like Horace, he sees nothing better than to eat his bread with joy and drink his wine with a merry heart. It seems to me the wise man might have gone farther in his enumeration of the folly and emptiness of life, and pronounced his own prescription for the evil vanity also. What is it but plucking flowers on the banks of the stream which hurries us over the cataract, or feasting on the thin crust of a volcano upon delicate meats prepared over the fires which are soon to ingulf us? Oh, what a glorious contrast to this is the gospel of

Him who brought to light life and immortality! The transition from the Koheleth to the Epistles of Paul is like passing from a cavern, where the artificial light falls indeed upon gems and crystals, but is everywhere circumscribed and overshadowed by unknown and unexplored darkness, into the warm light and free atmosphere of day."

"Yet," I asked, "are there not times when we all wish for some clearer evidence of immortal life than has been afforded us; when we even turn away unsatisfied from the pages of the holy book, with all the mysterious problems of life pressing about us and clamoring for solution, till, perplexed and darkened, we look up to the still heavens, as if we sought thence an answer, visible or audible, to their questionings? We want something beyond the bare announcement of the momentous fact of a future life; we long for a miracle to confirm our weak faith and silence forever the doubts which torment us."

"And what would a miracle avail us at such times of darkness and strong temptation?" said the Elder. "Have we not been told that they whom Moses and the prophets have failed to convince would not believe although one rose from the dead? That God has revealed no more to us is to my mind sufficient evidence that He has revealed enough."

"May it not be," queried the Doctor, "that Infinite Wisdom sees that a clearer and fuller revelation of the future life would render us less willing or able to perform our appropriate duties in the present condition? Enchanted by a clear

view of the heavenly hills, and of our loved ones beckoning us from the pearl gates of the city of God, could we patiently work out our life-task here, or make the necessary exertions to provide for the wants of these bodies whose encumbrance alone can prevent us from rising to a higher plane of existence?"

"I reckon," said the Skipper, who had been an attentive, although at times evidently a puzzled, listener, "that it would be with us pretty much as it was with a crew of French sailors that I once shipped at the Isle of France for the port of Marseilles. I never had better hands until we hove in sight of their native country, which they had n't seen for years. The first look of the land set 'em all crazy; they danced, laughed, shouted, put on their best clothes; and I had to get new hands to help me bring the vessel to her moorings."

"Your story is quite to the point, Skipper," said the Doctor. "If things had been ordered differently, we should all, I fear, be disposed to quit work and fall into absurdities, like your French sailors, and so fail of bringing the world fairly into port."

"God's ways are best," said the Elder; "and I don't see as we can do better than to submit with reverence to the very small part of them which He has made known to us, and to trust Him like loving and dutiful children for the rest."

CHAPTER V.

THE HILLSIDE.

THE pause which naturally followed the observation of the Elder was broken abruptly by the Skipper.

"Hillo!" he cried, pointing with the glazed hat with which he had been fanning himself. "Here away in the northeast. Going down the coast for better fishing, I guess."

"An eagle, as I live!" exclaimed the Doctor, following with his cane the direction of the Skipper's hat. "Just see how royally he wheels upward and onward, his sail-broad wings stretched motionless, save an occasional flap to keep up his impetus! Look! the circle in which he moves grows narrower; he is a gray cloud in the sky, a point, a mere speck or dust-mote. And now he is clean swallowed up in the distance. The wise man of old did well to confess his ignorance of 'the way of an eagle in the air.'"

"The eagle," said Elder Staples, "seems to have been a favorite illustration of the sacred penman. 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount upward as on the wings of an eagle.'"

"What think you of this passage?" said the Doctor. "'As when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found; but the light air, beaten with the stroke of her wings and parted by the violent noise and motion

thereof, is passed through, and therein afterward no sign of her path can be found.' "

"I don't remember the passage," said the Elder.

"I dare say not," quoth the Doctor. "You clergymen take it for granted that no good thing can come home from the Nazareth of the Apocrypha. But where will you find anything more beautiful and cheering than these verses in connection with that which I just cited? — 'The hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away by the wind; like the thin foam which is driven by the storm; like the smoke which is scattered here and there by the whirlwind; it passeth away like the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day. But the righteous live forevermore; their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them with the Most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand; for with his right hand shall He cover them, and with his arm shall He protect them.' "

"That, if I mistake not, is from the Wisdom of Solomon," said the Elder. "It is a striking passage; and there are many such in the uncanonical books."

"Canonical or not," answered the Doctor, "it is God's truth, and stands in no need of the indorsement of a set of well-meaning but purblind bigots and pedants, who presumed to set metes and bounds to Divine inspiration, and decide by vote what is God's truth and what is the Devil's falsehood. But, speaking of eagles, I never see one of these spiteful old sea-robbers without fancying that

he may be the soul of a mad Viking of the middle centuries. Depend upon it, that Italian philosopher was not far out of the way in his ingenious speculations upon the affinities and sympathies existing between certain men and certain animals, and in fancying that he saw feline or canine traits and similitudes in the countenances of his acquaintance."

"Swedenborg tells us," said I, "that lost human souls in the spiritual world, as seen by the angels, frequently wear the outward shapes of the lower animals, — for instance, the gross and sensual look like swine, and the cruel and obscene like foul birds of prey, such as hawks and vultures, — and that they are entirely unconscious of the metamorphosis, imagining themselves 'marvellous proper men,' and are quite well satisfied with their company and condition."

"Swedenborg," said the Elder, "was an insane man, or worse."

"Perhaps so," said the Doctor; "but there is a great deal of 'method in his madness,' and plain common sense too. There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all his revelations or speculations about the future life. It is this: that each spirit chooses its own society, and naturally finds its fitting place and sphere of action, — following in the new life, as in the present, the leading of its prevailing loves and desires, — and that hence none are arbitrarily compelled to be good or evil, happy or miserable. A great law of attraction and gravitation governs the spiritual as well as the material universe; but, in obeying it, the spirit

retains in the new life whatever freedom of will it possessed in its first stage of being. But I see the Elder shakes his head, as much as to say, I am 'wise above what is written,' or, at any rate, meddling with matters beyond my comprehension. Our young friend here," he continued, turning to me, "has the appearance of a listener; but I suspect he is busy with his own reveries, or enjoying the fresh sights and sounds of this fine morning. I doubt whether our discourse has edified him."

"Pardon me," said I; "I was, indeed, listening to another and older oracle."

"Well, tell us what you hear," said the Doctor.

"A faint, low murmur, rising and falling on the wind. Now it comes rolling in upon me, wave after wave of sweet, solemn music. There was a grand organ swell; and now it dies away as into the infinite distance; but I still hear it, — whether with ear or spirit I know not, — the very ghost of sound."

"Ah, yes," said the Doctor; "I understand it; it is the voice of the pines yonder, — a sort of morning song of praise to the Giver of life and Maker of beauty. My ear is dull now, and I cannot hear it; but I know it is sounding on as it did when I first climbed up here in the bright June mornings of boyhood, and it will sound on just the same when the deafness of the grave shall settle upon my failing senses. Did it never occur to you that this deafness and blindness to accustomed beauty and harmony is one of the saddest thoughts connected with the great change which awaits us? Have you not felt at times that our ordinary con-

ceptions of heaven itself, derived from the vague hints and Oriental imagery of the Scriptures, are sadly inadequate to our human wants and hopes? How gladly would we forego the golden streets and gates of pearl, the thrones, temples, and harps, for the sunset lights of our native valleys; the woodpaths, whose moss carpets are woven with violets and wild flowers; the songs of birds, the low of cattle, the hum of bees in the apple-blossom, — the sweet, familiar voices of human life and nature! In the place of strange splendors and unknown music, should we not welcome rather whatever reminded us of the common sights and sounds of our old home?"

"You touch a sad chord, Doctor," said I. "Would that we could feel assured of the eternity of all we love!"

"And have I not an assurance of it at this very moment?" returned the Doctor. "My outward ear fails me; yet I seem to hear as formerly the sound of the wind in the pines. I close my eyes; and the picture of my home is still before me. I see the green hill slope and meadows; the white shaft of the village steeple springing up from the midst of maples and elms; the river all afire with sunshine; the broad, dark belt of woodland; and, away beyond, all the blue level of the ocean. And now, by a single effort of will, I can call before me a winter picture of the same scene. It is morning as now; but how different! All night has the white meteor fallen, in broad flake or minutest crystal, the sport and plaything of winds that have wrought it into a thousand shapes of wild

beauty. Hill and valley, tree and fence, woodshed and well-sweep, barn and pigsty, fishing-smacks frozen up at the wharf, ribbed monsters of dismantled hulks scattered along the river-side, — all lie transfigured in the white glory and sunshine. The eye, wherever it turns, aches with the cold brilliance, unrelieved save where the blue smoke of morning fires curls lazily up from the Parian roofs, or where the main channel of the river, as yet unfrozen, shows its long winding line of dark water glistening like a snake in the sun. Thus you perceive that the spirit sees and hears without the aid of bodily organs; and why may it not be so hereafter? Grant but memory to us, and we can lose nothing by death. The scenes now passing before us will live in eternal reproduction, created anew at will. We assuredly shall not love heaven the less that it is separated by no impassable gulf from this fair and goodly earth, and that the pleasant pictures of time linger like sunset clouds along the horizon of eternity. When I was younger, I used to be greatly troubled by the insecure tenure by which my senses held the beauty and harmony of the outward world. When I looked at the moonlight on the water, or the cloud-shadows on the hills, or the sunset sky, with the tall, black tree-boles and waving foliage relieved against it, or when I heard a mellow gush of music from the brown-breasted fife-bird in the summer woods, or the merry quaver of the bobolink in the corn land, the thought of an eternal loss of these familiar sights and sounds would sometimes thrill through me with a sharp and bitter pain. I

have reason to thank God that this fear no longer troubles me. Nothing that is really valuable and necessary for us can ever be lost. The present will live hereafter; memory will bridge over the gulf between the two worlds; for only on the condition of their intimate union can we preserve our identity and personal consciousness. Blot out the memory of this world, and what would heaven or hell be to us? Nothing whatever. Death would be simple annihilation of our actual selves, and the substitution therefor of a new creation, in which we should have no more interest than in an inhabitant of Jupiter or the fixed stars."

The Elder, who had listened silently thus far, not without an occasional and apparently involuntary manifestation of dissent, here interposed.

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said he; "but I must needs say that I look upon speculations of this kind, however ingenious or plausible, as unprofitable, and wellnigh presumptuous. For myself, I only know that I am a weak, sinful man, accountable to and cared for by a just and merciful God. What He has in reserve for me hereafter I know not, nor have I any warrant to pry into His secrets. I do not know what it is to pass from one life to another; but I humbly hope that, when I am sinking in the dark waters, I may hear His voice of compassion and encouragement, 'It is I; be not afraid.'"

"Amen," said the Skipper, solemnly.

"I dare say the Parson is right, in the main," said the Doctor. "Poor creatures at the best, it is safer for us to trust, like children, in the good-

ness of our Heavenly Father than to speculate too curiously in respect to the things of a future life; and, notwithstanding all I have said, I quite agree with good old Bishop Hall: 'It is enough for me to rest in the hope that I shall one day see them; in the mean time, let me be learnedly ignorant and incuriously devout, silently blessing the power and wisdom of my infinite Creator, who knows how to honor himself by all those unrevealed and glorious subordinations.'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SKIPPER'S STORY.

"WELL, what's the news below?" asked the Doctor of his housekeeper, as she came home from a gossiping visit to the landing one afternoon. "What new piece of scandal is afloat now?"

"Nothing, except what concerns yourself," answered Widow Matson, tartly. "Mrs. Nugeon says that you've been to see her neighbor Wait's girl — she that's sick with the measles — half a dozen times, and never so much as left a spoonful of medicine; and she should like to know what a doctor's good for without physic. Besides, she says Lieutenant Brown would have got well if you'd minded her, and let him have plenty of thoroughwort tea, and put a split fowl at the pit of his stomach."

"A split stick on her own tongue would be better," said the Doctor, with a wicked grimace.

"The Jezebel! Let her look out for herself the next time she gets the rheumatism; I'll blister her from head to heel. But what else is going?"

"The schooner Polly Pike is at the landing."

"What, from Labrador? The one Tom Osborne went in?"

"I suppose so; I met Tom down street."

"Good!" said the Doctor, with emphasis. "Poor Widow Osborne's prayers are answered, and she will see her son before she dies."

"And precious little good will it do her," said the housekeeper. "There 's not a more drunken, swearing rakeshame in town than Tom Osborne."

"It 's too true," responded the Doctor. "But he 's her only son; and you know, Mrs. Matson, the heart of a mother."

The widow's hard face softened; a tender shadow passed over it; the memory of some old bereavement melted her; and as she passed into the house I saw her put her checked apron to her eyes.

By this time Skipper Evans, who had been slowly working his way up street for some minutes, had reached the gate.

"Look here!" said he. "Here 's a letter that I 've got by the Polly Pike from one of your old patients that you gave over for a dead man long ago."

"From the other world, of course," said the Doctor.

"No, not exactly, though it 's from Labrador, which is about the last place the Lord made, I reckon."

"What, from Dick Wilson?"

"Sartin," said the Skipper.

"And how is he?"

"Alive and hearty. I tell you what, Doctor, physicking and blistering are all well enough, may be; but if you want to set a fellow up when he 's kinder run down, there 's nothing like a fishing trip to Labrador, 'specially if he 's been bothering himself with studying, and writing, and such like. There 's nothing like fish chowders, hard bunks, and sea fog to take that nonsense out of him. Now, this chap," (the Skipper here gave me a thrust in the ribs by way of designation,) "if I could have him down with me beyond sunset for two or three months, would come back as hearty as a Bay o' Fundy porpoise."

Assuring him that I would like to try the experiment, with him as skipper, I begged to know the history of the case he had spoken of.

The old fisherman smiled complacently, hitched up his pantaloons, took a seat beside us, and, after extracting a jack-knife from one pocket, and a hand of tobacco from the other, and deliberately supplying himself with a fresh quid, he mentioned, apologetically, that he supposed the Doctor had heard it all before.

"Yes, twenty times," said the Doctor; "but never mind; it's a good story yet. Go ahead, Skipper."

"Well, you see," said the Skipper, "this young Wilson comes down here from Hanover College, in the spring, as lean as a shad in dog-days. He had studied himself half blind, and all his blood

had got into brains. So the Doctor tried to help him with his poticary stuff, and the women with their herbs; but all did no good. At last somebody advised him to try a fishing cruise down East; and so he persuaded me to take him aboard my schooner. I knew he'd be right in the way, and poor company at the best, for all his Greek and Latin; for, as a general thing, I've noticed that your college chaps swop away their common sense for their larning, and make a mighty poor bargain of it. Well, he brought his books with him, and stuck to them so close that I was afraid we should have to slide him off the plank before we got half way to Labrador. So I just told him plainly that it would n't do, and that if he'd a mind to kill himself ashore I'd no objection, but he should n't do it aboard my schooner. 'I'm e'en just a mind,' says I, 'to pitch your books overboard. A fishing vessel's no place for 'em; they'll spoil all our luck. Don't go to making a Jonah of yourself down here in your bunk, but get upon deck, and let your books alone, and go to watching the sea, and the clouds, and the islands, and the fog-banks, and the fishes, and the birds; for Natur,' says I, 'don't lie nor give hearsays, but is always as true as the Gospels.'

"But 't was no use talking. There he'd lay in his bunk with his books about him, and I had e'en a'most to drag him on deck to snuff the sea-air. Howsomever, one day, — it was the hottest of the whole season, — after we left the Magdalenes, and were running down the Gut of Canso, we hove in sight of the Gannet Rocks. Thinks I to myself,

I'll show him something now that he can't find in his books. So I goes right down after him; and when we got on deck he looked towards the north-east, and if ever I saw a chap wonder-struck, he was. Right ahead of us was a bold, rocky island, with what looked like a great snow-bank on its southern slope; while the air was full overhead, and all about, of what seemed a heavy fall of snow. The day was blazing hot, and there was n't a cloud to be seen.

"'What in the world, Skipper, does this mean?' says he. 'We 're sailing right into a snow-storm in dog-days and in a clear sky.'

"By this time we had got near enough to hear a great rushing noise in the air, every moment growing louder and louder.

"'It 's only a storm of gannets,' says I.

"'Sure enough!' says he; 'but I would n't have believed it possible.'

"When we got fairly off against the island I fired a gun at it: and such a fluttering and screaming you can't imagine. The great snow-banks shook, trembled, loosened, and became all alive, whirling away into the air like drifts in a nor'-wester. Millions of birds went up, wheeling and zigzagging about, their white bodies and black-tipped wings crossing and recrossing and mixing together into a thick grayish-white haze above us.

"'You 're right, Skipper,' says Wilson to me; 'Nature is better than books.'

"And from that time he was on deck as much as his health would allow of, and took a deal of notice of everything new and uncommon. But,

for all that, the poor fellow was so sick, and pale, and peaking, that we all thought we should have to heave him overboard some day or bury him in Labrador moss."

"But he did n't die after all, did he?" said I.

"Die? No!" cried the Skipper; "not he!"

"And so your fishing voyage really cured him?"

"I can't say as it did, exactly," returned the Skipper, shifting his quid from one cheek to the other, with a sly wink at the Doctor. "The fact is, after the doctors and the old herb-women had given him up at home, he got cured by a little black-eyed French girl on the Labrador coast."

"A very agreeable prescription, no doubt," quoth the Doctor, turning to me. "How do you think it would suit your case?"

"It does n't become the patient to choose his own nostrums," said I, laughing. "But I wonder, Doctor, that you have n't long ago tested the value of this by an experiment upon yourself."

"Physicians are proverbially shy of their own medicines," said he.

"Well, you see," continued the Skipper, "we had a rough run down the Labrador shore; rain-storms and fogs so thick you could cut 'em up into junks with your jack-knife. At last we reached a small fishing station away down where the sun does n't sleep in summer, but just takes a bit of a nap at midnight. Here Wilson went ashore, more dead than alive, and found comfortable lodgings with a little, dingy French oil merchant, who had a snug, warm house, and a garden patch, where he raised a few potatoes and turnips in the short sum-

mers, and a tolerable field of grass, which kept his two cows alive through the winter. The country all about was dismal enough; as far as you could see there was nothing but moss, and rocks, and bare hills, and ponds of shallow water, with now and then a patch of stunted firs. But it doubtless looked pleasant to our poor sick passenger, who for some days had been longing for land. The Frenchman gave him a neat little room looking out on the harbor, all alive with fishermen and Indians hunting seals; and to my notion no place is very dull where you can see the salt-water and the ships at anchor on it, or scudding over it with sails set in a stiff breeze, and where you can watch its changes of lights and colors in fair and foul weather, morning and night. The family was made up of the Frenchman, his wife, and his daughter, — a little witch of a girl, with bright black eyes lighting up her brown, good-natured face like lamps in a binnacle. They all took a mighty liking to young Wilson, and were ready to do anything for him. He was soon able to walk about; and we used to see him with the Frenchman's daughter strolling along the shore and among the mosses, talking with her in her own language. Many and many a time, as we sat in our boats under the rocks, we could hear her merry laugh ringing down to us.

"We stayed at the station about three weeks; and when we got ready to sail I called at the Frenchman's to let Wilson know when to come aboard. He really seemed sorry to leave; for the two old people urged him to remain with them,

and poor little Lucille would n't hear a word of his going. She said he would be sick and die on board the vessel, but that if he stayed with them he would soon be well and strong; that they should have plenty of milk and eggs for him in the winter; and he should ride in the dog-sledge with her, and she would take care of him as if he was her brother. She hid his cap and great-coat; and what with crying, and scolding, and coaxing, she fairly carried her point.

"'You see I 'm a prisoner,' says he; 'they won't let me go.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you don't seem to be troubled about it. I tell you what, young man,' says I, 'it 's mighty pretty now to stroll round here, and pick mosses, and hunt birds' eggs with that gal; but wait till November comes, and everything freezes up stiff and dead except white bears and Ingens, and there 's no daylight left to speak of, and you 'll be sick enough of your choice. You won't live the winter out; and it 's an awful place to die in, where the ground freezes so hard that they can't bury you.'

"'Lucille says,' says he, 'that God is as near us in the winter as in the summer. The fact is, Skipper, I've no nearer relative left in the States than a married brother, who thinks more of his family and business than of me; and if it is God's will that I shall die, I may as well wait His call here as anywhere. I have found kind friends here; they will do all they can for me; and for the rest I trust Providence.'

"Lucille begged that I would let him stay; for

she said God would hear her prayers, and he would get well. I told her I would n't urge him any more; for if I was as young as he was, and had such a pretty nurse to take care of me, I should be willing to winter at the North Pole. Wilson gave me a letter for his brother; and we shook hands, and I left him. When we were getting under way he and Lucille stood on the landing-place, and I hailed him for the last time, and made signs of sending the boat for him. The little French girl understood me; she shook her head, and pointed to her father's house; and then they both turned back, now and then stopping to wave their handkerchiefs to us. I felt sorry to leave him there; but for the life of me I could n't blame him."

"I'm sure *I* don't," said the Doctor.

"Well, next year I was at Nitisquam Harbor; and, although I was doing pretty well in the way of fishing, I could n't feel easy without running away north to 'Brador to see what had become of my sick passenger. It was rather early in the season, and there was ice still in the harbor; but we managed to work in at last; when who should I see on shore but young Wilson, so stout and hearty that I should scarcely have known him. He took me up to his lodgings and told me that he had never spent a happier winter; that he was well and strong, and could fish and hunt like a native; that he was now a partner with the Frenchman in trade, and only waited the coming of the priest from the Magdalenes, on his yearly visit to the settlements, to marry his daughter. Lucille was

as pretty, merry, and happy as ever; and the old Frenchman and his wife seemed to love Wilson as if he was their son. I've never seen him since; but he now writes me that he is married, and has prospered in health and property, and thinks Labrador would be the finest country in the world if it only had heavy timber-trees."

"One cannot but admire," said the Doctor, "that wise and beneficent ordination of Providence whereby the spirit of man asserts its power over circumstances, moulding the rough forms of matter to its fine ideal, bringing harmony out of discord, — coloring, warming, and lighting up everything within the circle of its horizon. A loving heart carries with it, under every parallel of latitude, the warmth and light of the tropics. It plants its Eden in the wilderness and solitary place, and sows with flowers the gray desolation of rocks and mosses. Wherever love goes, there springs the true *heart's-ease*, rooting itself even in the polar ices. To the young invalid of the Skipper's story, the dreary waste of what Moore calls, as you remember,

'the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,'

looked beautiful and inviting; for he saw it softened and irradiated in an atmosphere of love. Its bare hills, bleak rocks, and misty sky were but the setting and background of the sweetest picture in the gallery of life. Apart from this, however, in Labrador, as in every conceivable locality, the evils of soil and climate have their compensations and alleviations. The long nights of winter are

brilliant with moonlight, and the changing colors of the northern lights are reflected on the snow. The summer of Labrador has a beauty of its own, far unlike that of more genial climates, but which its inhabitants would not forego for the warm life and lavish luxuriance of tropical landscapes. The dwarf fir-trees throw from the ends of their branches yellow tufts of stamina, like small lamps decorating green pyramids for the festival of spring; and if green grass is in a great measure wanting, its place is supplied by delicate mosses of the most brilliant colors. The truth is, every season and climate has its peculiar beauties and comforts; the footprints of the good and merciful God are found everywhere; and we should be willing thankfully to own that 'He has made all things beautiful in their time' if we were not a race of envious, selfish, ungrateful grumblers."

"Doctor! Doctor!" cried a ragged, dirty-faced boy, running breathless into the yard.

"What 's the matter, my lad?" said the Doctor.

"Mother wants you to come right over to our house. Father 's tumbled off the hay-cart; and when they got him up he did n't know nothing; but they gin him some rum, and that kinder brought him to."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the Doctor, rising to go. "*Similia similibus curantur.* Nothing like hair of the dog that bites you."

"The Doctor talks well," said the Skipper, who had listened rather dubiously to his friend's commentaries on his story; "but he carries too much sail for me sometimes, and I can't exactly keep

alongside of him. I told Elder Staples once that I did n't see but that the Doctor could beat him at preaching. 'Very likely,' says the Elder, says he; 'for you know, Skipper, I must stick to my text; but the Doctor's Bible is all creation.'"

"Yes," said the Elder, who had joined us a few moments before, "the Doctor takes a wide range, or, as the farmers say, carries a wide swath, and has some notions of things which in my view have as little foundation in true philosophy as they have warrant in Scripture; but, if he sometimes speculates falsely, he lives truly, which is by far the most important matter. The mere dead letter of a creed, however carefully preserved and reverently cherished, may be of no more spiritual or moral efficacy than an African fetish or an Indian medicine-bag. What we want is, orthodoxy in practice, — the dry bones clothed with warm, generous, holy life. It is one thing to hold fast the robust faith of our fathers, — the creed of the freedom-loving Puritan and Huguenot, — and quite another to set up the five points of Calvinism, like so many thunder-rods, over a bad life, in the insane hope of averting the Divine displeasure from sin."

THE LITTLE IRON SOLDIER;

OR, WHAT AMINADAB IVISON DREAMED ABOUT.

Aminadab Ivison started up in his bed. The great clock at the head of the staircase, an old and respected heirloom of the family, struck one.

"Ah," said he, heaving up a great sigh from the depths of his inner man, "I 've had a tried time of it."

"And so have I," said the wife. "Thee 's been kicking and threshing about all night. I do wonder what ails thee."

And well she might; for her husband, a well-to-do, portly, middle-aged gentleman, being blessed with an easy conscience, a genial temper, and a comfortable digestion, was able to bear a great deal of sleep, and seldom varied a note in the gamut of his snore from one year's end to another.

"A very remarkable exercise," soliloquized Aminadab; "very."

"Dear me! what was it?" inquired his wife.

"It must have been a dream," said Aminadab.

"Oh, is that all?" returned the good woman. "I 'm glad it 's nothing worse. But what has thee been dreaming about?"

"It 's the strangest thing, Hannah, that thee ever heard of," said Aminadab, settling himself

slowly back into his bed. Thee recollects Jones sent me yesterday a sample of castings from the foundry. Well, I thought I opened the box and found in it a little iron man, in regimentals; with his sword by his side and a cocked hat on, looking very much like the picture in the transparency over neighbor O'Neal's oyster-cellar across the way. I thought it rather out of place for Jones to furnish me with such a sample, as I should not feel easy to show it to my customers, on account of its warlike appearance. However, as the work was well done, I took the little image and set him up on the table, against the wall; and, sitting down opposite, I began to think over my business concerns, calculating how much they would increase in profit in case a tariff man should be chosen our ruler for the next four years. Thee knows I am not in favor of choosing men of blood and strife to bear rule in the land: but it nevertheless seems proper to consider all the circumstances in this case, and, as one or the other of the candidates of the two great parties must be chosen, to take *the least of two evils*. All at once I heard a smart, quick tapping on the table; and, looking up, there stood the little iron man close at my elbow, winking and chuckling. 'That's right, Aminadab!' said he, clapping his little metal hands together till he rang over like a bell, 'take the least of two evils.' His voice had a sharp, clear, jingling sound, like that of silver dollars falling into a till. It startled me so that I woke up, but finding it only a dream presently fell asleep again. Then I thought I was down in the Exchange, talking with neighbor Sim-

kins about the election and the tariff. 'I want a change in the administration, but I can't vote for a military chieftain,' said neighbor Simkins, 'as I look upon it unbecoming a Christian people to elect men of blood for their rulers.' 'I don't know,' said I, 'what objection thee can have to a fighting man; for thee 's no Friend, and has n't any conscientious scruples against military matters. For my own part, I do not take much interest in politics, and never attended a caucus in my life, believing it best to keep very much in the quiet, and avoid, as far as possible, all letting and hindering things; but there may be cases where a military man may be voted for as a choice of evils, and as a means of promoting the prosperity of the country in business matters.' 'What!' said neighbor Simkins, 'are you going to vote for a man whose whole life has been spent in killing people?' This vexed me a little, and I told him there was such a thing as carrying a good principle too far, and that he might live to be sorry that he had thrown away his vote, instead of using it discreetly. 'Why, there 's the iron business,' said I; but just then I heard a clatter beside me, and, looking round, there was the little iron soldier clapping his hands in great glee. 'That 's it, Aminadab!' said he; 'business first, conscience afterwards! Keep up the price of iron with peace if you can, but keep it up at any rate.' This waked me again in a good deal of trouble; but, remembering that it is said that 'dreams come of the multitude of business,' I once more composed myself to sleep."

"Well, what happened next?" asked his wife.

"Why, I thought I was in the meeting-house, sitting on the facing-seat as usual. I tried hard to settle my mind down into a quiet and humble state; but somehow the cares of the world got uppermost, and, before I was well aware of it, I was far gone in a calculation of the chances of the election, and the probable rise in the price of iron in the event of the choice of a President favorable to a high tariff. Rap, tap, went something on the floor. I opened my eyes, and there was the little image, red-hot, as if just out of the furnace, dancing, and chuckling, and clapping his hands. 'That 's right, Aminadab!' said he; 'go on as you have begun; take care of yourself in this world, and I 'll promise you you 'll be taken care of in the next. Peace and poverty, or war and money. It 's a choice of evils at best; and here 's Scripture to decide the matter: "Be not righteous overmuch."' Then the wicked-looking little image twisted his hot lips, and leered at me with his blazing eyes, and chuckled and laughed with a noise exactly as if a bag of dollars had been poured out upon the meeting-house floor. This waked me just now in such a fright. I wish thee would tell me, Hannah, what thee can make of these three dreams?"

"It don't need a Daniel to interpret them," answered Hannah. "Thee 's been thinking of voting for a wicked old soldier, because thee cares more for thy iron business than for thy testimony against wars and fightings. I don't a bit wonder at thy seeing the iron soldier thee tells of; and if thee votes to-morrow for a man of blood, it

would n't be strange if he should haunt thee all thy life."

Aminadab Ivison was silent, for his conscience spoke in the words of his wife. He slept no more that night, and rose up in the morning a wiser and better man.

When he went forth to his place of business he saw the crowds hurrying to and fro; there were banners flying across the streets, huge placards were on the walls, and he heard all about him the bustle of the great election.

"Friend Ivison," said a red-faced lawyer, almost breathless with his hurry, "more money is needed in the second ward; our committees are doing a great work there. What shall I put you down for? Fifty dollars? If we carry the election, your property will rise twenty per cent. Let me see; you are in the iron business, I think?"

Aminadab thought of the little iron soldier of his dream, and excused himself. Presently a bank director came tearing into his office.

"Have you voted yet, Mr. Ivison? It 's time to get your vote in. I wonder you should be in your office now. No business has so much at stake in this election as yours."

"I don't think I should feel entirely easy to vote for the candidate," said Aminadab.

"Mr. Ivison," said the bank director, "I always took you to be a shrewd, sensible man, taking men and things as they are. The candidate may not be all you could wish for; but when the question is between him and a worse man, the best you can do is to choose the least of the two evils."

"Just so the little iron man said," thought Aminadab. "'Get thee behind me, Satan!' No, neighbor Discount," said he, "I've made up my mind. I see no warrant for choosing evil at all. I can't vote for that man."

"Very well," said the director, starting to leave the room; "you can do as you please; but if we are defeated through the ill-timed scruples of yourself and others, and your business pinches in consequence, you need n't expect us to help men who won't help themselves. Good day, sir."

Aminadab sighed heavily, and his heart sank within him; but he thought of his dream, and remained steadfast. Presently he heard heavy steps and the tapping of a cane on the stairs; and as the door opened he saw the drab surtout of the worthy and much-esteemed friend who sat beside him at the head of the meeting.

"How 's thee do, Aminadab?" said he. "Thee 's voted, I suppose?"

"No, Jacob," said he; "I don't like the candidate. I can't see my way clear to vote for a warrior."

"Well, but thee does n't vote for him because he is a warrior, Aminadab," argued the other; "thee votes for him as a tariff man and an encourager of home industry. I don't like his wars and fightings better than thee does; but I 'm told he 's an honest man, and that he disapproves of war in the abstract, although he has been brought up to the business. If thee feels tender about the matter, I don't like to urge thee; but it really seems to me thee had better vote. Times have

been rather hard, thou knows; and if by voting at this election we can make business matters easier, I don't see how we can justify ourselves in staying at home. Thou knows we have a command to be diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, and that the Apostle accounted him who provided not for his own household worse than an infidel. I think it important to maintain on all proper occasions our Gospel testimony against wars and fightings; but there is such a thing as going to extremes, thou knows, and becoming over-scrupulous, as I think thou art in this case. It is said, thou knows, in Ecclesiastes, 'Be not righteous overmuch: why shouldst thou destroy thyself?'"

"Ah," said Aminadab to himself, "that's what the little iron soldier said in meeting." So he was strengthened in his resolution, and the persuasions of his friend were lost upon him.

At night Aminadab sat by his parlor fire, comfortable alike in his inner and his outer man. "Well, Hannah," said he, "I've taken thy advice. I did n't vote for the great fighter to-day."

"I 'm glad of it," said the good woman, "and I dare say thee feels the better for it."

Aminadab Ivison slept soundly that night, and saw no more of the little iron soldier.

PASSACONAWAY.

[1833.]

I know not, I ask not, what guilt 's in thy heart,
But I feel that I love thee, whatever thou art.

MOORE.

THE township of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, contained, in the autumn of 1641, the second year of its settlement, but six dwelling-houses, situated near each other, on the site of the present village. They were hastily constructed of rude logs, small and inconvenient, but one remove from the habitations of the native dwellers of the wilderness. Around each a small opening had been made through the thick forest, down to the margin of the river, where, amidst the charred and frequent stumps and fragments of fallen trees, the first attempts at cultivation had been made. A few small patches of Indian corn, which had now nearly reached maturity, exhibited their thick ears and tasselled stalks, bleached by the frost and sunshine; and, here and there a spot of yellow stubble, still lingering among the rough incumbrances of the soil, told where a scanty crop of common English grain had been recently gathered. Traces of some of the earlier vegetables were perceptible, the melon, the pea, and the bean. The pumpkin lay ripening on its frosted vines, its sunny side already changed to a bright golden color; and the turnip spread out its green mat of leaves in defi-

Oak Knoll, Mr. Whittier's Home at Danvers

ance of the season. Everything around realized the vivid picture of Bryant's Emigrant, who

> "Hewed the dark old woods away,
> And gave the virgin fields to the day:
> And the pea and the bean beside the door
> Bloomed where such flowers ne'er bloomed before;
> And the maize stood up, and the bearded rye
> Bent low in the breath of an unknown sky."

Beyond, extended the great forest, vast, limitless, unexplored, whose venerable trees had hitherto bowed only to the presence of the storm, the beaver's tooth, and the axe of Time, working in the melancholy silence of natural decay. Before the dwellings of the white adventurers, the broad Merrimac rolled quietly onward the piled-up foliage of its shores, rich with the hues of a New England autumn. The first sharp frosts, the *avant couriers* of approaching winter, had fallen, and the whole wilderness was in blossom. It was like some vivid picture of Claude Lorraine, crowded with his sunsets and rainbows, a natural kaleidoscope of a thousand colors. The oak upon the hillside stood robed in summer's greenness, in strong contrast with the topaz-colored walnut. The hemlock brooded gloomily in the lowlands, forming, with its unbroken mass of shadow, a dark background for the light maple beside it, bright with its peculiar beauty. The solemn shadows of the pine rose high in the hazy atmosphere, checkered, here and there, with the pale yellow of the birch.

"Truly, Alice, this is one of God's great marvels in the wilderness," said John Ward, the minister, and the original projector of the settlement, to his young wife, as they stood in the door

of their humble dwelling. "This would be a rare sight for our friends in old Haverhill. The wood all about us hath, to my sight, the hues of the rainbow, when, in the words of the wise man, it compasseth the heavens as with a circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it. Very beautifully hath He indeed garnished the excellent works of His wisdom."

"Yea, John," answered Alice, in her soft womanly tone; "the Lord is, indeed, no respecter of persons. He hath given the wild savages a more goodly show than any in Old England. Yet, John, I am sometimes very sorrowful, when I think of our old home, of the little parlor where you and I used to sit of a Sunday evening. The Lord hath been very bountiful to this land, and it may be said of us, as it was said of Israel of old, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel!' But the people sit in darkness, and the Gentiles know not the God of our fathers."

"Nay," answered her husband, "the heathen may be visited and redeemed, the spirit of the Lord may turn unto the Gentiles; but a more sure evil hath arisen among us. I tell thee, Alice, it shall be more tolerable in the day of the Lord, for the Tyre and Sidon, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the heathen, than for the schemers, the ranters, the Familists, and the Quakers, who, like Satan of old, are coming among the sons of God."

"I thought," said Alice, "that our godly governor had banished these out of the colony."

"Truly he hath," answered Mr. Ward, "but the evil seed they have sown here continues to

spring up and multiply. The Quakers have, indeed, nearly ceased to molest us; but another set of fanatics, headed by Samuel Gorton, have of late been very troublesome. Their family has been broken up, and the ring-leaders have been sentenced to be kept at hard labor for the colony's benefit; one being allotted to each of the old towns, where they are forbidden to speak on matters of religion. But there are said to be many still at large, who, under the encouragement of the arch-heretic, Williams, of the Providence plantation, are even now zealously doing the evil work of their master. But, Alice," he continued, as he saw his few neighbors gathering around a venerable oak which had been spared in the centre of the clearing, "it is now near our time of worship. Let us join our friends."

And the minister and his wife entered into the little circle of their neighbors. No house of worship, with spire and tower, and decorated pulpit, had as yet been reared on the banks of the Merrimac. The stern settlers came together under the open heavens, or beneath the shadow of the old trees, to kneel before that God, whose works and manifestations were around them.

The exercises of the Sabbath commenced. A psalm of the old and homely version was sung, with true feeling, if not with a perfect regard to musical effect and harmony. The brief but fervent prayer was offered, and the good man had just announced the text for his sermon, when a sudden tramp of feet, and a confused murmur of human voices, fell on the ears of the assembly.

The minister closed his Bible; and the whole group crowded closer together. "It is surely a war party of the heathen," said Mr. Ward, as he listened intently to the approaching sound. "God grant they mean us no evil!"

The sounds drew nearer. The swarthy figure of an Indian came gliding through the brush-wood into the clearing, followed closely by several Englishmen. In answer to the eager inquiries of Mr. Ward, Captain Eaton, the leader of the party, stated that he had left Boston at the command of Governor Winthrop, to secure and disarm the sachem, Passaconaway, who was suspected of hostile intentions towards the whites. They had missed of the old chief, but had captured his son, and were taking him to the governor as a hostage for the good faith of his father. He then proceeded to inform Mr. Ward, that letters had been received from the governor of the settlements of Good Hoop and Piquag, in Connecticut, giving timely warning of a most diabolical plot of the Indians to cut off their white neighbors, root and branch. He pointed out to the notice of the minister a member of his party as one of the messengers who had brought this alarming intelligence.

He was a tall, lean man, with straight, lank, sandy hair, cut evenly all around his narrow forehead, and hanging down so as to remind one of Smollett's apt similitude of "a pound of candles."

"What news do you bring us of the savages?" inquired Mr. Ward.

"The people have sinned, and the heathen are the instruments whereby the Lord hath willed to

chastise them," said the messenger, with that peculiar nasal inflection of voice, so characteristic of the "unco' guid." "The great sachem, Miantonimo, chief of the Narragansetts, hath plotted to cut off the Lord's people, just after the time of harvest, to slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children."

"How have ye known this?" asked the minister.

"Even as Paul knew of those who had bound themselves together with a grievous oath to destroy him. The Lord hath done it. One of the bloody heathens was dreadfully gored by the oxen of our people, and, being in great bodily pain and tribulation thereat, he sent for Governor Haines, and told him that the Englishman's god was angry with him for concealing the plot to kill his people, and had sent the Englishman's cow to kill him."

"Truly a marvellous providence," said Mr. Ward; "but what has been done in your settlements in consequence of it?"

"We have fasted many days," returned the other, in a tone of great solemnity, "and our godly men have besought the Lord that he might now, as of old, rebuke Satan. They have, moreover, diligently and earnestly inquired, Whence cometh this evil? Who is the Achan in the camp of our Israel? It hath been greatly feared that the Quakers and the Papists have been sowing tares in the garden of the true worship. We have therefore banished these on pain of death; and have made it highly penal for any man to furnish either food or lodging to any of these heretics and idolaters. We have ordered a more strict observance

of the Sabbath of the Lord, no one being permitted to walk or run on that day, except to and from public worship, and then, only in a reverent and becoming manner; and no one is allowed to cook food, sweep the house, shave or pare the nails, or kiss a child, on the day which is to be kept holy. We have also framed many wholesome laws, against the vanity and licentiousness of the age, in respect to apparel and deportment, and have forbidden any young man to kiss a maid during the time of courtship, as, to their shame be it said, is the manner of many in the old lands."

"Ye have, indeed, done well for the spiritual," said Mr. Ward; "what have you done for your temporal defence?"

"We have our garrisons and our captains, and a goodly store of carnal weapons," answered the other. "And, besides, we have the good chief Uncas, of the Mohegans, to help us against the bloody Narragansetts."

"But, my friend," said the minister, addressing Captain Eaton, "there must be surely some mistake about Passaconaway. I verily believe him to be the friend of the white men. And this is his son Wonolanset? I saw him last year, and remember that he was the pride of the old savage, his father. I will speak to him, for I know something of his barbarous tongue."

"Wonolanset!"

The young savage started suddenly at the word, and rolled his keen bright eye upon the speaker.

"Why is the son of the great chief bound by my brothers?"

The Indian looked one instant upon the cords which confined his arms, and then glanced fiercely upon his conductors.

"Has the great chief forgotten his white friends? Will he send his young men to take their scalps when the Narragansett bids him?"

The growl of the young bear when roused from his hiding-place is not more fierce and threatening than were the harsh tones of Wonolanset as he uttered through his clenched teeth: —

"Nummus quantum."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Ward, turning away from the savage, "his heart is full of bitterness; he says he is angry, and, verily, I like not his bearing. I fear me there is evil on foot. But ye have travelled far, and must needs be weary; rest yourselves awhile, and haply, while ye refresh your bodies, I may also refresh your spirits with wholesome and comfortable doctrines."

The party having acquiesced in this proposal, their captive was secured by fastening one end of his rope to a projecting branch of the tree. The minister again named his text, but had only proceeded to the minuter divisions of his sermon, when he was again interrupted by a loud, clear whistle from the river, and a sudden exclamation of surprise from those around him. A single glance sufficed to show him the Indian, disengaged from his rope, and in full retreat.

Eaton raised his rifle to his eye, and called out to the young sachem, in his own language, to stop, or he would fire upon him. The Indian evidently understood the full extent of his danger. He

turned suddenly about, and, pointing up the river towards the dwelling of his father, pronounced with a threatening gesture: —

"Nosh, Passaconaway!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, grasping the arm of Eaton. "He threatens us with his father's vengeance. For God's sake keep your fire!" It was too late. The report of the rifle broke sharply upon the Sabbath stillness. It was answered by a shout from the river, and a small canoe, rowed by an Indian and a white man, was seen darting along the shore. Wonolanset bounded on unharmed, and, plunging into the river, he soon reached the canoe, which was hastily paddled to the opposite bank. Captain Eaton and his party finding it impossible to retake their prisoner, after listening to the sermon of Mr. Ward, and partaking of some bodily refreshment, took their leave of the settlers of Pentucket, and departed for Boston.

The evening, which followed the day whose events we have narrated, was one of those peculiar seasons of beauty when the climate of New England seems preferable to that of Italy. The sun went down in the soft haze of the horizon, while the full moon was rising at the same time in the east. Its mellow silver mingled with the deep gold of the sunset. The south-west wind, as warm as that of summer, but softer, was heard, at long intervals, faintly harping amidst the pines, and blending its low sighing with the lulling murmurs of the river. The inhabitants of Pentucket had taken the precaution, as night came on, to load their muskets carefully, and place them in readiness for instant

use, in the event of an attack from the savages. Such an occurrence, was, indeed, not unlikely, after the rude treatment which the son of old Passaconaway had received at the settlement. It was well known that the old chief was able, at a word, to send every warrior from Pennacook to Naumkeag upon the war-path of Miantonimo; the vengeful character of the Indians was also understood; and, in the event of an out-breaking of their resentment, the settlement of Pentucket was, of all others, the most exposed to danger.

"Don't go to neighbor Clements's to-night, Mary," said Alice Ward to her young, unmarried sister; "I'm afraid some of the tawny Indians may be lurking hereabout. Mr. Ward says he thinks they will be dangerous neighbors for us."

Mary had thrown her shawl over her head, and was just stepping out. "It is but a step, as it were, and I promised good-wife Clements that I would certainly come. I am not afraid of the Indians. There's none of them about here except Red Sam, who wanted to buy me of Mr. Ward for his squaw; and I shall not be afraid of my old spark."

The girl tripped lightly from the threshold towards the dwelling of her neighbor. She had passed nearly half the distance when the pathway, before open to the moonlight, began to wind along the margin of the river, overhung with young sycamores and hemlocks. With a beating heart and a quickened step she was stealing through the shadow, when the boughs on the river-side were suddenly parted, and a tall man sprang into the

path before her. Shrinking back with terror, she uttered a faint scream.

"Mary Edmands!" said the stranger, "do not fear me."

A thousand thoughts wildly chased each other through the mind of the astonished girl. That familiar voice — that knowledge of her name — that tall and well-remembered form! She leaned eagerly forward, and looked into the stranger's face. A straggling gleam of moonshine fell across its dark features of manly beauty.

"Richard Martin! can it be possible!"

"Yea, Mary," answered the other, "I have followed thee to the new world, in that love which neither sea nor land can abate. For many weary months I have waited earnestly for such a meeting as this, and, in that time, I have been in many and grievous perils by the flood and the wilderness, and by the heathen Indians and more heathen persecutors among my own people. But I may not tarry, nor delay to tell my errand. Mary, thou knowest my love; wilt thou be my wife?"

Mary hesitated.

"I ask thee again, if thou wilt share the fortunes of one who hath loved thee ever since thou wast but a child, playing under the cottage trees in old Haverhill, and who hath sacrificed his worldly estate, and perilled his soul's salvation for thy sake. Mary, dear Mary, for of a truth thou art very dear to me; wilt thou go with me and be my wife?"

The tones of Richard Martin, usually harsh and forbidding, now fell soft and musical on the ear of

Mary. He was her first love, her only one. What marvel that she consented?

"Let us hasten to depart," said Martin, "this is no place for me. We will go to the Providence plantations. Passaconaway will assist us in our journey."

The bright flush of hope and joy faded from the face of the young girl. She started back from the embrace of her lover.

"What mean you, Richard? What was 't you said about our going to that sink of wickedness at Providence? Why don't you go back with me to sister Ward's?"

"Mary Edmands!" said Martin, in a tone of solemn sternness, "it is fitting that I should tell thee all. I have renounced the evil doctrines of thy brother-in-law, and his brethren in false prophecy. It was a hard struggle, Mary; the spirit was indeed willing, but the flesh was weak, exceeding weak, for I thought of thee, Mary, and of thy friends. But I had a measure of strength given me, whereby I have been enabled to do the work which was appointed me."

"Oh, Richard!" said Mary, bursting into tears, "I 'm afraid you have become a Williamsite, one of them, who, Mr. Ward says, have nothing to hope for in this world or in that to come."

"The Lord rebuke him!" said Martin, with a loud voice. "Woe to such as speak evil of the witnesses of the truth. I have seen the utter nakedness of the land of carnal professors, and I have obeyed the call to come out from among them and be separate. I belong to that persecuted family

whom the proud priests and rulers of this colony have driven from their borders. I was brought, with many others, before the wicked magistrates of Boston, and sentenced to labor, without hire, for the ungodly. But I have escaped from my bonds; and the Lord has raised up a friend for his servant, even the Indian Passaconaway, whose son I assisted, but a little time ago, to escape from his captors."

"Can it be?" sobbed Mary, "can it be? Richard, our own Richard, following the tribe of Gorton, the Familist! Oh, Richard, if you love me, if you love God's people and his true worship, do come away from those wicked fanatics."

"Thou art in the very gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," answered Martin. "Listen, Mary Edmands, to the creed of those whom thou callest fanatics. We believe in Christ, but not in man-worship. The Christ we reverence is the shadow or image of God in man; he was crucified in Adam of old, and hath been crucified in all men since; his birth, his passion, and his death, were but manifestations or figures of his sufferings in Adam and his descendants. Faith and Christ are the same, the spiritual image of God in the heart. We acknowledge no rule but this Christ, this faith within us, either in temporal or spiritual things. And the Lord hath blessed us, and will bless us, and truth shall be magnified and exalted in us; and the children of the heathen shall be brought to know and partake of this great redemption whereof we testify. But woe to the false teachers, and to them who prophesy for hire and make gain of

their soothsaying. Their churches are the devices of Satan, the pride and vanity of the natural Adam. Their baptism is blasphemy; and their sacrament is an abomination, yea, an incantation and a spell. Woe to them who take the shadow for the substance, that bow down to the altars of human device and cunning workmanship, that make idols of their ceremonies! Woe to the high priests and the Pharisees, and the captains and the rulers; woe to them who love the wages of unrighteousness!"

The Familist paused from utter exhaustion, so vehemently had he poured forth the abundance of his zeal. Mary Edmands, overwhelmed by his eloquence, but still unconvinced, could only urge the disgrace and danger attending his adherence to such pernicious doctrines. She concluded by telling him, in a voice choked by tears, that she could never marry him while a follower of Gorton.

"Stay then," said Martin, fiercely dashing her hand from his, "stay and partake of the curse of the ungodly, even of the curse of Meroz, who come not up to the help of the Lord, against the mighty! Stay, till the Lord hath made a threshing instrument of the heathen, whereby the pride of the rulers, and the chief priests, and the captains of this land shall be humbled. Stay, till the vials of His wrath are poured out upon ye, and the blood of the strong man, and the maid, and the little child is mingled together!"

The wild language, the fierce tones and gestures of her lover, terrified the unhappy girl. She looked wildly around her, all was dark and

shadowy, an undefined fear of violence came over her; and, bursting into tears, she turned to fly. "Stay yet a moment," said Martin, in a hoarse and subdued voice. He caught hold of her arm. She shrieked as if in mortal jeopardy.

"Let go the gal, let her go!" said old Job Clements, thrusting the long barrel of his gun through the bushes within a few feet of the head of the Familist. "A white man, as sure as I live! I thought, sartin, 't was a tarnal Ingin." Martin relinquished his hold, and, the next instant, found himself surrounded by the settlers.

After a brief explanation had taken place between Mr. Ward and his sister-in-law, the former came forward and accosted the Familist. "Richard Martin!" he said, "I little thought to see thee so soon in the new world, still less to see thee such as thou art. I am exceeding sorry that I cannot greet thee here as a brother, either in a temporal or a spiritual nature. My sister tells me that you are a follower of that servant of Satan, Samuel Gorton, and that you have sought to entice her away with you to the colony of fanatics at Rhode Island, which may be fitly compared to that city which Philip of Macedonia peopled with rogues and vagabonds, and the offscouring of the whole earth."

"John Ward, I know thee," said the unshrinking Familist; "I know thee for a man wise above what is written, a man vain, uncharitable, and given to evil speaking. I value neither thy taunts nor thy wit; for the one hath its rise in the bitterness, and the other in the vanity, of the natural

Adam. Those who walk in the true light, and who have given over crucifying Christ in their hearts, heed not a jot of the reproaches and despiteful doings of the high and mighty in iniquity. For of us it hath been written: 'I have given them thy word and the world hath hated them because they are not of the world. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If they have hated me they will hate you also; if they have persecuted me they will persecute you.' And, of the scoffers and the scorners, the wise ones of this world, whose wisdom and knowledge have perverted them, and who have said in their hearts, There is none beside them, it hath been written, yea, and will be fulfilled: 'The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low; and the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of man shall be brought low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day; and the idols shall he utterly abolish.' Of thee, John Ward, and of thy priestly brotherhood, I ask nothing; and for the much evil I have received, and may yet receive at your hands, may ye be rewarded like Alexander the coppersmith, every man according to his works."

"Such damnable heresy," said Mr. Ward, addressing his neighbors, "must not be permitted to spread among the people. My friends, we must send this man to the magistrates."

The Familist placed his hands to his mouth, and gave a whistle, similar to that which was heard in

the morning, and which preceded the escape of Wonolanset. It was answered by a shout from the river; and a score of Indians came struggling up through the brush-wood.

"Vile heretic!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, snatching a musket from the hands of his neighbor, and levelling it full at the head of Martin; "you have betrayed us into this jeopardy."

"Wagh! down um gun," said a powerful Indian, as he laid his rough hand on the shoulder of the minister. "You catch Wonolanset, tie um, shoot um, scare squaw. Old sachem come now, me tie white man, shoot um, roast um;" and the old savage smiled grimly and fiercely in the indistinct moonlight, as he witnessed the alarm and terror of his prisoner.

"Hold, Passaconaway!" said Martin, in the Indian tongue. "Will the great chief forget his promise?"

The sachem dropped his hold on Mr. Ward's arm. "My brother is good," he said; "me no kill um, me make um walk woods like Wonolanset." Martin spoke a few words in the chief's ear. The countenance of the old warrior for an instant seemed to express dissatisfaction; but, yielding to the powerful influence which the Familist had acquired over him, he said, with some reluctance, "My brother is wise, me do so."

"John Ward," said the Familist, approaching the minister, "thou hast devised evil against one who hath never injured thee. But I seek not carnal revenge. I have even now restrained the anger of this heathen chief whom thou and thine

have wronged deeply. Let us part in peace, for we may never more meet in this world." And he extended his hand and shook that of the minister.

"For thee, Mary," he said, "I had hoped to pluck thee from the evil which is to come, even as a brand from the burning. I had hoped to lead thee to the manna of true righteousness, but thou hast chosen the flesh-pots of Egypt. I had hoped to cherish thee always, but thou hast forgotten me and my love, which brought me over the great waters for thy sake. I will go among the Gentiles, and if it be the Lord's will, peradventure I may turn away their wrath from my people. When my wearisome pilgrimage is ended, none shall know the grave of Richard Martin; and none but the heathen shall mourn for him. Mary! I forgive thee; may the God of all mercies bless thee! I shall never see thee more."

Hot and fast fell the tears of that stern man upon the hand of Mary. The eyes of the young woman glanced hurriedly over the faces of her neighbors, and fixed tearfully upon that of her lover. A thousand recollections of young affection, of vows and meetings in another land, came vividly before her. Her sister's home, her brother's instructions, her own strong faith, and her bitter hatred of her lover's heresy were all forgotten.

"Richard, dear Richard, I am your Mary as much as ever I was. I'll go with you to the ends of the earth. Your God shall be my God, and where you are buried there will I be also."

Silent in the ecstasy of joyful surprise, the

Familist pressed her to his bosom. Passaconaway, who had hitherto been an unmoved spectator of the scene, relaxed the Indian gravity of his features, and murmured, in an undertone, "Good, good."

"Will my brother go?" he inquired, touching Martin's shoulder; "my squaws have fine mat, big wigwam, soft samp, for his young woman."

"Mary," said Martin, "the sachem is impatient; and we must needs go with him." Mary did not answer, but her head was reclined upon his bosom, and the Familist knew that she resigned herself wholly to his direction. He folded the shawl more carefully around her, and supported her down the precipitous and rugged bank of the river, followed closely by Passaconaway and his companions.

"Come back, Mary Edmands!" shouted Mr. Ward. "In God's name come back."

Half a dozen canoes shot out into the clear moonlight from the shadow of the shore. "It is too late!" said the minister, as he struggled down to the water's edge. "Satan hath laid his hands upon her; but I will contend for her, even as did Michael of old for the body of Moses. Mary, sister Mary, for the love of Christ, answer me."

No sound came back from the canoes, which glided like phantoms, noiselessly and swiftly, through the still waters of the river. "The enemy hath prevailed," said Mr. Ward; "two women were grinding at my mill, the one is taken and the other is left. Let us go home, my friends, and wrestle in prayer against the Tempter."

The heretic and his orthodox bride departed into the thick wilderness, under the guidance of Passa-

conaway, and in a few days reached the Eldorado of the heretic and the persecuted, the colony of Roger Williams. Passaconaway, ever after, remained friendly to the white men. As civilization advanced he retired before it, to Pennacook, now Concord, on the Merrimac, where the tribes of the Naumkeags, Piscataquas, Accomentas, and Agawams acknowledged his authority.

THE OPIUM EATER.

[1833.]

Heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving from its lowest depths of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! Here was a panacea, a pharmakon nepenthes for all human woes; here was the secret of happiness about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages: happiness might be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket. — De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater.*

He was a tall, thin personage, with a marked brow and a sunken eye.

He stepped towards a closet of his apartment, and poured out a few drops of a dark liquid. His hand shook, as he raised the glass which contained them to his lips; and with a strange shuddering, a nervous tremor, as if all the delicate chords of his system were unloosed and trembling, he turned away from his fearful draught.

He saw that my eye was upon him; and I could perceive that his mind struggled desperately with the infirmity of his nature, as if ashamed of the utter weakness of its tabernacle. He passed hastily up and down the room. "You seem somewhat ill," I said, in the undecided tone of partial interrogatory.

He paused, and passed his long thin fingers over his forehead. "I am indeed ill," he said, slowly, and with that quavering, deep-drawn breathing, which is so indicative of anguish, mental and physical. "I am weak as a child, weak alike in mind

and body, even when I am under the immediate influence of yonder drug." And he pointed, as he spoke, to a phial, labelled "Laudanum," upon a table in the corner of the room.

"My dear sir," said I, "for God's sake abandon your desperate practice: I know not, indeed, the nature of your afflictions, but I feel assured that you have yet the power to be happy. You have, at least, warm friends to sympathize with you. But forego, if possible, your pernicious stimulant of laudanum. It is hurrying you to your grave."

"It may be so," he replied, while another shudder ran along his nerves; "but why should I fear it? I, who have become worthless to myself and annoying to my friends; exquisitely sensible of my true condition, yet wanting the power to change it; cursed with a lively apprehension of all that I ought now to be, yet totally incapable of even making an effort to be so! My dear sir, I feel deeply the kindness of your motives, but it is too late for me to hope to profit by your advice."

I was shocked at his answer. "But can it be possible," said I, "that the influence of such an excessive use of opium can produce any alleviation of mental suffering? any real relief to the harassed mind? Is it not rather an aggravation?"

"I know not," he said, seating himself with considerable calmness, — "I know not. If it has not removed the evil, it has at least changed its character. It has diverted my mind from its original grief; and has broken up and rendered divergent the concentrated agony which oppressed me. It has, in a measure, substituted imaginary afflictions

for real ones. I cannot but confess, however, that the relief which it has afforded has been produced by the counteraction of one pain by another; very much like that of the Russian criminal, who 'gnaws his own flesh while undergoing the punishment of the knout.'"

"For Heaven's sake," said I, "try to dispossess your mind of such horrid images. There are many, very many resources yet left you. Try the effect of society; and let it call into exercise those fine talents which all admit are so well calculated to be its ornament and pride. At least, leave this hypochondriacal atmosphere, and look out more frequently upon nature. Your opium, if it be an alleviator, is, by your own confession, a most melancholy one. It exorcises one demon to give place to a dozen others.

> 'With other ministrations, thou, O Nature!
> Healest thy wandering and distempered child.'"

He smiled bitterly; it was a heartless, melancholy relaxation of features, a mere muscular movement, with which the eye had no sympathy; for its wild and dreamy expression, the preternatural lustre, without transparency, remained unaltered, as if rebuking, with its cold, strange glare, the mockery around it. He sat before me like a statue, whose eye alone retained its stony and stolid rigidity, while the other features were moved by some secret machinery into "a ghastly smile."

"I am not desirous, even were it practicable," he said, "to defend the use of opium, or rather the abuse of it. I can only say, that the substitutes you propose are not suited to my condition. The

world has now no enticements for me; society no charms. Love, fame, wealth, honor, may engross the attention of the multitude; to me they are all shadows; and why should I grasp at them? In the solitude of my own thoughts, looking on but not mingling in them, I have taken the full gauge of their hollow vanities. No, leave me to myself, or rather to that new existence which I have entered upon, to the strange world to which my daily opiate invites me. In society I am alone, fearfully solitary; for my mind broods gloomily over its besetting sorrow, and I make myself doubly miserable by contrasting my own darkness with the light and joy of all about me; nay, you cannot imagine what a very hard thing it is, at such times, to overcome some savage feelings of misanthropy which will present themselves. But when I am alone, and under the influence of opium, I lose for a season my chief source of misery, myself; my mind takes a new and unnatural channel; and I have often thought that any one, even that of insanity, would be preferable to its natural one. It is drawn, as it were, out of itself; and I realize in my own experience the fable of Pythagoras, of two distinct existences, enjoyed by the same intellectual being.

"My first use of opium was the consequence of an early and very bitter disappointment. I dislike to think of it, much more to speak of it. I recollect, on a former occasion, you expressed some curiosity concerning it. I then repelled that curiosity, for my mind was not in a situation to gratify it. But now, since I have been talking of myself,

I think I can go on with my story with a very decent composure. In complying with your request, I cannot say that my own experience warrants, in any degree, the old and commonly received idea that sorrow loses half its poignancy by its revelation to others. It was a humorous opinion of Sterne, that a blessing which ties up the tongue, and a mishap which unlooses it, are to be considered equal; and, indeed, I have known some people happy under all the changes of fortune, when they could find patient auditors. Tully wept over his dead daughter, but when he chanced to think of the excellent things he could say on the subject, he considered it, on the whole, a happy circumstance. But, for my own part, I cannot say with the Mariner in Coleridge's ballad, that

> "'At an uncertain hour
> My agony returns;
> And, till my ghastly tale is told,
> This heart within me burns.'"

He paused a moment, and rested his head upon his hand. "You have seen Mrs. H——, of ——?" he inquired, somewhat abruptly. I replied in the affirmative.

"Do you not think her a fine woman?"

"Yes, certainly, a fine woman. She was once, I am told, very beautiful."

"Once? is she not so now?" he asked. "Well, I have heard the same before. I sometimes think I should like to see her now, now that the mildew of years and perhaps of accusing recollections are upon her; and see her toss her gray curls as she used to do her dark ones, and act over again her

old stratagem of smiles upon a face of wrinkles. Just Heavens! were I revengeful to the full extent of my wrongs, I could wish her no worse punishment.

"They told you truly, my dear sir, — she was beautiful, nay, externally, faultless. Her figure was that of womanhood, just touching upon the meridian of perfection, from which nothing could be taken, and to which nothing could be added. There was a very witchery in her smile, trembling, as it did, over her fine Grecian features, like the play of moonlight upon a shifting and beautiful cloud.

"Her voice was music, low, sweet, bewildering. I have heard it a thousand times in my dreams. It floated around me, like the tones of some rare instrument, unseen by the hearer; for, beautiful as she was, you could not think of her, or of her loveliness, while she was speaking; it was that sweetly wonderful voice, seemingly abstracted from herself, pouring forth the soft current of its exquisite cadence, which alone absorbed the attention. Like that one of Coleridge's heroines, you could half feel, half fancy, that it had a separate being of its own, a spiritual presence manifested to but one of the senses; a living something, whose mode of existence was for the ear alone.[1]

"But what shall I say of the mind? What of the spirit, the resident divinity of so fair a temple? Vanity, vanity, all was vanity; a miserable, personal vanity, too, unrelieved by one noble aspiration, one generous feeling; the *whited sepulchre* spoken

[1] See *Memoirs of Maria Eleonora Schoning.*

of of old, beautiful without, but dark and unseemly within.

"I look back with wonder and astonishment to that period of my life, when such a being claimed and received the entire devotion of my heart. Her idea blended with or predominated over all others. It was the common centre in my mind from which all the radii of thought had their direction; the nucleus around which I had gathered all that my ardent imagination could conceive, or a memory stored with all the delicious dreams of poetry and romances could embody, of female excellence and purity and constancy.

"It is idle to talk of the superior attractions of intellectual beauty, when compared with mere external loveliness. The mind, invisible and complicated and indefinite, does not address itself directly to the senses. It is comprehended only by its similitude in others. It reveals itself, even then, but slowly and imperfectly. But the beauty of form and color, the grace of motion, the harmony of tone, are seen and felt and appreciated at once. The image of substantial and material loveliness once seen leaves an impression as distinct and perfect upon the retina of memory as upon that of the eyes. It does not rise before us in detached and disconnected proportions, like that of spiritual loveliness, but in crowds, and in solitude, and in all the throngful varieties of thought and feeling and action, the symmetrical whole, the beautiful perfection comes up in the vision of memory, and stands, like a bright angel, between us and all other impressions of outward or immaterial beauty.

"I saw her, and could not forget her; I sought her society, and was gratified with it. It is true, I sometimes (in the first stages of my attachment) had my misgivings in relation to her character. I sometimes feared that her ideas were too much limited to the perishing beauty of her person. But to look upon her graceful figure yielding to the dance, or reclining in its indolent symmetry; to watch the beautiful play of coloring upon her cheek, and the moonlight transit of her smile; to study her faultless features in their delicate and even thoughtful repose, or when lighted up into conversational vivacity, was to forget everything, save the exceeding and bewildering fascination before me. Like the silver veil of Khorassan it shut out from my view the mental deformity beneath it. I could not reason with myself about her; I had no power of ratiocination which could overcome the blinding dazzle of her beauty. The master-passion, which had wrestled down all others, gave to every sentiment of the mind something of its own peculiar character.

"I will not trouble you with a connected history of my first love, my boyish love, you may perhaps call it. Suffice it to say, that on the revelation of that love, it was answered by its object warmly and sympathizingly. I had hardly dared to hope for her favor; for I had magnified her into something far beyond mortal desert; and to hear from her own lips an avowal of affection seemed more like the condescension of a pitying angel than the sympathy of a creature of passion and frailty like myself. I was miserably self

deceived; and self-deception is of a nature most repugnant to the healthy operation of truth. We suspect others, but seldom ourselves. The deception becomes a part of our self-love; we hold back the error even when Reason would pluck it away from us.

"Our whole life may be considered as made up of earnest yearnings after objects whose value increases with the difficulties of obtaining them, and which seem greater and more desirable, from our imperfect knowledge of their nature, just as the objects of the outward vision are magnified and exalted when seen through a natural telescope of mist. Imagination fills up and supplies the picture, of which we can only catch the outlines, with colors brighter, and forms more perfect, than those of reality. Yet, you may perhaps wonder why, after my earnest desire had been gratified, after my love had found sympathy in its object, I did not analyze more closely the inherent and actual qualities of her heart and intellect. But living, as I did, at a considerable distance from her, and seeing her only under circumstances calculated to confirm previous impressions, I had few advantages, even had I desired to do so, of studying her true character. The world had not yet taught me its ungenerous lesson. I had not yet learned to apply the rack of philosophical analysis to the objects around me, and test, by a cold process of reasoning, deduced from jealous observation, the reality of all which wore the outward semblance of innocence and beauty. And it may be, too, that the belief, nay, the assurance, from her own lips, and

from the thousand voiceless but eloquent signs which marked our interviews, that I was beloved, made me anxious to deceive even myself, by investing her with those gifts of the intellect and the heart, without which her very love would have degraded its object. It is not in human nature, at least it was not in mine, to embitter the delicious aliment which is offered to our vanity, by admitting any uncomfortable doubts of the source from which it is derived.

"And thus it was that I came on, careless and secure, dreaming over and over the same bright dream; without any doubt, without fear, and in the perfect confidence of an unlimited trust, until the mask fell off, all at once; without giving me time for preparation, without warning or interlude; and the features of cold, heartless, systematic treachery glared full upon me.

"I saw her wedded to another. It was a beautiful morning; and never had the sun shone down on a gayer assemblage than that which gathered together at the village church. I witnessed the imposing ceremony which united the only one being I had ever truly loved to a happy and favored, because more wealthy, rival. As the gray-haired man pronounced the inquiring challenge, 'If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else forever after hold his peace,' I struggled forward, and would have cried out, but the words died away in my throat. And the ceremony went on, and the death-like trance into which I had fallen was broken by the voice of the priest: 'I

require and charge ye both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know of any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful.' As the solemn tones of the old man died away in the church aisles, I almost expected to hear a supernatural voice calling upon him to forbear. But there was no sound. For an instant my eyes met those of the bride; the blood boiled rapidly to her forehead, and then sank back, and she was as pale as if death had been in the glance I had given her. And I could see the folds of her rich dress tremble, and her beautiful lips quiver; and she turned away her eyes, and the solemn rites were concluded.

"I returned to my lodgings. I heeded not the gay smiles and free merriment of those around me. I hurried along like one who wanders abroad in a dark dream; for I could hardly think of the events of the morning as things of reality. But, when I spurred my horse aside, as the carriage which contained the newly married swept by me, the terrible truth came upon me like a tangible substance, and one black and evil thought passed over my mind, like the whispered suggestion of Satan. It was a feeling of blood, a sensation like that of grasping the strangling throat of an enemy. I started from it with horror. For the first time a thought of murder had risen up in my bosom; and I quenched it with the natural abhorrence of a nature prone to mildness and peace.

"I reached my chamber, and, exhausted alike in mind and body, I threw myself upon my bed, but not to sleep. A sense of my utter desolation and loneliness came over me, blended with a feeling of bitter and unmerited wrong. I recollected the many manifestations of affection which I had received from her who had that day given herself, in the presence of Heaven, to another; and I called to mind the thousand sacrifices I had made to her lightest caprices, to every shade and variation of her temper; and then came the maddening consciousness of the black ingratitude which had requited such tenderness. Then, too, came the thought, bitter to a pride like mine, that the cold world had a knowledge of my misfortunes; that I should be pointed out as a disappointed man, a subject for the pity of some, and the scorn and jestings of others. Rage and shame mingled with the keen agony of outraged feeling. 'I will not endure it,' I said, mentally, springing from my bed and crossing the chamber with a flushed brow and a strong step; 'never!' And I ground my teeth upon each other, while a fierce light seemed to break in upon my brain; it was the light of the Tempter's smile, and I almost laughed aloud as the horrible thought of suicide started before me. I felt that I might escape the ordeal of public scorn and pity; that I might bid the world and its falsehood defiance, and end, by one manly effort, the agony of an existence whose every breath was torment.

"My resolution was fixed. 'I will never see another morrow!' I said, sternly, but with a

calmness which almost astonished me. Indeed, I seemed gifted with a supernatural firmness, as I made my arrangements for the last day of suffering which I was to endure. A few friends had been invited to dine with me, and I prepared to meet them. They came at the hour appointed with smiling faces and warm and friendly greetings; and I received them as if nothing had happened, with even a more enthusiastic welcome than was my wont.

"Oh! it is terrible to smile when the heart is breaking! to talk lightly and freely and mirthfully, when every feeling of the mind is wrung with unutterable agony; to mingle in the laugh and in the gay volleys of convivial fellowship,

'With the difficult utterance of one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down.'

Yet all this I endured, hour after hour, until my friends departed and I had pressed their hands as at a common parting, while my heart whispered an everlasting farewell!

"It was late when they left me. I walked out to look for the last time upon Nature in her exceeding beauty. I hardly acknowledged to myself that such was my purpose; but yet I did feel that it was so; and that I was taking an everlasting farewell of the beautiful things around me. The sun was just setting; and the hills, that rose like pillars of the blue horizon, were glowing with a light which was fast deserting the valleys. It was an evening of summer; everything was still; not a leaf stirred in the dark, overshadowing foliage; but, silent and beautiful as a picture, the wide

scenery of rock and hill and woodland, stretched away before me; and, beautiful as it was, it seemed to possess a newness and depth of beauty beyond its ordinary appearance, as if to aggravate the pangs of the last, long farewell.

"They do not err who believe that man has a sympathy with even inanimate Nature, deduced from a common origin; a chain of co-existence and affinity connecting the outward forms of natural objects with his own fearful and wonderful machinery; something, in short, manifested in his love of flowing waters, and soft green shadows, and pleasant blowing flowers, and in his admiration of the mountain, stretching away into heaven, sublimed and awful in its cloudy distance; the heave and swell of the infinite ocean; the thunder of the leaping cataract; and the onward rush of mighty rivers, which tells of its original source, and bears evidence of its kindred affinities. Nor was the dream of the ancient Chaldean 'all a dream.' The stars of heaven, the beauty and the glory above us, have their influences and their power, not evil and malignant and partial and irrevocable, but holy and tranquillizing and benignant, a moral influence, by which all may profit if they will do so. And I have often marvelled at the hard depravity of that human heart which could sanction a deed of violence and crime in the calm solitudes of Nature, and surrounded by the enduring evidences of an overruling Intelligence. I could conceive of crime, growing up rank and monstrous in the unwholesome atmosphere of the thronged city, amidst the taint of moral as well as physical pestilence,

and surrounded only by man and the works of man. But there is something in the harmony and quiet of the natural world which presents a reproving antagonism to the fiercer passions of the human heart; an eye of solemn reprehension looks out from the still places of Nature, as if the Great Soul of the Universe had chosen the mute creations of his power to be the witnesses of the deeds done in the body, the researchers of the bosoms of men.

"And then, even at that awful moment, I could feel the bland and gentle ministrations of Nature; I could feel the fever of my heart cooling, and a softer haze of melancholy stealing over the blackness of my despair; and the fierce passions which had distracted me giving place to the calm of a settled anguish, a profound sorrow, the quiet gloom of an overshadowing woe, in which love and hatred and wrong were swallowed up and lost. I no longer hated the world; but I felt that it had nothing for me; that I was no longer a part and portion of its harmonious elements; affliction had shut me out forever from the pale of human happiness and sympathy, and hope pointed only to the resting-place of the grave!

"I stood steadily gazing at the setting sun. It touched and sat upon the hill-top like a great circle of fire. I had never before fully comprehended the feeling of the amiable but misguided Rousseau, who at his death-hour desired to be brought into the open air, that the last glance of his failing eye might drink in the glory of the sunset heavens, and the light of his great intellect and that of Nature go out together. For surely never did the

Mexican idolater mark with deeper emotion the God of his worship, for the last time veiling his awful countenance, than did I, untainted by superstition, yet full of perfect love for the works of Infinite Wisdom, watch over the departure of the most glorious of them all. I felt, even to agony, the truth of these exquisite lines of the Milesian poet: —

> 'Blest power of sunshine, genial day!
> What joy, what life is in thy ray!
> To feel thee is such real bliss,
> That, had the world no joy but this,
> To sit in sunshine, calm and sweet,
> It were a world too exquisite
> For man to leave it for the gloom,
> The dull, cold shadow of the tomb!'

Never shall I forget my sensations when the sun went down utterly from my sight. It was like receiving the last look of a dying friend. To others he might bring life and health and joy, on the morrow; but to me he would never rise. As this thought came over me, I felt a stifling sensation in my throat, tears started in my eyes, and my heart almost wavered from its purpose. But the bent bow had only relaxed for a single instant; it returned again to its strong and abiding tension.

"I was alone in my chamber once more. A single lamp burned gloomily before me; and on the table at my side stood a glass of laudanum. I had prepared everything. I had written my last letter, and had now only to drink the fatal draught, and lie down to my last sleep. I heard the old village clock strike eleven. 'I may as well do it now, as ever,' I said mentally, and my hand moved

towards the glass. But my courage failed me; my hand shook, and some moments elapsed before I could sufficiently quiet my nerves to lift the glass containing the fatal liquid. The blood ran cold upon my heart, and my brain reeled, as again and again I lifted the poison to my closed lips. 'It must be done,' thought I, 'I must drink it.' With a desperate effort I unlocked my clenched teeth and the deed was done!

"'O God, have mercy upon me!' I murmured, as the empty glass fell from my hand. I threw myself upon the bed, and awaited the awful termination. An age of unutterable misery seemed crowded into a brief moment. All the events of my past life, a life, as it then seemed to me, made up of folly and crime, rose distinct before me, like accusing witnesses, as if the recording angel had unrolled to my view the full and black catalogue of my unnumbered sins: —

> 'O'er the soul
> Winters of memory seemed to roll,
> And gather, in that drop of time,
> A life of pain, an age of crime.'

I felt that what I had done was beyond recall; and the Phantom of Death, as it drew nearer, wore an aspect darker and more terrible. I thought of the coffin, the shroud, and the still and narrow grave, into whose dumb and frozen solitude none but the gnawing worm intrudes. And then my thoughts wandered away into the vagueness and mystery of eternity. I was rushing uncalled for into the presence of a just and pure God, with a spirit unrepenting, unannealed! And I tried to

pray and could not; for a heaviness, a dull strange torpor crept over me. Consciousness went out slowly. 'This is death,' thought I; yet I felt no pain, nothing save a weary drowsiness, against which I struggled in vain.

"My next sensations were those of calmness, deep, ineffable, an unearthly quiet; a suspension or rather oblivion of every mental affliction; a condition of the mind betwixt the thoughts of wakefulness and the dreams of sleep. It seemed to me that the gulf between mind and matter had been passed over, and that I had entered upon a new existence. I had no memory, no hope, no sorrow; nothing but a dim consciousness of a pleasurable and tranquil being. Gradually, however, the delusion vanished. I was sensible of still wearing the fetters of the flesh, yet they galled no longer; the burden was lifted from my heart, it beat happily and calmly, as in childhood. As the stronger influences of my opiate (for I had really swallowed nothing more, as the druggist, suspecting from the incoherence of my language, that I was meditating some fearful purpose, furnished me with a harmless, though not ineffective draught) passed off, the events of the past came back to me. It was like the slow lifting of a curtain from a picture of which I was a mere spectator, about which I could reason calmly, and trace dispassionately its light and shadow. Having satisfied myself that I had been deceived in the quantity of opium I had taken, I became also convinced that I had at last discovered the great antidote for which philosophy had exhausted its resources,

the fabled Lethe, the oblivion of human sorrow. The strong necessity of suicide had passed away; life, even for me, might be rendered tolerable by the sovereign panacea of opium, the only true minister to a mind diseased, the sought 'kalon' found.

"From that day I have been habitually an opium eater. I am perfectly sensible that the constant use of the pernicious drug has impaired my health; but I cannot relinquish it. Some time since I formed a resolution to abandon it, totally and at once; but had not strength enough to carry it into practice. The very attempt to do so nearly drove me to madness. The great load of mental agony which had been lifted up and held aloof by the daily applied power of opium sank back upon my heart like a crushing weight. Then, too, my physical sufferings were extreme; an indescribable irritation, a general uneasiness tormented me incessantly. I can only think of it as a total disarrangement of the whole nervous system, the jarring of all the thousand chords of sensitiveness, each nerve having its own particular pain.[1]

"De Quincey, in his wild, metaphysical, and eloquent, yet, in many respects, fancy sketch, considers the great evil resulting from the use of opium to be the effect produced upon the mind during the hours of sleep, the fearful inquietude of unnatural dreams. My own dreams have been certainly of a different order from those which haunted me previous to my experience in opium eating. But I cannot easily believe that opium necessarily introduces a greater change in the

[1] *Essay on the Effects of Opium*, London, 1763.

mind's sleeping operations, than in those of its wakefulness.

"At one period, indeed, while suffering under a general, nervous debility, from which I am even now but partially relieved, my troubled and broken sleep was overshadowed by what I can only express as 'a horror of thick darkness.' There was nothing distinct or certain in my visions, all was clouded, vague, hideous; sounds faint and awful, yet unknown; the sweep of heavy wings, the hollow sound of innumerable footsteps, the glimpse of countless apparitions, and darkness falling like a great cloud from heaven.

"I can scarcely give you an adequate idea of my situation in these dreams, without comparing it with that of the ancient Egyptians while suffering under the plague of darkness. I never read the awful description of this curse, without associating many of its horrors with those of my own experience.

"'But they, sleeping the same sleep that night, which was indeed intolerable, and which came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable hell,

"'Were partly vexed with monstrous apparitions, and partly fainted; for a sudden fear and not looked for, came upon them.

"'For neither might the corner which held them keep them from fear; but noises, as of waters falling down, sounded about them, and sad visions appeared unto them, with heavy countenances.

"'Whether it were a whistling wind, or a melodious voice of birds among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of water running violently;

"'Or, a terrible sound of stones cast down, or, a running that could not be seen, of skipping beasts, or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains: these things made them to swoon for fear.'[1]

"That creative faculty of the eye, upon which Mr. De Quincey dwells so strongly, I have myself experienced. Indeed, it has been the principal cause of suffering which has connected itself with my habit of opium eating. It developed itself at first in a recurrence of the childish faculty of painting upon the darkness whatever suggested itself to the mind; anon, those figures which had before been called up only at will became the cause, instead of the effect, of the mind's employment; in other words, they came before me in the night-time, like real images, and independent of any previous volition of thought. I have often, after retiring to my bed, seen, looking through the thick wall of darkness round about me, the faces of those whom I had not known for years, nay, since childhood; faces, too, of the dead, called up, as it were, from the church-yard and the wilderness and the deep waters, and betraying nothing of the grave's terrible secrets. And in the same way, some of the more important personages I had read of, in history and romance, glided often before me, like an assembly of apparitions, each preserving, amidst the multitudinous combinations of my visions, his own individuality and peculiar characteristics.[2]

[1] *Wisdom of Solomon*, chapter xvii.

[2] Vide Emanuel Count Swedenborg, Nicolai of Berlin's Account of Spectral Illusion, *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal.*

"These images were, as you may suppose, sufficiently annoying, yet they came and went without exciting any emotions of terror. But a change at length came over them, an awful distinctness and a semblance of reality, which, operating upon nerves weakened and diseased, shook the very depths of my spirit with a superstitious awe, and against which reason and philosophy, for a time, struggled in vain.

"My mind had for some days been dwelling with considerable solicitude upon an intimate friend, residing in a distant city. I had heard that he was extremely ill, indeed, that his life was despaired of; and I may mention that at this period all my mind's operations were dilatory; there were no sudden emotions; passion seemed exhausted; and when once any new train of thought had been suggested, it gradually incorporated itself with those which had preceded it, until it finally became sole and predominant, just as certain plants of the tropical islands wind about and blend with and finally take the place of those of another species. And perhaps to this peculiarity of the mental economy, the gradual concentring of the mind in a channel, narrowing to that point of condensation where thought becomes sensible to sight as well as feeling, may be mainly attributed the vision I am about to describe.

"I was lying in my bed, listless and inert; it was broad day, for the easterly light fell in strongly through the parted curtains. I felt, all at once, a strong curiosity, blended with an unaccountable dread, to look upon a small table which stood near

the bedside. I felt certain of seeing something fearful, and yet I knew not what; there was an awe and a fascination upon me, more dreadful from their very vagueness. I lay for some time hesitating and actually trembling, until the agony of suspense became too strong for endurance. I opened my eyes and fixed them upon the dreaded object. Upon the table lay what seemed to me a corpse, wrapped about in the wintry habiliments of the grave, the corpse of my friend.[1] For a moment, the circumstances of time and place were forgotten; and the spectre seemed to me a natural reality, at which I might sorrow, but not wonder. The utter fallacy of this idea was speedily detected; and then I endeavored to consider the present vision, like those which had preceded it, a mere delusion, a part of the phenomena of opium eating. I accordingly closed my eyes for an instant, and then looked again in full expectation that the frightful object would no longer be visible. It was still there; the body lay upon its side; the countenance turned full towards me, — calm, quiet, even beautiful, but certainly that of death:

> 'Ere yet Decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where Beauty lingers'

and the white brow, and its light shadowy hair, and the cold, still familiar features lay evident and manifest to the influx of the strengthening

[1] William Hone, celebrated for his antiquarian researches, has given a distinct and highly interesting account of spectral illusion, in his own experience, in his *Every Day Book*. The artist Cellini has made a similar statement.

twilight. A cold agony crept over me; I buried my head in the bed-clothes, in a child-like fear, and when I again ventured to look up, the spectre had vanished. The event made a strong impression on my mind; and I can scarcely express the feeling of relief which was afforded, a few days after, by a letter from the identical friend in question, informing me of his recovery of health.

"It would be a weary task, and one which you would no doubt thank me for declining, to detail the circumstances of a hundred similar visitations, most of which were, in fact, but different combinations of the same illusion. One striking exception I will mention, as it relates to some passages of my early history which you have already heard.

"I have never seen Mrs. H —— since her marriage. Time, and the continued action of opium, deadening the old sensibilities of the heart and awakening new ones, have effected a wonderful change in my feelings towards her. Little as the confession may argue in favor of my early passion, I seldom think of her, save with a feeling very closely allied to indifference. Yet I have often seen her in my spectral illusions, young and beautiful as ever, but always under circumstances which formed a wide contrast between her spectral appearance and all my recollections of the real person. The spectral face, which I often saw looking in upon me, in my study, when the door was ajar, and visible only in the uncertain lamplight, or peering over me in the moonlight solitude of my bed-chamber, when I was just waking from sleep, was uniformly subject to, and expressive of, some

terrible hate, or yet more terrible anguish. Its first appearance was startling in the extreme. It was the face of one of the fabled furies: the demon glared in the eye, the nostril was dilated, the pale lip compressed, and the brow bent and darkened; yet above all, and mingled with all, the supremacy of human beauty was manifest, as if the dream of Eastern superstition had been realized, and a fierce and foul spirit had sought out and animated into a fiendish existence some beautiful sleeper of the grave. The other expression of the countenance of the apparition, that of agony, I accounted for on rational principles. Some years ago I saw, and was deeply affected by, a series of paintings representing the tortures of a Jew in the Holy Inquisition; and the expression of pain in the countenance of the victim I at once recognized in that of the apparition, rendered yet more distressing by the feminine and beautiful features upon which it rested.

"I am not naturally superstitious; but, shaken and clouded as my mind had been by the use of opium, I could not wholly divest it of fear when these phantoms beset me. Yet, on all other occasions, save that of their immediate presence, I found no difficulty in assigning their existence to a diseased state of the bodily organs, and a corresponding sympathy of the mind, rendering it capable of receiving and reflecting the false, fantastic, and unnatural images presented to it.[1]

[1] One of our most celebrated medical writers considers spectral illusion a disease, in which false perceptions take place in some of the senses; thus, when the excitement of motion is produced

I recollected that the mode of exorcism which was successfully adopted by Nicolai of Berlin, when haunted by similar fantasies, was a resort to the simple process of blood-letting. I accordingly made trial of it, but without the desired effect. Fearful, from the representations of my physicians, and from some of my own sensations, that the almost daily recurrence of my visions might ultimately lead to insanity, I came to the resolution of reducing my daily allowance of opium; and, confining myself, with the most rigid pertinacity, to a quantity not exceeding one third of what I had formerly taken, I became speedily sensible of a most essential change in my condition. A state of comparative health, mental and physical with calmer sleep and a more natural exercise of the

in a particular organ, that organ does not vibrate with the impression made upon it, but communicates it to another part on which a similar impression was formerly made. Nicolai states that he made his illusion a source of philosophical amusement. The spectres which haunted him came in the day time as well as the night, and frequently when he was surrounded by his friends; the ideal images mingling with the real ones, and visible only to himself. Bernard Barton, the celebrated Quaker poet, describes an illusion of this nature in a manner peculiarly striking: —

"I only knew thee as thou wert,
A being not of earth!
. . . . . .
"I marvelled much they could not see
Thou comest from above:
And often to myself I said,
'How can they thus approach the dead?'

"But though all these, with fondness warm,
Said welcome o'er and o'er,
Still that expressive shade or form
Was silent, as before!
And yet its stillness never brought
To them one hesitating thought."

organs of vision, succeeded. I have made many attempts at a further reduction, but have been uniformly unsuccessful, owing to the extreme and almost unendurable agony occasioned thereby.

"The peculiar creative faculty of the eye, the fearful gift of a diseased vision, still remains, but materially weakened and divested of its former terrors. My mind has recovered in some degree its shaken and suspended faculties. But happiness, the buoyant and elastic happiness of earlier days, has departed forever. Although, apparently, a practical disciple of Behmen, I am no believer in his visionary creed. Quiet is not happiness; nor can the absence of all strong and painful emotion compensate for the weary heaviness of inert existence, passionless, dreamless, changeless. The mind requires the excitement of active and changeful thought; the intellectual fountain, like the pool of Bethesda, has a more healthful influence when its deep waters are troubled. There may, indeed, be happiness in those occasional 'sabbaths of the soul,' when calmness, like a canopy, overshadows it, and the mind, for a brief season, eddies quietly round and round, instead of sweeping onward; but none can exist in the long and weary stagnation of feeling, the silent, the monotonous, never-ending calm, broken by neither hope nor fear."

THE PROSELYTES.

[1833.]

The student sat at his books. All the day he had been poring over an old and time-worn volume; and the evening found him still absorbed in its contents. It was one of that interminable series of controversial volumes, containing the theological speculations of the ancient fathers of the Church. With the patient perseverance so characteristic of his countrymen, he was endeavoring to detect truth amidst the numberless inconsistencies of heated controversy; to reconcile jarring propositions; to search out the thread of scholastic argument amidst the rant of prejudice and the sallies of passion, and the coarse vituperations of a spirit of personal bitterness, but little in accordance with the awful gravity of the question at issue.

Wearied and baffled in his researches, he at length closed the volume, and rested his care-worn forehead upon his hand. "What avail," he said, "these long and painful endeavors, these midnight vigils, these weary studies, before which heart and flesh are failing? What have I gained? I have pushed my researches wide and far; my life has been one long and weary lesson; I have shut out from me the busy and beautiful world; I have

chastened every youthful impulse; and at an age when the heart should be lightest and the pulse the freest, I am grave and silent and sorrowful, and the frost of a premature age is gathering around my heart. Amidst these ponderous tomes, surrounded by the venerable receptacles of old wisdom, breathing, instead of the free air of heaven, the sepulchral dust of antiquity, I have become assimilated to the objects around me; my very nature has undergone a metamorphosis of which Pythagoras never dreamed. I am no longer a reasoning creature, looking at everything within the circle of human investigation with a clear and self-sustained vision, but the cheated follower of metaphysical absurdities, a mere echo of scholastic subtilty. God knows that my aim has been a lofty and pure one, that I have buried myself in this living tomb, and counted the health of this His feeble and outward image as nothing in comparison with that of the immortal and inward representation and shadow of His own Infinite Mind; that I have toiled through what the world calls wisdom, the lore of the old fathers and time-honored philosophy, not for the dream of power and gratified ambition, not for the alchemist's gold or life-giving elixir, but with an eye single to that which I conceived to be the most fitting object of a godlike spirit, the discovery of Truth, — truth perfect and unclouded, truth in its severe and perfect beauty, truth as it sits in awe and holiness in the presence of its Original and Source!

"Was my aim too lofty? It cannot be; for my Creator has given me a spirit which would

spurn a meaner one. I have studied to act in accordance with His will; yet have I felt all along like one walking in blindness. I have listened to the living champions of the Church; I have pored over the remains of the dead; but doubt and heavy darkness still rest upon my pathway. I find contradiction where I had looked for harmony; ambiguity where I had expected clearness; zeal taking the place of reason; anger, intolerance, personal feuds and sectarian bitterness, interminable discussions and weary controversies; while infinite Truth, for which I have been seeking, lies still beyond, or seen, if at all, only by transient and unsatisfying glimpses, obscured and darkened by miserable subtilties and cabalistic mysteries."

He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The student broke its well-known seal, and read, in a delicate chirography, the following words: —

"Dear Ernest, — A stranger from the English Kingdom, of gentle birth and education, hath visited me at the request of the good Princess Elizabeth of the Palatine. He is a preacher of the new faith, a zealous and earnest believer in the gifts of the Spirit, but not like John de Labadie or the lady Schurmans.[1] He speaks like one sent on a message from heaven, a message of wisdom and salvation. Come, Ernest, and see him; for he hath but a brief hour to tarry with us. Who knoweth but that this stranger may be commis-

[1] J. de Labadie, Anna Maria Schurmans, and others, dissenters from the French Protestants, established themselves in Holland, 1670.

sioned to lead us to that which we have so long and anxiously sought for, — the truth as it is in God. ELEONORA."

"Now may Heaven bless the sweet enthusiast for this interruption of my bitter reflections!" said the student, in the earnest tenderness of impassioned feeling. "She knows how gladly I shall obey her summons; she knows how readily I shall forsake the dogmas of our wisest schoolmen, to obey the slightest wishes of a heart pure and generous as hers."

He passed hastily through one of the principal streets of the city to the dwelling of the lady, Eleonora.

In a large and gorgeous apartment sat the Englishman, his plain and simple garb contrasting strongly with the richness and luxury around him. He was apparently quite young, and of a tall and commanding figure. His countenance was calm and benevolent; it bore no traces of passion; care had not marked it; there was a holy serenity in its expression, which seemed a token of that inward "peace which passeth all understanding."

"And this is thy friend, Eleonora?" said the stranger, as he offered his hand to Ernest. "I hear," he said, addressing the latter, "thou hast been a hard student and a lover of philosophy."

"I am but a humble inquirer after Truth," replied Ernest.

"From whence hast thou sought it?"

"From the sacred volume, from the lore of the old fathers, from the fountains of philosophy, and from my own brief experience of human life."

"And hast thou attained thy object?"

"Alas, no!" replied the student; "I have thus far toiled in vain."

"Ah! thus must the children of this world ever toil, wearily, wearily, but in vain. We grasp at shadows, we grapple with the fashionless air, we walk in the blindness of our own vain imaginations, we compass heaven and earth for our objects, and marvel that we find them not. The truth which is of God, the crown of wisdom, the pearl of exceeding price, demands not this vain-glorious research; easily to be entreated, it lieth within the reach of all. The eye of the humblest spirit may discern it. For He who respecteth not the persons of His children hath not set it afar off, unapproachable save to the proud and lofty; but hath made its refreshing fountains to murmur, as it were, at the very door of our hearts. But in the encumbering hurry of the world we perceive it not; in the noise of our daily vanities we hear not the waters of Siloah which go softly. We look widely abroad; we lose ourselves in vain speculation; we wander in the crooked paths of those who have gone before us; yea, in the language of one of the old fathers, we ask the earth and it replieth not, we question the sea and its inhabitants, we turn to the sun, and the moon, and the stars of heaven, and they may not satisfy us; we ask our eyes, and they cannot see, and our ears, and they cannot hear; we turn to books, and they delude us; we seek philosophy, and no response cometh from its dead and silent learning.[1] It is not in the sky above, nor in the air around,

[1] August. *Soliloq.* Cap. XXXI. "Interrogavi Terram," etc.

nor in the earth beneath; it is in our own spirits, it lives within us; and if we would find it, like the lost silver of the woman of the parable, we must look at home, to the inward temple, which the inward eye discovereth, and wherein the spirit of all truth is manifested. The voice of that spirit is still and small, and the light about it shineth in darkness. But truth is there; and if we seek it in low humility, in a patient waiting upon its author, with a giving up of our natural pride of knowledge, a seducing of self, a quiet from all outward endeavor, it will assuredly be revealed and fully made known. For as the angel rose of old from the altar of Manoah even so shall truth arise from the humbling sacrifice of self-knowledge and human vanity, in all its eternal and ineffable beauty.

"Seekest thou, like Pilate, after truth? Look thou within. The holy principle is there; that in whose light the pure hearts of all time have rejoiced. It is 'the great light of ages' of which Pythagoras speaks, the 'good spirit' of Socrates; the 'divine mind' of Anaxagoras; the 'perfect principle' of Plato; the 'infallible and immortal law, and divine power of reason' of Philo. It is the 'unbegotten principle and source of all light,' whereof Timæus testifieth; the 'interior guide of the soul and everlasting foundation of virtue,' spoken of by Plutarch. Yea, it was the hope and guide of those virtuous Gentiles, who, doing by nature the things contained in the law, became a law unto themselves.

"Look to thyself. Turn thine eye inward. Heed not the opinion of the world. Lean not upon the broken reed of thy philosophy, thy ver-

bal orthodoxy, thy skill in tongues, thy knowledge of the Fathers. Remember that truth was seen by the humble fishermen of Galilee, and overlooked by the High Priest of the Temple, by the Rabbi and the Pharisee. Thou canst not hope to reach it by the metaphysics of Fathers, Councils, Schoolmen, and Universities. It lies not in the high places of human learning; it is in the silent sanctuary of thy own heart; for He, who gave thee an immortal soul, hath filled it with a portion of that truth which is the image of His own unapproachable light. The voice of that truth is within thee; heed thou its whisper. A light is kindled in thy soul, which, if thou carefully heedest it, shall shine more and more even unto the perfect day."

The stranger paused, and the student melted into tears. "Stranger!" he said, "thou hast taken a weary weight from my heart, and a heavy veil from my eyes. I feel that thou hast revealed a wisdom which is not of this world."

"Nay, I am but a humble instrument in the hand of Him who is the fountain of all truth, and the beginning and the end of all wisdom. May the message which I have borne thee be sanctified to thy well-being."

"Oh, heed him, Ernest!" said the lady. "It is the holy truth which has been spoken. Let us rejoice in this truth, and, forgetting the world, live only for it."

"Oh, may He who watcheth over all His children keep thee in faith of thy resolution!" said the Preacher, fervently. "Humble yourselves to receive instruction, and it shall be given you.

Turn away now in your youth from the corrupting pleasures of the world, heed not its hollow vanities, and that peace which is not such as the world giveth, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall be yours. Yet, let not yours be the world's righteousness, the world's peace, which shuts itself up in solitude. Encloister not the body, but rather shut up the soul from sin. Live in the world, but overcome it: lead a life of purity in the face of its allurements: learn, from the holy principle of truth within you, to do justly in the sight of its Author, to meet reproach without anger, to live without offence, to love those that offend you, to visit the widow and the fatherless, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world."

"Eleonora!" said the humbled student, "truth is plain before us; can we follow its teachings? Alas! canst thou, the daughter of a noble house, forget the glory of thy birth, and, in the beauty of thy years, tread in that lowly path, which the wisdom of the world accounteth foolishness?"

"Yes, Ernest, rejoicingly can I do it!" said the lady; and the bright glow of a lofty purpose gave a spiritual expression to her majestic beauty. "Glory to God in the highest, that He hath visited us in mercy!"

"Lady!" said the Preacher, "the day-star of truth has arisen in thy heart; follow thou its light even unto salvation. Live an harmonious life to the curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God. Remember that the King of Zion's daughter is all-glorious within; and if thy soul

excel, thy body will only set off the lustre of thy mind. Let not the spirit of this world, its cares and its many vanities, its fashions and discourse, prevail over the civility of thy nature. Remember that sin brought the first coat, and thou wilt have little reason to be proud of dress or the adorning of thy body. Seek rather the enduring ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, the beauty and the purity of the altar of God's temple, rather than the decoration of its outward walls. For, as the Spartan monarch said of old to his daughter, when he restrained her from wearing the rich dresses of Sicily, 'Thou wilt seem more lovely to me without them,' so shalt thou seem, in thy lowliness and humility, more lovely in the sight of Heaven and in the eyes of the pure of earth. Oh, preserve in their freshness thy present feelings, wait in humble resignation and in patience, even if it be all thy days, for the manifestations of Him who as a father careth for all His children."

"I will endeavor, I will endeavor!" said the lady, humbled in spirit, and in tears.

The stranger took the hand of each. "Farewell!" he said, "I must needs depart, for I have much work before me. God's peace be with you; and that love be around you, which has been to me as the green pasture and the still water, the shadow in a weary land."

And the stranger went his way; but the lady and her lover, in all their after life, and amidst the trials and persecutions which they were called to suffer in the cause of truth, remembered with joy and gratitude the instructions of the pure-hearted and eloquent William Penn.

DAVID MATSON.

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WHO of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate, a good man, rich and honored, and with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, not more than fourscore years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. They were waiting for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point with his wherry, and take the hus-

band and father to the port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimac, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There is no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed, autumn followed summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had been for a long time in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimac; and now he was set to work in the dock-yards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on, — days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimac, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them that they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my 'Columbiad'; " and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about

his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh quid of tobacco, "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

When Pelatiah Curtis reached home he told Anna the story of her husband and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to

wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson, — the lost man.

THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH.

Published originally in *The Little Pilgrim*, Philadelphia, 1843.

Our old homestead (the house was very old for a new country, having been built about the time that the Prince of Orange drove out James the Second) nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea.

I have not much reason for speaking well of these meadows, or rather bogs, for they were wet most of the year; but in the early days they were highly prized by the settlers, as they furnished natural mowing before the uplands could be cleared of wood and stones and laid down to grass. There is a tradition that the hay-harvesters of two adjoin-

ing towns quarrelled about a boundary question, and fought a hard battle one summer morning in that old time, not altogether bloodless, but by no means as fatal as the fight between the rival Highland clans, described by Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth." I used to wonder at their folly, when I was stumbling over the rough hassocks, and sinking knee-deep in the black mire, raking the sharp sickle-edged grass which we used to feed out to the young cattle in midwinter when the bitter cold gave them appetite for even such fodder. I had an almost Irish hatred of snakes, and these meadows were full of them, — striped, green, dingy water-snakes, and now and then an ugly spotted adder by no means pleasant to touch with bare feet. There were great black snakes, too, in the ledges of the neighboring knolls; and on one occasion in early spring I found myself in the midst of a score at least of them, — holding their wicked meeting of a Sabbath morning on the margin of a deep spring in the meadows. One glimpse at their fierce shining heads in the sunshine, as they roused themselves at my approach, was sufficient to send me at full speed towards the nearest upland. The snakes, equally scared, fled in the same direction; and, looking back, I saw the dark monsters following close at my heels, terrible as the Black Horse rebel regiment at Bull Run. I had, happily, sense enough left to step aside and let the ugly troop glide into the bushes.

Nevertheless, the meadows had their redeeming points. In spring mornings the blackbirds and bobolinks made them musical with songs; and in

the evenings great bullfrogs croaked and clamored; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the moonlight like troops of ghosts, with the fireflies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming. But the Brook was far more attractive, for it had sheltered bathing-places, clear and white sanded, and weedy stretches, where the shy pickerel loved to linger, and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins. I had followed it all the way from its birthplace among the pleasant New Hampshire hills, through the sunshine of broad, open meadows, and under the shadow of thick woods. It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river; but at intervals it broke into a low, rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks, of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and if a drunken teamster could be credited, a ghost was once seen bobbing for eels under Country Bridge. It ground our corn and rye for us, at its two grist-mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring washing, an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight, for it was always rare fun for the youngsters. Macaulay has sung, —

> "That year young lads in Umbro
> Shall plunge the struggling sheep;"

and his picture of the Roman sheep-washing recalled, when we read it, similar scenes in the Country Brook. On its banks we could always find the earliest and the latest wild flowers, from the pale blue, three-lobed hepatica, and small, deli-

cate wood-anemone, to the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the Brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us (there has always been one of that unfortunate class in every generation of our family) was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or the haying-lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerately placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of

sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said. "We fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It 's no use to boast of anything until it 's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "Never brag of your fish before you catch him."

YANKEE GYPSIES.

"Here 's to budgets, packs, and wallets;
Here 's to all the wandering train."

BURNS.

I CONFESS it, I am keenly sensitive to "skyey influences." I profess no indifference to the movements of that capricious old gentleman known as the clerk of the weather. I cannot conceal my interest in the behavior of that patriarchal bird whose wooden similitude gyrates on the church spire. Winter proper is well enough. Let the thermometer go to zero if it will; so much the better, if thereby the very winds are frozen and unable to flap their stiff wings. Sounds of bells in the keen air, clear, musical, heart-inspiring; quick tripping of fair moccasined feet on glittering ice pavements; bright eyes glancing above the uplifted muff like a sultana's behind the folds of her *yashmak;* schoolboys coasting down street like mad Greenlanders; the cold brilliance of oblique sunbeams flashing back from wide surfaces of glittering snow or blazing upon ice jewelry of tree and roof. There is nothing in all this to complain of. A storm of summer has its redeeming sublimities, — its slow, upheaving mountains of cloud glooming in the western horizon like new-created volcanoes, veined with fire, shattered by exploding thunders. Even the wild gales of the equinox have their varieties,

— sounds of wind-shaken woods and waters, creak and clatter of sign and casement, hurricane puffs and down-rushing rain-spouts. But this dull, dark autumn day of thaw and rain, when the very clouds seem too spiritless and languid to storm outright or take themselves out of the way of fair weather; wet beneath and above, reminding one of that rayless atmosphere of Dante's Third Circle, where the infernal Priessnitz administers his hydropathic torment, —

> "A heavy, cursed, and relentless drench, —
> The land it soaks is putrid;"

or rather, as everything animate and inanimate is seething in warm mist, suggesting the idea that Nature, grown old and rheumatic, is trying the efficacy of a Thompsonian steam-box on a grand scale; no sounds save the heavy plash of muddy feet on the pavements; the monotonous melancholy drip from trees and roofs; the distressful gurgling of water-ducts, swallowing the dirty amalgam of the gutters; a dim, leaden-colored horizon of only a few yards in diameter, shutting down about one, beyond which nothing is visible save in faint line or dark projection; the ghost of a church spire or the eidolon of a chimney-pot. He who can extract pleasurable emotions from the alembic of such a day has a trick of alchemy with which I am wholly unacquainted.

Hark! a rap at my door. Welcome anybody just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the keyhole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down chimney astride of the rain-drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-browned and wind-dried; small, quick-winking black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him; but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss, and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and indorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high-sounding, but to Yankee organs unpronounceable name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mohammedans tell us, has two attendant angels, — the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. "Not a cent," says selfish Prudence; and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half-naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left-hand sentinel. "His paper, purchased from one of those ready-writers in New York who manufacture beggar-credentials at the low price of one dol-

lar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before. *Si, signor*, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neckcloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the "marcury doctors" had "pisened" and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-East unfortunate who had been out to the "Genesee country" and got the "fevern-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises, — Stephen Leathers, of Barrington, — him, and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness: —

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"

"Oh, well, I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do? and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this 'ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who could n't make himself understood any more

than a wild goose. I thought I 'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his Gospel mission and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may be not amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pisen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south and green meadows to the east; the small stream which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden-wall and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak-forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage-path, with its rude and crazy bridge, — the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again, once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to

announce the approach of this very vagabond and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for them, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff, — "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness with a look of heartbreak and forlornness which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage; and was n't it a satisfaction to see their sad, melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "dear, good children!" Not unfre-

quently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman, and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection which would have done honor to the revellers at Poosie-Nansie's, immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania, — haunted and hunted by some dark thought, — possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat; but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent, impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture who had a "dumb spirit."

One — I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door — used to gather herbs by the wayside and call himself doctor. He was bearded like a he goat and used to counterfeit lameness, yet, when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of

Yankee Gypsies

small, meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "man with the pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime, in its tense rotundity, the father of all packs, never laid aside and never opened, what might there not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars or armed men from the Trojan horse!

There was another class of peripatetic philosophers — half pedler, half mendicant — who were in the habit of visiting us. One we recollect, a lame, unshaven, sinister-eyed, unwholesome fellow, with his basket of old newspapers and pamphlets, and his tattered blue umbrella, serving rather as a walking staff than as a protection from the rain. He told us on one occasion, in answer to our inquiring into the cause of his lameness, that when a young man he was employed on the farm of the chief magistrate of a neighboring State; where, as his ill-luck would have it, the governor's handsome daughter fell in love with him. He was caught one day in the young lady's room by her father; whereupon the irascible old gentleman pitched him unceremoniously out of the window, laming him for life, on the brick pavement below, like Vulcan on the rocks of Lemnos. As for the lady, he assured us "she took on dreadfully about it." "Did she die?" we inquired anxiously. There was a cun-

ning twinkle in the old rogue's eye as he responded, "Well, no, she did n't. She got married."

Twice a year, usually in the spring and autumn, we were honored with a call from Jonathan Plummer, maker of verses, pedler and poet, physician and parson, — a Yankee troubadour, — first and last minstrel of the valley of the Merrimac, encircled, to my wondering young eyes, with the very nimbus of immortality. He brought with him pins, needles, tape, and cotton-thread for my mother; jack-knives, razors, and soap for my father; and verses of his own composing, coarsely printed and illustrated with rude wood-cuts, for the delectation of the younger branches of the family. No lovesick youth could drown himself, no deserted maiden bewail the moon, no rogue mount the gallows, without fitting memorial in Plummer's verses. Earthquakes, fires, fevers, and shipwrecks he regarded as personal favors from Providence, furnishing the raw material of song and ballad. Welcome to us in our country seclusion as Autolycus to the clown in Winter's Tale, we listened with infinite satisfaction to his readings of his own verses, or to his ready improvisation upon some domestic incident or topic suggested by his auditors. When once fairly over the difficulties at the outset of a new subject, his rhymes flowed freely, "as if he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes." His productions answered, as nearly as I can remember, to Shakespeare's description of a proper ballad, — "doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant theme sung

lamentably." He was scrupulously conscientious, devout, inclined to theological disquisitions, and withal mighty in Scripture. He was thoroughly independent; flattered nobody, cared for nobody, trusted nobody. When invited to sit down at our dinner-table, he invariably took the precaution to place his basket of valuables between his legs for safe keeping. "Never mind thy basket, Jonathan," said my father; "we sha'n't steal thy verses." — "I 'm not sure of that," returned the suspicious guest. "It is written, 'Trust ye not in any brother.'"

Thou too, O Parson B., — with thy pale student's brow and rubicund nose, with thy rusty and tattered black coat overswept by white flowing locks, with thy professional white neckcloth scrupulously preserved when even a shirt to thy back was problematical, — art by no means to be overlooked in the muster-roll of vagrant gentlemen possessing the *entrée* of our farm-house. Well do we remember with what grave and dignified courtesy he used to step over its threshold, saluting its inmates with the same air of gracious condescension and patronage with which in better days he had delighted the hearts of his parishioners. Poor old man! He had once been the admired and almost worshipped minister of the largest church in the town where he afterwards found support in the winter season as a pauper. He had early fallen into intemperate habits; and at the age of threescore and ten, when I remember him, he was only sober when he lacked the means of being otherwise. Drunk or sober, however, he never alto-

gether forgot the proprieties of his profession; he was always grave, decorous, and gentlemanly; he held fast the form of sound words, and the weakness of the flesh abated nothing of the rigor of his stringent theology. He had been a favorite pupil of the learned and astute Emmons, and was to the last a sturdy defender of the peculiar dogmas of his school. The last time we saw him he was holding a meeting in our district school-house, with a vagabond pedler for deacon and travelling companion. The tie which united the ill-assorted couple was doubtless the same which endeared Tam O'Shanter to the souter: —

"They had been fou for weeks thegither."

He took for his text the first seven verses of the concluding chapter of Ecclesiastes, furnishing in himself its fitting illustration. The evil days had come; the keepers of the house trembled; the windows of life were darkened. A few months later the silver cord was loosened, the golden bowl was broken, and between the poor old man and the temptations which beset him fell the thick curtains of the grave.

One day we had a call from a "pawky auld carle" of a wandering Scotchman. To him I owe my first introduction to the songs of Burns. After eating his bread and cheese and drinking his mug of cider he gave us Bonny Doon, Highland Mary, and Auld Lang Syne. He had a rich, full voice, and entered heartily into the spirit of his lyrics. I have since listened to the same melodies from the lips of Dempster, than whom the Scottish bard has had no sweeter or truer interpreter; but the

skilful performance of the artist lacked the novel charm of the gaberlunzie's singing in the old farm-house kitchen. Another wanderer made us acquainted with the humorous old ballad of "Our gude man cam hame at e'en." He applied for supper and lodging, and the next morning was set at work splitting stones in the pasture. While thus engaged the village doctor came riding along the highway on his fine, spirited horse, and stopped to talk with my father. The fellow eyed the animal attentively, as if familiar with all his good points, and hummed over a stanza of the old poem: —

"Our gude man cam hame at e'en,
And hame cam he;
And there he saw a saddle horse
Where nae horse should be.
'How cam this horse here?
How can it be?
How cam this horse here
Without the leave of me?'
'A horse?' quo she.
'Ay, a horse,' quo he.
'Ye auld fool, ye blind fool, —
And blinder might ye be, —
'T is naething but a milking cow
My mamma sent to me.'
'A milch cow?' quo he.
'Ay, a milch cow,' quo she.
'Weel, far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen;
But milking cows wi' saddles on
Saw I never nane.'"

That very night the rascal decamped, taking with him the doctor's horse, and was never after heard of.

Often, in the gray of the morning, we used to see one or more "gaberlunzie men," pack on

shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other outbuildings where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and, climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only reassured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen-fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; so, with many misgivings, I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size worthy of such a rider — colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me; and, after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse

in at the door, dismounted and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as the great Indian doctor, he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and, seizing me by the hair of my head as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanations and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction he wiped his eyes, and sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night,

but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal, such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzi, — one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper-table; and, when we were all gathered around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular "old stragglers" regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature-comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, New Hampshire, whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation; and experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well-contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of Hopping Pat, — the wise woman of her tribe, — was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching" as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish-looking bird, who, when in the humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say he could "do nothin' at exhortin' without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket," — a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gypsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water." It has been said — I know not upon what grounds — that their ancestors were indeed a veritable importation of English gypsyhood; but if so, they have undoubtedly lost a good deal of the picturesque charm of its unhoused and free condition. I very much fear that my friend Mary Russell Mitford, — sweetest of England's rural painters, — who has a poet's eye for the fine points in gypsy character, would scarcely allow their claims to fraternity with her own vagrant friends, whose camp-fires welcomed her to her new home at Swallowfield.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and, according to my view, no phase of our common humanity is altogether unworthy of investigation. Acting upon this belief two or three summers ago, when making, in company with my sister, a little excursion into the hill-country of New Hampshire, I turned my horse's head towards Barrington for the purpose of seeing these semi-civilized strollers in their own home, and returning, once for all, their numerous visits. Taking leave of our hospitable cousins in old Lee with about as much solemnity as we may suppose Major Laing parted with his friends when he set out in search of desert-

girdled Timbuctoo, we drove several miles over a rough road, passed the Devil's Den unmolested, crossed a fretful little streamlet noisily working its way into a valley, where it turned a lonely, half-ruinous mill, and climbing a steep hill beyond, saw before us a wide sandy level, skirted on the west and north by low, scraggy hills, and dotted here and there with dwarf pitch-pines. In the centre of this desolate region were some twenty or thirty small dwellings, grouped together as irregularly as a Hottentot kraal. Unfenced, unguarded, open to all comers and goers, stood that city of the beggars, — no wall or paling between the ragged cabins to remind one of the jealous distinctions of property. The great idea of its founders seemed visible in its unappropriated freedom. Was not the whole round world their own? and should they haggle about boundaries and title-deeds? For them, on distant plains, ripened golden harvests; for them, in far-off workshops, busy hands were toiling; for them, if they had but the grace to note it, the broad earth put on her garniture of beauty, and over them hung the silent mystery of heaven and its stars. That comfortable philosophy which modern transcendentalism has but dimly shadowed forth — that poetic agrarianism, which gives all to each and each to all — is the real life of this city of unwork. To each of its dingy dwellers might be not unaptly applied the language of one who, I trust, will pardon me for quoting her beautiful poem in this connection: —

> "Other hands may grasp the field or forest,
> Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
> Thou art wealthier, — all the world is thine."

But look! the clouds are breaking. "Fair weather cometh out of the north." The wind has blown away the mists; on the gilded spire of John Street glimmers a beam of sunshine; and there is the sky again, hard, blue, and cold in its eternal purity, not a whit the worse for the storm. In the beautiful present the past is no longer needed. Reverently and gratefully let its volume be laid aside; and when again the shadows of the outward world fall upon the spirit, may I not lack a good angel to remind me of its solace, even if he comes in the shape of a Barrington beggar.

THE TRAINING.

"Send for the milingtary."
NOAH CLAYPOLE in *Oliver Twist.*

WHAT 's now in the wind? Sounds of distant music float in at my window on this still October air. Hurrying drum-beat, shrill fife-tones, wailing bugle-notes, and, by way of accompaniment, hurrahs from the urchins on the crowded sidewalks. Here come the citizen-soldiers, each martial foot beating up the mud of yesterday's storm with the slow, regular, up-and-down movement of an old-fashioned churn-dasher. Keeping time with the feet below, some threescore of plumed heads bob solemnly beneath me. Slant sunshine glitters on polished gun-barrels and tinselled uniform. Gravely and soberly they pass on, as if duly impressed with a sense of the deep responsibility of their position as self-constituted defenders of the world's last hope, — the United States of America, and possibly Texas. They look out with honest, citizen faces under their leathern visors (their ferocity being mostly the work of the tailor and tinker), and, I doubt not, are at this moment as innocent of blood-thirstiness as yonder worthy tiller of the Tewksbury Hills, who sits quietly in his wagon dispensing apples and turnips without so much as giving a glance at the procession. Probably there is not one of them who would hesitate to divide his last

tobacco-quid with his worst enemy. Social, kind-hearted, psalm-singing, sermon-hearing, Sabbath-keeping Christians; and yet, if we look at the fact of the matter, these very men have been out the whole afternoon of this beautiful day, under God's holy sunshine, as busily at work as Satan himself could wish in learning how to butcher their fellow-creatures and acquire the true scientific method of impaling a forlorn Mexican on a bayonet, or of sinking a leaden missile in the brain of some unfortunate Briton, urged within its range by the double incentive of sixpence per day in his pocket and the cat-o'-nine-tails on his back!

Without intending any disparagement of my peaceable ancestry for many generations, I have still strong suspicions that somewhat of the old Norman blood, something of the grim Berserker spirit, has been bequeathed to me. How else can I account for the intense childish eagerness with which I listened to the stories of old campaigners who sometimes fought their battles over again in my hearing? Why did I, in my young fancy, go up with Jonathan, the son of Saul, to smite the garrisoned Philistines of Michmash, or with the fierce son of Nun against the cities of Canaan? Why was Mr. Greatheart, in Pilgrim's Progress, my favorite character? What gave such fascination to the narrative of the grand Homeric encounter between Christian and Apollyon in the valley? Why did I follow Ossian over Morven's battle-fields, exulting in the vulture-screams of the blind scald over his fallen enemies? Still later, why did the newspapers furnish me with subjects

for hero-worship in the half-demented Sir Gregor McGregor, and Ypsilanti at the head of his knavish Greeks? I can account for it only on the supposition that the mischief was inherited, — an heirloom from the old sea-kings of the ninth century.

Education and reflection have, indeed, since wrought a change in my feelings. The trumpet of the Cid, or Ziska's drum even, could not now waken that old martial spirit. The bull-dog ferocity of a half-intoxicated Anglo-Saxon, pushing his blind way against the converging cannon-fire from the shattered walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, commends itself neither to my reason nor my fancy. I now regard the accounts of the bloody passage of the Bridge of Lodi, and of French cuirassiers madly transfixing themselves upon the bayonets of Wellington's squares, with very much the same feeling of horror and loathing which is excited by a detail of the exploits of an Indian Thug, or those of a mad Malay running *a muck*, creese in hand, through the streets of Pulo Penang. Your Waterloo, and battles of the Nile and Baltic, — what are they, in sober fact, but gladiatorial murder-games on a great scale, — human imitations of bull-fights, at which Satan sits as grand alguazil and master of ceremonies? It is only when a great thought incarnates itself in action, desperately striving to find utterance even in sabre-clash and gun-fire, or when Truth and Freedom, in their mistaken zeal and distrustful of their own powers, put on battle-harness, that I can feel any sympathy with merely physical daring. The brawny butcher-work of

men whose wits, like those of Ajax, lie in their sinews, and who are "yoked like draught-oxen and made to plough up the wars," is no realization of my ideal of true courage.

Yet I am not conscious of having lost in any degree my early admiration of heroic achievement. The feeling remains; but it has found new and better objects. I have learned to appreciate what Milton calls the martyr's "unresistible might of meekness," — the calm, uncomplaining endurance of those who can bear up against persecution uncheered by sympathy or applause, and, with a full and keen appreciation of the value of all which they are called to sacrifice, confront danger and death in unselfish devotion to duty. Fox, preaching through his prison-gates or rebuking Oliver Cromwell in the midst of his soldier-court; Henry Vane beneath the axe of the headsman; Mary Dyer on the scaffold at Boston; Luther closing his speech at Worms with the sublime emphasis of his "Here stand I; *I cannot otherwise;* God help me;" William Penn defending the rights of Englishmen from the baledock of the Fleet prison; Clarkson climbing the decks of Liverpool slave-ships; Howard penetrating to infected dungeons; meek Sisters of Charity breathing contagion in thronged hospitals, — all these, and such as these, now help me to form the loftier ideal of *Christian heroism.*

Blind Milton approaches nearly to my conception of a true hero. What a picture have we of that sublime old man, as sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of friends, he still held fast his heroic

integrity, rebuking with his unbending republicanism the treachery, cowardice, and servility of his old associates! He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth; he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the feet of the shameless, debauched, and perjured Charles II., crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forswearing at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends. Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves. Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting-place; for even in death the effeminate monarch hated and feared the conquerer of Naseby and Marston Moor. He was left alone, in age, and penury, and blindness, oppressed with the knowledge that all which his free soul abhorred had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken, realizing the truth of the language of his own Samson Agonistes: —

> "But patience is more oft the exercise
> Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
> Making them each his own deliverer
> And victor over all
> That tyranny or fortune can inflict."

The curse of religious and political apostasy lay heavy on the land. Harlotry and atheism sat in the high places; and the "caresses of wantons and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive, just religion enough to persecute." But, while Milton mourned over this disastrous change,

no self-reproach mingled with his sorrow. To the last he had striven against the oppressor; and when confined to his narrow alley, a prisoner in his own mean dwelling, like another Prometheus on his rock, he still turned upon him an eye of unsubdued defiance. Who, that has read his powerful appeal to his countrymen when they were on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule which, at the expense of so much blood and treasure had been thrown off, can ever forget it? How nobly does Liberty speak through him! "If," said he, "ye welcome back a monarchy, it will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter over any people who shall resist oppression; and their song shall then be to others, 'How sped the rebellious English?' but to our posterity, 'How sped the rebels, your fathers?'" How solemn and awful is his closing paragraph! "What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss 'the good old cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not, I hope, seem more strange than convincing to backsliders. This much I should have said though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to; nay, though what I have spoken should prove (which Thou suffer not, who didst make mankind free; nor Thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of sin) to be the last words of our expiring liberties."

THE CITY OF A DAY.

The writer, when residing in Lowell, in 1843 contributed this and the companion pieces to *The Stranger in Lowell.*

THIS, then, is Lowell, — a city springing up, like the enchanted palaces of the Arabian tales, as it were in a single night, stretching far and wide its chaos of brick masonry and painted shingles, filling the angle of the confluence of the Concord and the Merrimac with the sights and sounds of trade and industry. Marvellously here have art and labor wrought their modern miracles. I can scarcely realize the fact that a few years ago these rivers, now tamed and subdued to the purposes of man and charmed into slavish subjection to the wizard of mechanism, rolled unchecked towards the ocean the waters of the Winnipesaukee and the rock-rimmed springs of the White Mountains, and rippled down their falls in the wild freedom of Nature. A stranger, in view of all this wonderful change, feels himself, as it were, thrust forward into a new century; he seems treading on the outer circle of the millennium of steam engines and cotton mills. Work is here the patron saint. Everything bears his image and superscription. Here is no place for that respectable class of citizens called gentlemen, and their much vilified brethren, familiarly known as loafers. Over the gateways of this new-world Manchester glares the inscription, "Work, or die!" Here

"Every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late or soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

The founders of this city probably never dreamed of the theory of Charles Lamb in respect to the origin of labor: —

"Who first invented work, and thereby bound
The holiday rejoicing spirit down
To the never-ceasing importunity
Of business in the green fields and the town?
Sabbathless Satan, — he who his unglad
Task ever plies midst rotatory burnings;
For wrath divine has made him like a wheel
In that red realm from whence are no returnings."

Rather, of course, would they adopt Carlyle's apostrophe of "Divine labor, noble, ever fruitful, — the grand, sole miracle of man;" for this is indeed a city consecrated to thrift, — dedicated, every square rod of it, to the divinity of work; the gospel of industry preached daily and hourly from some thirty temples, each huger than the Milan Cathedral or the Temple of Jeddo, the Mosque of St. Sophia or the Chinese pagoda of a hundred bells; its mighty sermons uttered by steam and water-power; its music the everlasting jar of mechanism and the organ-swell of many waters; scattering the cotton and woollen leaves of its evangel from the wings of steamboats and rail-cars throughout the land; its thousand priests and its thousands of priestesses ministering around their spinning-jenny and power-loom altars, or thronging the long, unshaded streets in the level light of sunset. After all, it may well be questioned whether this gospel, according to Poor Richard's Almanac, is precisely calculated for the

redemption of humanity. Labor, graduated to man's simple wants, necessities, and unperverted tastes, is doubtless well; but all beyond this is weariness to flesh and spirit. Every web which falls from these restless looms has a history more or less connected with sin and suffering, beginning with slavery and ending with overwork and premature death.

A few years ago, while travelling in Pennsylvania, I encountered a small, dusky-browed German of the name of Etzler. He was possessed by a belief that the world was to be restored to its paradisiacal state by the sole agency of mechanics, and that he had himself discovered the means of bringing about this very desirable consummation. His whole mental atmosphere was thronged with spectral enginery; wheel within wheel; plans of hugest mechanism; Brobdignagian steam-engines; Niagaras of water-power; wind-mills with "sail-broad vans," like those of Satan in chaos, by the proper application of which every valley was to be exalted and every hill laid low; old forests seized by their shaggy tops and uprooted; old morasses drained; the tropics made cool; the eternal ices melted around the poles; the ocean itself covered with artificial islands, blossoming gardens of the blessed, rocking gently on the bosom of the deep. Give him "three hundred thousand dollars and ten years' time," and he would undertake to do the work. Wrong, pain, and sin, being in his view but the results of our physical necessities, ill-gratified desires, and natural yearnings for a better state, were to vanish before the millennium of mechanism. "It

would be," said he, "as ridiculous then to dispute and quarrel about the means of life as it would be now about water to drink by the side of mighty rivers, or about permission to breathe the common air." To his mind the great forces of Nature took the shape of mighty and benignant spirits, sent hitherward to be the servants of man in restoring to him his lost paradise; waiting only for his word of command to apply their giant energies to the task, but as yet struggling blindly and aimlessly, giving ever and anon gentle hints, in the way of earthquake, fire, and flood, that they are weary of idleness, and would fain be set at work. Looking down, as I now do, upon these huge brick workshops, I have thought of poor Etzler, and wondered whether he would admit, were he with me, that his mechanical forces have here found their proper employment of millennium making. Grinding on, each in his iron harness, invisible, yet shaking, by his regulated and repressed power, his huge prison-house from basement to capstone, is it true that the genii of mechanism are really at work here, raising us, by wheel and pulley, steam and water-power, slowly up that inclined plane from whose top stretches the broad table-land of promise?

Many of the streets of Lowell present a lively and neat aspect, and are adorned with handsome public and private buildings; but they lack one pleasant feature of older towns, — broad, spreading shade-trees. One feels disposed to quarrel with the characteristic utilitarianism of the first settlers, which swept so entirely away the green beauty of Nature. For the last few days it has

been as hot here as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace or Monsieur Chabert's oven, the sun glaring down from a copper sky upon these naked, treeless streets, in traversing which one is tempted to adopt the language of a warm-weather poet: —

"The lean, like walking skeletons, go stalking pale and gloomy;
The fat, like redhot warming-pans, send hotter fancies through me;
I wake from dreams of polar ice, on which I've been a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea and waking in the spider."

How unlike the elm-lined avenues of New Haven, upon whose cool and graceful panorama the stranger looks down upon the Judge's Cave, or the vine-hung pinnacles of West Rock, its tall spires rising white and clear above the level greenness! — or the breezy leafiness of Portland, with its wooded islands in the distance, and itself overhung with verdant beauty, rippling and waving in the same cool breeze which stirs the waters of the beautiful Bay of Casco! But time will remedy all this; and, when Lowell shall have numbered half the years of her sister cities, her newly planted elms and maples, which now only cause us to contrast their shadeless stems with the leafy glory of their parents of the forest, will stretch out to the future visitor arms of welcome and repose.

There is one beautiful grove in Lowell, — that on Chapel Hill, — where a cluster of fine old oaks lift their sturdy stems and green branches, in close proximity to the crowded city, blending the cool rustle of their leaves with the din of machinery. As I look at them in this gray twilight they seem lonely and isolated, as if wondering what has be-

come of their old forest companions, and vainly endeavoring to recognize in the thronged and dusty streets before them those old, graceful colonnades of maple and thick-shaded oaken vistas, stretching from river to river, carpeted with the flowers and grasses of spring, or ankle deep with leaves of autumn, through whose leafy canopy the sunlight melted in upon wild birds, shy deer, and red Indians. Long may these oaks remain to remind us that, if there be utility in the new, there was beauty in the old, leafy Puseyites of Nature, calling us back to the past, but, like their Oxford brethren, calling in vain; for neither in polemics nor in art can we go backward in an age whose motto is ever "Onward."

The population of Lowell is constituted mainly of New Englanders; but there are representatives here of almost every part of the civilized world. The good-humored face of the Milesian meets one at almost every turn; the shrewdly solemn Scotchman, the transatlantic Yankee, blending the crafty thrift of Bryce Snailsfoot with the stern religious heroism of Cameron; the blue-eyed, fair-haired German from the towered hills which overlook the Rhine, — slow, heavy, and unpromising in his exterior, yet of the same mould and mettle of the men who rallied for "fatherland" at the Tyrtean call of Korner and beat back the chivalry of France from the banks of the Katzback, — the countrymen of Richter, and Goethe, and our own Follen. Here, too, are pedlers from Hamburg, and Bavaria, and Poland, with their sharp Jewish faces, and black, keen eyes. At this moment,

beneath my window are two sturdy, sunbrowned Swiss maidens grinding music for a livelihood, rehearsing in a strange Yankee land the simple songs of their old mountain home, reminding me, by their foreign garb and language, of

"Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl."

Poor wanderers! I cannot say that I love their music; but now, as the notes die away, and, to use the words of Dr. Holmes, "silence comes like a poultice to heal the wounded ear," I feel grateful for their visitation. Away from crowded thoroughfares, from brick walls and dusty avenues, at the sight of these poor peasants I have gone in thought to the vale of Chamouny, and seen, with Coleridge, the morning star pausing on the "bald, awful head of sovereign Blanc," and the sun rise and set upon snowy-crested mountains, down in whose valleys the night still lingers; and, following in the track of Byron and Rousseau, have watched the lengthening shadows of the hills on the beautiful waters of the Genevan lake. Blessings, then, upon these young wayfarers, for they have "blessed me unawares." In an hour of sickness and lassitude they have wrought for me the miracle of Loretto's Chapel, and borne me away from the scenes around me and the sense of personal suffering to that wonderful land where Nature seems still uttering, from lake and valley, and from mountains whose eternal snows lean on the hard, blue heaven, the echoes of that mighty hymn of a new-created world, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

But of all classes of foreigners the Irish are by far the most numerous. Light-hearted, wrong-headed, impulsive, uncalculating, with an Oriental love of hyperbole, and too often a common dislike of cold water and of that gem which the fable tells us rests at the bottom of the well, the Celtic elements of their character do not readily accommodate themselves to those of the hard, cool, self-relying Anglo-Saxon. I am free to confess to a very thorough dislike of their religious intolerance and bigotry, but am content to wait for the change that time and the attrition of new circumstances and ideas must necessarily make in this respect. Meanwhile I would strive to reverence man as man, irrespective of his birthplace. A stranger in a strange land is always to me an object of sympathy and interest. Amidst all his apparent gayety of heart and national drollery and wit, the poor Irish emigrant has sad thoughts of the "ould mother of him," sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog-side; recollections of a father's blessing and a sister's farewell are haunting him; a grave mound in a distant churchyard far beyond the "wide wathers" has an eternal greenness in his memory; for there, perhaps, lies a "darlint child" or a "swate crather" who once loved him. The new world is forgotten for the moment; blue Killarney and the Liffey sparkle before him, and Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark, still mirror; he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with Nature's blessing the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the

round towers of the Phœnician sun-worshippers; pleasant and mournful recollections of his home waken within him; and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. Touching and beautiful was the injunction of the prophet of the Hebrews: "Ye shall not oppress the stranger; *for ye know the heart of the stranger*, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

PATUCKET FALLS.

Many years ago I read, in some old chronicle of the early history of New England, a paragraph which has ever since haunted my memory, calling up romantic associations of wild Nature and wilder man: —

"The Sachem Wonolanset, who lived by the Great Falls of Patucket, on the Merrimac."

It was with this passage in my mind that I visited for the first time the Rapids of the Merrimac, above Lowell.

Passing up the street by the Hospital, a large and elegant mansion surrounded by trees and shrubbery and climbing vines, I found myself, after walking a few rods farther, in full view of the Merrimac. A deep and rocky channel stretched between me and the Dracut shore, along which rushed the shallow water, — a feeble, broken, and tortuous current, winding its way among splintered rocks, rising sharp and jagged in all directions. Drained above the falls by the canal, it resembled some mountain streamlet of old Spain, or some Arabian wady, exhausted by a year's drought. Higher up, the arches of the bridge spanned the quick, troubled water; and, higher still, the dam, so irregular in its outline as to seem less a work of Art than of Nature, crossed the bed of the river, —

a lakelike placidity above contrasting with the foam and murmur of the falls below. And this was all which modern improvements had left of "the great Patucket Falls" of the olden time. The wild river had been tamed; the spirit of the falls, whose hoarse voice the Indian once heard in the dashing of the great water down the rocks, had become the slave of the arch conjurer, Art; and, like a shorn and blinded giant, was grinding in the prison-house of his taskmaster.

One would like to know how this spot must have seemed to the "twenty goodlie persons from Concord and Woburn" who first visited it in 1652, as, worn with fatigue, and wet from the passage of the sluggish Concord, "where ford there was none," they wound their slow way through the forest, following the growing murmur of the falls, until at length the broad, swift river stretched before them, its white spray flashing in the sun. What cared these sturdy old Puritans for the wild beauty of the landscape thus revealed before them? I think I see them standing there in the golden light of a closing October day, with their sombre brown doublets and slouched hats, and their heavy matchlocks, — such men as Ireton fronted death with on the battle-field of Naseby, or those who stalked with Cromwell over the broken wall of Drogheda, smiting, "in the name of the Lord," old and young, "both maid, and little children." Methinks I see the sunset light flooding the river valley, the western hills stretching to the horizon, overhung with trees gorgeous and glowing with the tints of autumn, — a mighty flower-garden, blossoming under

the spell of the enchanter, Frost; the rushing river, with its graceful water-curves and white foam; and a steady murmur, low, deep voices of water, the softest, sweetest sound of Nature, blends with the sigh of the south wind in the pine-tops. But these hard-featured saints of the New Canaan "care for none of these things." The stout hearts which beat under their leathern doublets are proof against the sweet influences of Nature. They see only "a great and howling wilderness, where be many Indians, but where fish may be taken, and where be meadows for ye subsistence of cattle," and which, on the whole, "is a comfortable place to accommodate a company of God's people upon, who may, with God's blessing, do good in that place for both church and state." (*Vide* petition to the General Court, 1653.)

In reading the journals and narratives of the early settlers of New England nothing is more remarkable than the entire silence of the worthy writers in respect to the natural beauty or grandeur of the scenery amid which their lot was cast. They designated the grand and glorious forest, broken by lakes and crossed by great rivers, intersected by a thousand streams more beautiful than those which the Old World has given to song and romance, as "a desert and frightful wilderness." The wildly picturesque Indian, darting his birch canoe down the Falls of the Amoskeag or gliding in the deer-track of the forest, was, in their view, nothing but a "dirty tawnie," a "salvage heathen," and "devil's imp." Many of them were well educated, — men of varied and profound erudition, and familiar

Patucket Falls

HWP

with the best specimens of Greek and Roman literature; yet they seem to have been utterly devoid of that poetic feeling or fancy whose subtle alchemy detects the beautiful in the familiar. Their very hymns and spiritual songs seem to have been expressly calculated, like "the music-grinders" of Holmes, —

> "To pluck the eyes of sentiment,
> And dock the tail of rhyme,
> To crack the voice of melody,
> And break the legs of time."

They were sworn enemies of the Muses; haters of stage-play literature, profane songs, and wanton sonnets; of everything, in brief, which reminded them of the days of the roistering cavaliers and bedizened beauties of the court of "the man Charles," whose head had fallen beneath the sword of Puritan justice. Hard, harsh, unlovely, yet with many virtues and noble points of character, they were fitted, doubtless, for their work of pioneers in the wilderness. Sternly faithful to duty, in peril, and suffering, and self-denial, they wrought out the noblest of historical epics on the rough soil of New England. They lived a truer poetry than Homer or Virgil wrote.

The Patuckets, once a powerful native tribe, had their principal settlements around the falls at the time of the visit of the white men of Concord and Woburn in 1652. Gookin, the Indian historian, states that this tribe was almost wholly destroyed by the great pestilence of 1612. In 1674 they had but two hundred and fifty males in the whole tribe. Their chief sachem lived opposite the falls; and it

was in his wigwam that the historian, in company with John Eliot, the Indian missionary, held a "meeting for worshippe on ye 5th of May, 1676," where Mr. Eliot preached from "ye twenty-second of Matthew."

The white visitants from Concord and Woburn, pleased with the appearance of the place and the prospect it afforded for planting and fishing, petitioned the General Court for a grant of the entire tract of land now embraced in the limits of Lowell and Chelmsford. They made no account whatever of the rights of the poor Patuckets; but, considering it "a comfortable place to accommodate God's people upon," were doubtless prepared to deal with the heathen inhabitants as Joshua the son of Nun did with the Jebusites and Perizzites, the Hivites and the Hittites, of old. The Indians, however, found a friend in the apostle Eliot, who presented a petition in their behalf that the lands lying around the Patucket and Wamesit Falls should be appropriated exclusively for their benefit and use. The Court granted the petition of the whites, with the exception of the tract in the angle of the two rivers on which the Patuckets were settled. The Indian title to this tract was not finally extinguished until 1726, when the beautiful name of Wamesit was lost in that of Chelmsford, and the last of the Patuckets turned his back upon the graves of his fathers and sought a new home among the strange Indians of the North.

But what has all this to do with the falls? When the rail-cars came thundering through his lake country, Wordsworth attempted to exorcise

them by a sonnet; and, were I not a very decided Yankee, I might possibly follow his example, and utter in this connection my protest against the desecration of Patucket Falls, and battle with objurgatory stanzas these dams and mills, as Balmawhapple shot off his horse-pistol at Stirling Castle. Rocks and trees, rapids, cascades, and other water-works are doubtless all very well; but on the whole, considering our seven months of frost, are not cotton shirts and woollen coats still better? As for the spirits of the river, the Merrimac Naiads, or whatever may be their name in Indian vocabulary, they have no good reason for complaint; inasmuch as Nature, in marking and scooping out the channel of their stream, seems to have had an eye to the useful rather than the picturesque. After a few preliminary antics and youthful vagaries up among the White Hills, the Merrimac comes down to the seaboard, a clear, cheerful, hard-working Yankee river. Its numerous falls and rapids are such as seem to invite the engineer's level rather than the pencil of the tourist; and the mason who piles up the huge brick fabrics at their feet is seldom, I suspect, troubled with sentimental remorse or poetical misgivings. Staid and matter of fact as the Merrimac is, it has, nevertheless, certain capricious and eccentric tributaries; the Powow, for instance, with its eighty feet fall in a few rods, and that wild, Indian-haunted Spicket, taking its wellnigh perpendicular leap of thirty feet, within sight of the village meeting-house, kicking up its Pagan heels, Sundays and all, in sheer contempt of Puritan tithing-men. This latter waterfall is now somewhat

modified by the hand of Art, but is still, as Professor Hitchcock's "Scenographical Geology" says of it, "an object of no little interest." My friend T., favorably known as the translator of "Undine" and as a writer of fine and delicate imagination, visited Spicket Falls before the sound of a hammer or the click of a trowel had been heard beside them. His journal of "A Day on the Merrimac" gives a pleasing and vivid description of their original appearance as viewed through the telescope of a poetic fancy. The readers of "Undine" will thank me for a passage or two from this sketch: —

"The sound of the waters swells more deeply. Something supernatural in their confused murmur; it makes me better understand and sympathize with the writer of the Apocalypse when he speaks of the voice of many waters, heaping image upon image, to impart the vigor of his conception.

"Through yonder elm-branches I catch a few snowy glimpses of foam in the air. See that spray and vapor rolling up the evergreen on my left! The two side precipices, one hundred feet apart and excluding objects of inferior moment, darken and concentrate the view. The waters between pour over the right-hand and left-hand summit, rushing down and uniting among the craggiest and abruptest of rocks. Oh for a whole mountain-side of that living foam! The sun impresses a faint prismatic hue. These falls, compared with those of the Missouri, are nothing, — nothing but the merest miniature; and yet they assist me in forming some conception of that glorious expanse.

"A fragment of an oak, struck off by lightning,

struggles with the current midway down; while the shattered trunk frowns above the desolation, majestic in ruin. This is near the southern cliff. Farther north a crag rises out of the stream, its upper surface covered with green clover of the most vivid freshness. Not only all night, but all day, has the dew lain upon its purity.

"With my eye attaining the uppermost margin, where the waters shoot over, I look away into the western sky, and discern there (what you least expect) a cow chewing her cud with admirable composure, and higher up several sheep and lambs browsing celestial buds. They stand on the eminence that forms the background of my present view. The illusion is extremely picturesque, — such as Allston himself would despair of producing. 'Who can paint like Nature'?"

FIRST DAY IN LOWELL.

To a population like that of Lowell, the weekly respite from monotonous in-door toil afforded by the first day of the week is particularly grateful. Sabbath comes to the weary and overworked operative emphatically as a day of rest. It opens upon him somewhat as it did upon George Herbert, as he describes it in his exquisite little poem : —

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky ! "

Apart from its soothing religious associations, it brings with it the assurance of physical comfort and freedom. It is something to be able to doze out the morning from daybreak to breakfast in that luxurious state between sleeping and waking in which the mind eddies slowly and peacefully round and round instead of rushing onward, — the future a blank, the past annihilated, the present but a dim consciousness of pleasurable existence. Then, too, the satisfaction is by no means inconsiderable of throwing aside the worn and soiled habiliments of labor and appearing in neat and comfortable attire. The moral influence of dress has not been overrated even by Carlyle's Professor in his *Sartor Resartus*. William Penn says that cleanliness is akin to godliness. A well-dressed man, all other things being equal, is not half as

likely to compromise his character as one who approximates to shabbiness. Laurence Sterne used to say that when he felt himself giving way to low spirits and a sense of depression and worthlessness, — a sort of predisposition for all sorts of little meannesses, — he forthwith shaved himself, brushed his wig, donned his best dress and his gold rings, and thus put to flight the azure demons of his unfortunate temperament. There is somehow a close affinity between moral purity and clean linen; and the sprites of our daily temptation, who seem to find easy access to us through a broken hat or a rent in the elbow, are manifestly baffled by the "complete mail" of a clean and decent dress. I recollect on one occasion hearing my mother tell our family physician that a woman in the neighborhood, not remarkable for her tidiness, had become a church-member. "Humph!" said the doctor, in his quick, sarcastic way, "What of that? Don't you know that no unclean thing can enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"If you would see" Lowell "aright," as Walter Scott says of Melrose Abbey, one must be here of a pleasant First day at the close of what is called the "afternoon service." The streets are then blossoming like a peripatetic flower-garden; as if the tulips and lilies and roses of my friend W.'s nursery, in the vale of Nonantum, should take it into their heads to promenade for exercise. Thousands swarm forth who during week-days are confined to the mills. Gay colors alternate with snowy whiteness; extremest fashion elbows the plain demureness of old-fashioned Methodism.

Fair pale faces catch a warmer tint from the free sunshine and fresh air. The languid step becomes elastic with that "springy motion of the gait" which Charles Lamb admired. Yet the general appearance of the city is that of quietude; the youthful multitude passes on calmly, its voices subdued to a lower and softened tone, as if fearful of breaking the repose of the day of rest. A stranger fresh from the gayly spent Sabbaths of the continent of Europe would be undoubtedly amazed at the decorum and sobriety of these crowded streets.

I am not over-precise in outward observances; but I nevertheless welcome with joy unfeigned this first day of the week, — sweetest pause in our hard life-march, greenest resting-place in the hot desert we are treading. The errors of those who mistake its benignant rest for the iron rule of the Jewish Sabbath, and who consequently hedge it about with penalties and bow down before it in slavish terror, should not render us less grateful for the real blessing it brings us. As a day wrested in some degree from the god of this world, as an opportunity afforded for thoughtful self-communing, let us receive it as a good gift of our heavenly Parent in love rather than fear.

In passing along Central Street this morning my attention was directed by the friend who accompanied me to a group of laborers, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, heaving at levers, smiting with sledge-hammers, in full view of the street, on the margin of the canal, just above Central Street Bridge. I rubbed my eyes, half expecting that I was the subject of mere optical illusion; but a

second look only confirmed the first. Around me were solemn, go-to-meeting faces, — smileless and awful; and close at hand were the delving, toiling, mud-begrimed laborers. Nobody seemed surprised at it; nobody noticed it as a thing out of the common course of events. And this, too, in a city where the Sabbath proprieties are sternly insisted upon; where some twenty pulpits deal out anathemas upon all who "desecrate the Lord's day;" where simple notices of meetings for moral purposes even can scarcely be read; where many count it wrong to speak on that day for the slave, who knows no Sabbath of rest, or for the drunkard, who, imbruted by his appetites, cannot enjoy it. Verily there are strange contradictions in our conventional morality. Eyes which, looking across the Atlantic on the gay Sabbath dances of French peasants are turned upward with horror, are somehow blind to matters close at home. What would be sin past repentance in an individual becomes quite proper in a corporation. True, the Sabbath is holy; but the canals must be repaired. Everybody ought to go to meeting; but the dividends must not be diminished. Church indulgences are not, after all, confined to Rome.

To a close observer of human nature there is nothing surprising in the fact that a class of persons, who wink at this sacrifice of Sabbath sanctities to the demon of gain, look at the same time with stern disapprobation upon everything partaking of the character of amusement, however innocent and healthful, on this day. But for myself, looking down through the light of a golden even-

ing upon these quietly passing groups, I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them for seeking on this their sole day of leisure the needful influences of social enjoyment, unrestrained exercise, and fresh air. I cannot think any essential service to religion or humanity would result from the conversion of their day of rest into a Jewish Sabbath, and their consequent confinement, like so many pining prisoners, in close and crowded boarding-houses. Is not cheerfulness a duty, a better expression of our gratitude for God's blessings than mere words? And even under the old law of rituals, what answer had the Pharisees to the question, "Is it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath day?"

I am naturally of a sober temperament, and am, besides, a member of that sect which Dr. More has called, mistakenly indeed, "the most melancholy of all;" but I confess a special dislike of disfigured faces, ostentatious displays of piety, pride aping humility. Asceticism, moroseness, self-torture, ingratitude in view of down-showering blessings, and painful restraint of the better feelings of our nature may befit a Hindoo fakir, or a Mandan medicine man with buffalo skulls strung to his lacerated muscles; but they look to me sadly out of place in a believer of the glad evangel of the New Testament. The life of the divine Teacher affords no countenance to this sullen and gloomy saintliness, shutting up the heart against the sweet influences of human sympathy and the blessed ministrations of Nature. To the horror and clothes-rending astonishment of blind Pharisees He uttered the

significant truth, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." From the close air of crowded cities, from thronged temples and synagogues, — where priest and Levite kept up a show of worship, drumming upon hollow ceremonials the more loudly for their emptiness of life, as the husk rustles the more when the grain is gone, — He led His disciples out into the country stillness, under clear Eastern heavens, on the breezy tops of mountains, in the shade of fruit-trees, by the side of fountains, and through yellow harvest-fields, enforcing the lessons of His divine morality by comparisons and parables suggested by the objects around Him or the cheerful incidents of social humanity, — the vineyard, the field-lily, the sparrow in the air, the sower in the seed-field, the feast and the marriage. Thus gently, thus sweetly kind and cheerful, fell from His lips the gospel of humanity; love the fulfilling of every law; our love for one another measuring and manifesting our love of Him. The baptism wherewith He was baptized was that of divine fulness in the wants of our humanity; the deep waters of our sorrows went over Him; ineffable purity sounding for our sakes the dark abysm of sin; yet how like a river of light runs that serene and beautiful life through the narratives of the evangelists! He broke bread with the poor despised publican; He sat down with the fishermen by the Sea of Galilee; He spoke compassionate words to sin-sick Magdalen; He sanctified by His presence the social enjoyments of home and friendship in the family of Bethany; He laid His hand of blessing on the

sunny brows of children; He had regard even to the merely animal wants of the multitude in the wilderness; He frowned upon none of life's simple and natural pleasures. The burden of His Gospel was love; and in life and word He taught evermore the divided and scattered children of one great family that only as they drew near each other could they approach Him who was their common centre; and that while no ostentation of prayer nor rigid observance of ceremonies could elevate man to heaven, the simple exercise of love, in thought and action, could bring heaven down to man. To weary and restless spirits He taught the great truth, that happiness consists in making others happy. No cloister for idle genuflections and bead counting, no hair-cloth for the loins nor scourge for the limbs, but works of love and usefulness under the cheerful sunshine, making the waste places of humanity glad and causing the heart's desert to blossom. Why, then, should we go searching after the cast-off sackcloth of the Pharisee? Are we Jews, or Christians? Must even our gratitude for "glad tidings of great joy" be desponding? Must the hymn of our thanksgiving for countless mercies and the unspeakable gift of His life have evermore an undertone of funeral wailing? What! shall we go murmuring and lamenting, looking coldly on one another, seeing no beauty, nor light, nor gladness in this good world, wherein we have the glorious privilege of laboring in God's harvest-field, with angels for our task companions, blessing and being blessed?

To him who, neglecting the revelations of imme-

diate duty, looks regretfully behind and fearfully before him, life may well seem a solemn mystery, for, whichever way he turns, a wall of darkness rises before him; but down upon the present, as through a skylight between the shadows, falls a clear, still radiance, like beams from an eye of blessing; and, within the circle of that divine illumination, beauty and goodness, truth and love, purity and cheerfulness blend like primal colors into the clear harmony of light. The author of *Proverbial Philosophy* has a passage not unworthy of note in this connection, when he speaks of the train which attends the just in heaven: —

"Also in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes of triumph,
Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on earth.
Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, Sciences, and Muses,
That, like Sisters of Charity, tended in this world's hospital;
Welcome, for verily I knew ye could not but be children of the light;
Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in heaven,
And some I have scarcely looked for; as thou, light-hearted Mirth;
Thou, also, star-robed Urania; and thou with the curious glass,
That rejoicest in tracking beauty where the eye was too dull to note it.
And art thou, too, among the blessed, mild, much-injured Poetry?
That quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of matter,
That not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens with music,
And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon us from the stars."

THE LIGHTING UP.

"He spak to the spynnsters to spynnen it oute."
PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

THIS evening, the 20th of the ninth month, is the time fixed upon for lighting the mills for night-labor; and I have just returned from witnessing for the first time the effect of the new illumination.

Passing over the bridge, nearly to the Dracut shore, I had a fine view of the long line of mills, the city beyond, and the broad sweep of the river from the falls. The light of a tranquil and gorgeous sunset was slowly fading from river and sky, and the shadows of the trees on the Dracut slopes were blending in dusky indistinctness with the great shadow of night. Suddenly gleams of light broke from the black masses of masonry on the Lowell bank, at first feeble and scattered, flitting from window to window, appearing and disappearing, like will-o'-wisps in a forest or fireflies in a summer's night. Anon tier after tier of windows became radiant, until the whole vast wall, stretching far up the river, from basement to roof, became checkered with light reflected with the starbeams from the still water beneath. With a little effort of fancy, one could readily transform the huge mills, thus illuminated, into palaces lighted up for festival occasions, and the figures of the workers, passing to and fro before the windows, into forms of beauty and fashion, moving in graceful dances.

Alas! this music of the shuttle and the daylong dance to it are not altogether of the kind which Milton speaks of when he invokes the "soft Lydian airs" of voluptuous leisure. From this time henceforward for half a weary year, from the bell-call of morning twilight to half-past seven in the evening, with brief intermissions for two hasty meals, the operatives will be confined to their tasks. The proverbial facility of the Yankees in despatching their dinners in the least possible time seems to have been taken advantage of and reduced to a system on the Lowell corporations. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the working-men and women here contrive to repair to their lodgings, make the necessary preliminary ablutions, devour their beef and pudding, and hurry back to their looms and jacks in the brief space of half an hour. In this way the working-day in Lowell is eked out to an average throughout the year of twelve and a half hours. This is a serious evil, demanding the earnest consideration of the humane and philanthropic. Both classes — the employer and the employed — would in the end be greatly benefited by the general adoption of the "ten-hour system," although the one might suffer a slight diminution in daily wages and the other in yearly profits. Yet it is difficult to see how this most desirable change is to be effected. The stronger and healthier portion of the operatives might themselves object to it as strenuously as the distant stockholder who looks only to his semi-annual dividends. Health is too often a matter of secondary consideration. Gain is the great, all-absorbing object. Very few, compara-

tively, regard Lowell as their "continuing city." They look longingly back to green valleys of Vermont, to quiet farm-houses on the head-waters of the Connecticut and Merrimac, and to old familiar homes along the breezy seaboard of New England, whence they have been urged by the knowledge that here they can earn a larger amount of money in a given time than in any other place or employment. They come here for gain, not for pleasure; for high wages, not for the comforts that cluster about home. Here are poor widows toiling to educate their children; daughters hoarding their wages to redeem mortgaged paternal homesteads or to defray the expenses of sick and infirm parents; young betrothed girls, about to add their savings to those of their country lovers. Others there are, of maturer age, lonely and poor, impelled hither by a proud unwillingness to test to its extent the charity of friends and relatives, and a strong yearning for the "glorious privilege of being independent." All honor to them! Whatever may have closed against them the gates of matrimony, whether their own obduracy or the faithlessness or indifference of others, instead of shutting themselves up in a nunnery or taxing the good nature of their friends by perpetual demands for sympathy and support, like weak vines, putting out their feelers in every direction for something to twine upon, is it not better and wiser for them to go quietly at work, to show that woman has a self-sustaining power; that she is something in and of herself; that she, too, has a part to bear in life, and, in common with the self-elected "lords of creation,"

has a direct relation to absolute being? To such the factory presents the opportunity of taking the first and essential step of securing, within a reasonable space of time, a comfortable competency.

There are undoubtedly many evils connected with the working of these mills; yet they are partly compensated by the fact that here, more than in any other mechanical employment, the labor of woman is placed essentially upon an equality with that of man. Here, at least, one of the many social disabilities under which woman as a distinct individual, unconnected with the other sex, has labored in all time is removed; the work of her hands is adequately rewarded; and she goes to her daily task with the consciousness that she is not "spending her strength for naught."

The *Lowell Offering*, which has been for the last four years published monthly in this city, consisting entirely of articles written by females employed in the mills, has attracted much attention and obtained a wide circulation. This may be in part owing to the novel circumstances of its publication; but it is something more and better than a mere novelty. In its volumes may be found sprightly delineations of home scenes and characters, highly wrought imaginative pieces, tales of genuine pathos and humor, and pleasing fairy stories and fables. The *Offering* originated in a reading society of the mill girls, which, under the name of the Improvement Circle, was convened once in a month. At its meetings, pieces written by its members and dropped secretly into a sort of "lion's mouth," provided for the purpose of insuring the authors from detection,

were read for the amusement and criticism of the company. This circle is still in existence; and I owe to my introduction to it some of the most pleasant hours I have passed in Lowell.

The manner in which the *Offering* has been generally noticed in this country has not, to my thinking, been altogether in accordance with good taste or self-respect. It is hardly excusable for men, who, whatever may be their present position, have, in common with all of us, brothers, sisters, or other relations busy in workshop and dairy, and who have scarcely washed from their own professional hands the soil of labor, to make very marked demonstrations of astonishment at the appearance of a magazine whose papers are written by factory girls. As if the compatibility of mental cultivation with bodily labor and the equality and brotherhood of the human family were still open questions, depending for their decision very much on the production of positive proof that essays may be written and carpets woven by the same set of fingers!

The truth is, our democracy lacks calmness and solidity, the repose and self-reliance which come of long habitude and settled conviction. We have not yet learned to wear its simple truths with the graceful ease and quiet air of unsolicitous assurance with which the titled European does his social fictions. As a people, we do not feel and live out our great Declaration. We lack faith in man, — confidence in simple humanity, apart from its environments.

"The age shows, to my thinking, more infidels to Adam,
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God." [1]

[1] Elizabeth B. Browning.

TAKING COMFORT.

For the last few days the fine weather has lured me away from books and papers and the close air of dwellings into the open fields, and under the soft, warm sunshine, and the softer light of a full moon. The loveliest season of the whole year — that transient but delightful interval between the storms of the "wild equinox, with all their wet," and the dark, short, dismal days which precede the rigor of winter — is now with us. The sun rises through a soft and hazy atmosphere; the light mist-clouds melt gradually away before him; and his noontide light rests warm and clear on still woods, tranquil waters, and grasses green with the late autumnal rains. The rough-wooded slopes of Dracut, overlooking the falls of the river; Fort Hill, across the Concord, where the red man made his last stand, and where may still be seen the trench which he dug around his rude fortress; the beautiful woodlands on the Lowell and Tewksbury shores of the Concord; the cemetery; the Patucket Falls, — all within the reach of a moderate walk, — offer at this season their latest and loveliest attractions.

One fine morning, not long ago, I strolled down the Merrimac, on the Tewksbury shore. I know of no walk in the vicinity of Lowell so inviting as that along the margin of the river for nearly a mile

from the village of Belvidere. The path winds, green and flower-skirted, among beeches and oaks, through whose boughs you catch glimpses of waters sparkling and dashing below. Rocks, huge and picturesque, jut out into the stream, affording beautiful views of the river and the distant city.

Half fatigued with my walk, I threw myself down upon the rocky slope of the bank, where the panorama of earth, sky, and water lay clear and distinct about me. Far above, silent and dim as a picture, was the city, with its huge mill-masonry, confused chimney-tops, and church-spires; nearer rose the height of Belvidere, with its deserted burial-place and neglected gravestones sharply defined on its bleak, bare summit against the sky; before me the river went dashing down its rugged channel, sending up its everlasting murmur; above me the birch-tree hung its tassels; and the last wild flowers of autumn profusely fringed the rocky rim of the water. Right opposite, the Dracut woods stretched upwards from the shore, beautiful with the hues of frost, glowing with tints richer and deeper than those which Claude or Poussin mingled, as if the rainbows of a summer shower had fallen among them. At a little distance to the right a group of cattle stood mid-leg deep in the river; and a troop of children, bright-eyed and mirthful, were casting pebbles at them from a projecting shelf of rock. Over all a warm but softened sunshine melted down from a slumberous autumnal sky.

My revery was disagreeably broken. A low, grunting sound, half bestial, half human, attracted my attention. I was not alone. Close beside me,

half hidden by a tuft of bushes, lay a human being, stretched out at full length, with his face literally rooted into the gravel. A little boy, five or six years of age, clean and healthful, with his fair brown locks and blue eyes, stood on the bank above, gazing down upon him with an expression of childhood's simple and unaffected pity.

"What ails you?" asked the boy at length. "What makes you lie there?"

The prostrate groveller struggled half-way up, exhibiting the bloated and filthy countenance of a drunkard. He made two or three efforts to get upon his feet, lost his balance, and tumbled forward upon his face.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the boy.

"*I'm taking comfort*," he muttered, with his mouth in the dirt.

Taking his comfort! There he lay, — squalid and loathsome under the bright heaven, — an imbruted man. The holy harmonies of Nature, the sounds of gushing waters, the rustle of the leaves above him, the wild flowers, the frost-bloom of the woods, — what were they to him? Insensible, deaf, and blind, in the stupor of a living death, he lay there, literally realizing that most bitterly significant Eastern malediction, "*May you eat dirt!*"

In contrasting the exceeding beauty and harmony of inanimate Nature with the human degradation and deformity before me, I felt, as I confess I had never done before, the truth of a remark of a rare thinker, that "Nature is loved as the city of God, although, or rather because, it has no citizen. The beauty of Nature must ever be universal and mock-

ing until the landscape has human figures as good as itself. Man is fallen; Nature is erect."[1] As I turned once more to the calm blue sky, the hazy autumnal hills, and the slumberous water, dream-tinted by the foliage of its shores, it seemed as if a shadow of shame and sorrow fell over the pleasant picture; and even the west wind which stirred the tree-tops above me had a mournful murmur, as if Nature felt the desecration of her sanctities and the discord of sin and folly which marred her sweet harmonies.

God bless the temperance movement! And He will bless it; for it is His work. It is one of the great miracles of our times. Not Father Mathew in Ireland, nor Hawkins and his little band in Baltimore, but He whose care is over all the works of His hand, and who in His divine love and compassion "turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of waters are turned," hath done it. To Him be all the glory.

[1] Emerson.

CHARMS AND FAIRY FAITH.

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
Gray cock's feather."

ALLINGHAM.

IT was from a profound knowledge of human nature that Lord Bacon, in discoursing upon truth, remarked that a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. "Doth any man doubt," he asks, "that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, and imaginations, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?" This admitted tendency of our nature, this love of the pleasing intoxication of unveracity, exaggeration, and imagination, may perhaps account for the high relish which children and nations yet in the childhood of civilization find in fabulous legends and tales of wonder. The Arab at the present day listens with eager interest to the same tales of genii and afrits, sorcerers and enchanted princesses, which delighted his ancestors in the times of Haroun al Raschid. The gentle, church-

going Icelander of our time beguiles the long night of his winter with the very sagas and runes which thrilled with not unpleasing horror the hearts of the old Norse sea-robbers. What child, although Anglo-Saxon born, escapes a temporary sojourn in fairy-land? Who of us does not remember the intense satisfaction of throwing aside primer and spelling-book for stolen ethnographical studies of dwarfs and giants? Even in our own country and time old superstitions and credulities still cling to life with feline tenacity. Here and there, oftenest in our fixed, valley-sheltered, inland villages, — slumberous Rip Van Winkles, unprogressive and seldom visited, — may be found the same old beliefs in omens, warnings, witchcraft, and supernatural charms which our ancestors brought with them two centuries ago from Europe.

The practice of charms, or what is popularly called "trying projects," is still, to some extent, continued in New England. The inimitable description which Burns gives of similar practices in his Halloween may not in all respects apply to these domestic conjurations; but the following needs only the substitution of apple-seeds for nuts: —

> "The auld gude wife's wheel-hoordet nits
> Are round an' round divided;
> An' mony lads and lassies' fates
> Are there that night decided.
> Some kindle couthie side by side
> An' burn thegither trimly;
> Some start awa wi' saucy pride
> And jump out owre the chimlie."

One of the most common of these "projects" is as follows: A young woman goes down into the

cellar, or into a dark room, with a mirror in her hand, and looking in it, sees the face of her future husband peering at her through the darkness, — the mirror being, for the time, as potent as the famous Cambuscan glass of which Chaucer discourses. A neighbor of mine, in speaking of this conjuration, adduces a case in point. One of her schoolmates made the experiment and saw the face of a strange man in the glass; and many years afterwards she saw the very man pass her father's door. He proved to be an English emigrant just landed, and in due time became her husband. Burns alludes to something like the spell above described: —

"Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, grannie,
To eat an apple at the glass
I got from Uncle Johnnie?'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was so vaporin',
She noticed na an' azle brunt
Her bran new worset apron.

"Ye little skelpan-limmer's face,
How dare ye try sic sportin',
An' seek the foul thief ony place
For him to try your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight;*
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a one has gotten a fright,
An' lived and died deleerit."

It is not to be denied, and for truth's sake not to be regretted, that this amusing juvenile glammary has seen its best days in New England. The schoolmaster has been abroad to some purpose. Not without results have our lyceum lecturers and

travels of Peter Parley brought everything in heaven above and in the earth below to the level of childhood's capacities. In our cities and large towns children nowadays pass through the opening acts of life's marvellous drama with as little manifestation of wonder and surprise as the Indian does through the streets of a civilized city which he has entered for the first time. Yet Nature, sooner or later, vindicates her mysteries; voices from the unseen penetrate the din of civilization. The child philosopher and materialist often becomes the visionary of riper years, running into illuminism, magnetism, and transcendentalism, with its inspired priests and priestesses, its revelations and oracular responses.

But in many a green valley of rural New England there are children yet; boys and girls are still to be found not quite overtaken by the march of mind. There, too, are huskings, and apple-bees, and quilting parties, and huge old-fashioned fireplaces piled with crackling walnut, flinging its rosy light over happy countenances of youth and scarcely less happy age. If it be true that, according to Cornelius Agrippa, "a wood fire doth drive away dark spirits," it is, nevertheless, also true that around it the simple superstitions of our ancestors still love to linger; and there the half-sportful, half-serious charms of which I have spoken are oftenest resorted to. It would be altogether out of place to think of them by our black, unsightly stoves, or in the dull and dark monotony of our furnace-heated rooms. Within the circle of the light of the open fire safely might the young con-

jurers question destiny; for none but kindly and gentle messengers from wonderland could venture among them. And who of us, looking back to those long autumnal evenings of childhood when the glow of the kitchen-fire rested on the beloved faces of home, does not feel that there is truth and beauty in what the quaint old author just quoted affirms? "As the spirits of darkness grow stronger in the dark, so good spirits, which are angels of light, are multiplied and strengthened, not only by the divine light of the sun and stars, but also by the light of our common wood-fires." Even Lord Bacon, in condemning the superstitious beliefs of his day, admits that they might serve for winter talk around the fireside.

Fairy faith is, we may safely say, now dead everywhere, — buried, indeed, — for the mad painter Blake saw the funeral of the last of the little people, and an irreverent English bishop has sung their requiem. It never had much hold upon the Yankee mind, our superstitions being mostly of a sterner and less poetical kind. The Irish Presbyterians who settled in New Hampshire about the year 1720 brought indeed with them, among other strange matters, potatoes and fairies; but while the former took root and flourished among us, the latter died out, after lingering a few years in a very melancholy and disconsolate way, looking regretfully back to their green turf dances, moonlight revels, and cheerful nestling around the shealing fires of Ireland. The last that has been heard of them was some forty or fifty years ago in a tavern house in S——, New Hampshire. The landlord was a

spiteful little man, whose sour, pinched look was a standing libel upon the state of his larder. He made his house so uncomfortable by his moroseness that travellers even at nightfall pushed by his door and drove to the next town. Teamsters and drovers, who in those days were apt to be very thirsty, learned, even before temperance societies were thought of, to practice total abstinence on that road, and cracked their whips and goaded on their teams in full view of a most tempting array of bottles and glasses, from behind which the surly little landlord glared out upon them with a look which seemed expressive of all sorts of evil wishes, broken legs, overturned carriages, spavined horses, sprained oxen, unsavory poultry, damaged butter, and bad markets. And if, as a matter of necessity, to "keep the cold out of his stomach," occasionally a wayfarer stopped his team and ventured to call for "somethin' warmin'," the testy publican stirred up the beverage in such a spiteful way, that, on receiving it foaming from his hand, the poor customer was half afraid to open his mouth, lest the red-hot flip iron should be plunged down his gullet.

As a matter of course, poverty came upon the house and its tenants like an armed man. Loose clapboards rattled in the wind; rags fluttered from the broken windows; within doors were tattered children and scanty fare. The landlord's wife was a stout, buxom woman, of Irish lineage, and, what with scolding her husband and liberally patronizing his bar in his absence, managed to keep, as she said, her "own heart whole," although the same could scarcely be said of her children's trou-

sers and her own frock of homespun. She confidently predicted that "a betther day was coming," being, in fact, the only thing hopeful about the premises. And it did come, sure enough. Not only all the regular travellers on the road made a point of stopping at the tavern, but guests from all the adjacent towns filled its long-deserted rooms, — the secret of which was, that it had somehow got abroad that a company of fairies had taken up their abode in the hostelry and daily held conversation with each other in the capacious parlor. I have heard those who at the time visited the tavern say that it was literally thronged for several weeks. Small, squeaking voices spoke in a sort of Yankee-Irish dialect, in the haunted room, to the astonishment and admiration of hundreds. The inn, of course, was blessed by this fairy visitation; the clapboards ceased their racket, clear panes took the place of rags in the sashes, and the little till under the bar grew daily heavy with coin. The magical influence extended even farther; for it was observable that the landlord wore a good-natured face, and that the landlady's visits to the gin-bottle were less and less frequent. But the thing could not, in the nature of the case, continue long. It was too late in the day and on the wrong side of the water. As the novelty wore off, people began to doubt and reason about it. Had the place been traversed by a ghost or disturbed by a witch they could have acquiesced in it very quietly; but this outlandish belief in fairies was altogether an overtask for Yankee credulity. As might have been expected, the little strangers, unable to

breathe in an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion, soon took their leave, shaking off the dust of their elfin feet as a testimony against an unbelieving generation. It was, indeed, said that certain rude fellows from the Bay State pulled away a board from the ceiling and disclosed to view the fairies in the shape of the landlady's three slatternly daughters. But the reader who has any degree of that charity which thinks no evil will rather credit the statement of the fairies themselves, as reported by the mistress of the house, "that they were tired of the new country, and had no pace of their lives among the Yankees, and were going back to Ould Ireland."

It is a curious fact that the Indians had some notion of a race of beings corresponding in many respects to the English fairies. Schoolcraft describes them as small creatures in human shape, inhabiting rocks, crags, and romantic dells, and delighting especially in points of land jutting into lakes and rivers and which were covered with pine-trees. They were called Puckweedjinees, — little vanishers.

In a poetical point of view it is to be regretted that our ancestors did not think it worth their while to hand down to us more of the simple and beautiful traditions and beliefs of the "heathen round about" them. Some hints of them we glean from the writings of the missionary Mayhew and the curious little book of Roger Williams. Especially would one like to know more of that domestic demon, Wetuomanit, who presided over household affairs, assisted the young squaw in her first

essay at wigwam-keeping, gave timely note of danger, and kept evil spirits at a distance, — a kind of new-world brownie, gentle and useful.

Very suggestive, too, is the story of Pumoolah, — a mighty spirit, whose home is on the great Katahdin Mountain, sitting there with his earthly bride (a beautiful daughter of the Penobscots transformed into an immortal by her love), in serenest sunshine, above the storm which crouches and growls at his feet. None but the perfectly pure and good can reach his abode. Many have from time to time attempted it in vain; some, after almost reaching the summit, have been driven back by thunderbolts or sleety whirlwinds.

Not far from my place of residence are the ruins of a mill, in a narrow ravine fringed with trees. Some forty years ago the mill was supposed to be haunted; and horse-shoes, in consequence, were nailed over its doors. One worthy man, whose business lay beyond the mill, was afraid to pass it alone; and his wife, who was less fearful of supernatural annoyance, used to accompany him. The little old white-coated miller, who there ground corn and wheat for his neighbors, whenever he made a particularly early visit to his mill, used to hear it in full operation, — the water-wheel dashing bravely, and the old rickety building clattering to the jar of the stones. Yet the moment his hand touched the latch or his foot the threshold all was hushed save the melancholy drip of water from the dam or the low gurgle of the small stream eddying amidst willow roots and mossy stones in the ravine below.

This haunted mill has always reminded me of that most beautiful of Scottish ballads, the Song of the Elfin Miller, in which fairies are represented as grinding the poor man's grist without toll: —

"Full merrily rings the mill-stone round;
Full merrily rings the wheel;
Full merrily gushes out the grist;
Come, taste my fragrant meal.
The miller he 's a warldly man,
And maun hae double fee;
So draw the sluice in the churl's dam
And let the stream gae free!"

Brainerd, who truly deserves the name of an American poet, has left behind him a ballad on the Indian legend of the black fox which haunted Salmon River, a tributary of the Connecticut. Its wild and picturesque beauty causes us to regret that more of the still lingering traditions of the red men have not been made the themes of his verse: —

THE BLACK FOX.

"How cold, how beautiful, how bright
The cloudless heaven above us shines!
But 't is a howling winter's night;
'T would freeze the very forest pines.

"The winds are up while mortals sleep;
The stars look forth while eyes are shut;
The bolted snow lies drifted deep
Around our poor and lonely hut.

"With silent step and listening ear,
With bow and arrow, dog and gun,
We 'll mark his track, — his prowl we hear:
Now is our time! Come on! come on!

"O'er many a fence, through many a wood,
Following the dog's bewildered scent,
In anxious haste and earnest mood,
The white man and the Indian went.

"The gun is cocked; the bow is bent;
The dog stands with uplifted paw;
And ball and arrow both are sent,
Aimed at the prowler's very jaw.

"The ball to kill that fox is run
Not in a mould by mortals made;
The arrow which that fox should shun
Was never shaped from earthly reed.

"The Indian Druids of the wood
Know where the fatal arrows grow;
They spring not by the summer flood;
They pierce not through the winter's snow.

"Why cowers the dog, whose snuffing nose
Was never once deceived till now?
And why amidst the chilling snows
Does either hunter wipe his brow?

"For once they see his fearful den;
'T is a dark cloud that slowly moves
By night around the homes of men,
By day along the stream it loves.

"Again the dog is on the track,
The hunters chase o'er dale and hill;
They may not, though they would, look back;
They must go forward, forward still.

"Onward they go, and never turn,
Amidst a night which knows no day;
For nevermore shall morning sun
Light them upon their endless way.

"The hut is desolate; and there
The famished dog alone returns;

On the cold steps he makes his lair ;
By the shut door he lays his bones.

"Now the tired sportsman leans his gun
Against the ruins on its site,
And ponders on the hunting done
By the lost wanderers of the night.

"And there the little country girls
Will stop to whisper, listen, and look,
And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook."

The same writer has happily versified a pleasant superstition of the valley of the Connecticut. It is supposed that shad are led from the Gulf of Mexico to the Connecticut by a kind of Yankee bogle in the shape of a bird.

THE SHAD SPIRIT.

"Now drop the bolt, and securely nail
The horse-shoe over the door ;
'T is a wise precaution ; and, if it should fail,
It never failed before.

"Know ye the shepherd that gathers his flock
Where the gales of the equinox blow
From each unknown reef and sunken rock
In the Gulf of Mexico, —

"While the monsoons growl, and the trade-winds bark,
And the watch-dogs of the surge
Pursue through the wild waves the ravenous shark
That prowls around their charge ?

"To fair Connecticut's northernmost source,
O'er sand-bars, rapids, and falls,
The Shad Spirit holds his onward course
With the flocks which his whistle calls.

"Oh, how shall he know where he went before ?
Will he wander around forever ?
The last year's shad heads shall shine on the shore,
To light him up the river.

"And well can he tell the very time
To undertake his task :
When the pork-barrel 's low he sits on the chine
And drums on the empty cask.

"The wind is light, and the wave is white
With the fleece of the flock that 's near ;
Like the breath of the breeze he comes over the seas
And faithfully leads them here.

"And now he 's passed the bolted door
Where the rusted horse-shoe clings ;
So carry the nets to the nearest shore,
And take what the Shad Spirit brings."

The comparatively innocent nature and simple poetic beauty of this class of superstitions have doubtless often induced the moralist to hesitate in exposing their absurdity, and, like Burns in view of his national thistle, to

"Turn the weeding hook aside
And spare the symbol dear."

But the age has fairly outgrown them, and they are falling away by a natural process of exfoliation. The wonderland of childhood must henceforth be sought within the domains of truth. The strange facts of natural history, and the sweet mysteries of flowers and forests, and hills and waters, will profitably take the place of the fairy lore of the past, and poetry and romance still hold their accustomed seats in the circle of home, without bringing with them the evil spirits of credulity and

untruth. Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration of manhood; for it has been well said that the inquiry of truth, which is the lovemaking of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.

MAGICIANS AND WITCH FOLK.

Fascination, saith Henry Cornelius Agrippa, in the fiftieth chapter of his first book on Occult Philosophy, "is a binding which comes of the spirit of the witch through the eyes of him that is bewitched, entering to his heart; for the eye being opened and intent upon any one, with a strong imagination doth dart its beams, which are the vehiculum of the spirit, into the eyes of him that is opposite to her; which tender spirit strikes his eyes, stirs up and wounds his heart, and infects his spirit. Whence Apuleius saith, 'Thy eyes, sliding down through my eyes into my inmost heart, stirreth up a most vehement burning.' And when eyes are reciprocally intent upon each other, and when rays are joined to rays, and lights to lights, then the spirit of the one is joined to that of the other; so are strong ligations made and vehement loves inflamed." Taking this definition of witchcraft, we sadly fear it is still practised to a very great extent among us. The best we can say of it is, that the business seems latterly to have fallen into younger hands; its victims do not appear to regard themselves as especial objects of compassion; and neither church nor state seems inclined to interfere with it.

As might be expected in a shrewd community like ours, attempts are not unfrequently made to speculate in the supernatural, — to "make gain of

sooth-saying." In the autumn of last year a "wise woman" dreamed, or somnambulized, that a large sum of money, in gold and silver coin, lay buried in the centre of the great swamp in Poplin, New Hampshire; whereupon an immediate search was made for the precious metal. Under the bleak sky of November, in biting frost and sleet rain, some twenty or more grown men, graduates of our common schools, and liable, every mother's son of them, to be made deacons, squires, and general court members, and such other drill officers as may be requisite in the march of mind, might be seen delving in grim earnest, breaking the frozen earth, uprooting swamp-maples and hemlocks, and waking, with sledge and crowbar, unwonted echoes in a solitude which had heretofore only answered to the woodman's axe or the scream of the wild fowl. The snows of December put an end to their labors; but the yawning excavation still remains, a silent but somewhat expressive commentary upon the age of progress.

Still later, in one of our Atlantic cities, an attempt was made, partially at least, successful, to form a company for the purpose of digging for money in one of the desolate sand-keys of the West Indies. It appears that some mesmerized "subject," in the course of one of those somnambulic voyages of discovery in which the traveller, like Satan in chaos, —

> "O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies," —

while peering curiously into the earth's mysteries,

chanced to have his eyes gladdened by the sight of a huge chest packed with Spanish coins, the spoil, doubtless, of some rich-freighted argosy, or Carthagena galleon, in the rare days of Queen Elizabeth's Christian buccaneers.

During the last quarter of a century, a colored woman in one of the villages on the southern border of New Hampshire has been consulted by hundreds of anxious inquirers into the future. Long experience in her profession has given her something of that ready estimate of character, that quick and keen appreciation of the capacity, habits, and wishes of her visitors, which so remarkably distinguished the late famous Madame Le Normand, of Paris; and if that old squalid sorceress, in her cramped Parisian attic, redolent of garlic and bestrewn with the greasy implements of sorry housewifery, was, as has been affirmed, consulted by such personages as the fair Josephine Beauharnois, and the "man of destiny," Napoleon himself, is it strange that the desire to lift the veil of the great mystery before us should overcome in some degree our peculiar and most republican prejudice against color, and reconcile us to the disagreeable necessity of looking at futurity through a black medium?

Some forty years ago, on the banks of the pleasant little creek separating Berwick, in Maine, from Somersworth, in New Hampshire, within sight of my mother's home, dwelt a plain, sedate member of the society of Friends, named Bantum. He passed throughout a circle of several miles as a conjurer and skilful adept in the art of magic. To him resorted farmers who had lost their cattle,

matrons whose household gear, silver spoons, and table-linen had been stolen, or young maidens whose lovers were absent; and the quiet, meek-spirited old man received them all kindly, put on his huge iron-rimmed spectacles, opened his "conjuring book," which my mother describes as a large clasped volume in strange language and black-letter type, and after due reflection and consideration gave the required answers without money and without price. The curious old volume is still in the possession of the conjurer's family. Apparently inconsistent as was this practice of the black art with the simplicity and truthfulness of his religious profession, I have not been able to learn that he was ever subjected to censure on account of it. It may be that our modern conjurer defended himself on grounds similar to those assumed by the celebrated knight of Nettesheim, in the preface to his first Book of Magic: "Some," says he, "may crie oute that I teach forbidden arts, sow the seed of heresies, offend pious ears, and scandalize excellent wits; that I am a sorcerer, superstitious and devilish, who indeed am a magician. To whom I answer, that a magician doth not among learned men signifie a sorcerer or one that is superstitious or devilish, but a wise man, a priest, a prophet, and that the sibyls prophesied most clearly of Christ; that magicians, as wise men, by the wonderful secrets of the world, knew Christ to be born, and came to worship him, first of all; and that the name of magicke is received by philosophers, commended by divines, and not unacceptable to the Gospel."

The study of astrology and occult philosophy, to

which many of the finest minds of the Middle Ages devoted themselves without molestation from the Church, was never practised with impunity after the Reformation. The Puritans and Presbyterians, taking the Bible for their rule, "suffered not a witch to live;" and, not content with burning the books of those who "used curious arts" after the manner of the Ephesians, they sacrificed the students themselves on the same pile. Hence we hear little of learned and scientific wizards in New England. One remarkable character of this kind seems, however, to have escaped the vigilance of our modern Doctors of the Mosaic Law. Dr. Robert Child came to this country about the year 1644, and took up his residence in the Massachusetts colony. He was a man of wealth, and owned plantations at Nashaway, now Lancaster, and at Saco, in Maine. He was skilful in mineralogy and metallurgy, and seems to have spent a good deal of money in searching for mines. He is well known as the author of the first decided movement for liberty of conscience in Massachusetts, his name standing at the head of the famous petition of 1646 for a modification of the laws in respect to religious worship, and complaining in strong terms of the disfranchisement of persons not members of the Church. A tremendous excitement was produced by this remonstrance; clergy and magistrates joined in denouncing it; Dr. Child and his associates were arrested, tried for contempt of government, and heavily fined. The Court, in passing sentence, assured the Doctor that his crime was only equalled by that of Korah and his troop, who

rebelled against Moses and Aaron. He resolved to appeal to the Parliament of England, and made arrangements for his departure, but was arrested, and ordered to be kept a prisoner in his own house until the vessel in which he was to sail had left Boston. He was afterwards imprisoned for a considerable length of time, and on his release found means to return to England. The Doctor's trunks were searched by the Puritan authorities while he was in prison; but it does not appear that they detected the occult studies to which he was addicted, to which lucky circumstance it is doubtless owing that the first champion of religious liberty in the New World was not hung for a wizard.

Dr. Child was a graduate of the renowned University of Padua, and had travelled extensively in the Old World. Probably, like Michael Scott, he had

> "Learned the art of glammarye
> In Padua, beyond the sea;"

for I find in the dedication of an English translation of a Continental work on astrology and magic, printed in 1651 "at the sign of the Three Bibles," that his "sublime hermeticall and theomagicall lore" is compared to that of Hermes and Agrippa. He is complimented as a master of the mysteries of Rome and Germany, and as one who had pursued his investigations among the philosophers of the Old World and the Indians of the New, "leaving no stone unturned, the turning whereof might conduce to the discovery of what is occult."

There was still another member of the Friends' society in Vermont, of the name of Austin, who, in answer, as he supposed, to prayer and a long-cher-

ished desire to benefit his afflicted fellow-creatures, received, as he believed, a special gift of healing. For several years applicants from nearly all parts of New England visited him with the story of their sufferings and praying for a relief, which, it is averred, was in many instances really obtained. Letters from the sick who were unable to visit him, describing their diseases, were sent him; and many are yet living who believe that they were restored miraculously at the precise period of time when Austin was engaged in reading their letters. One of my uncles was commissioned to convey to him a large number of letters from sick persons in his neighborhood. He found the old man sitting in his plain parlor in the simplest garb of his sect, — grave, thoughtful, venerable, — a drab-coated Prince Hohenlohe. He received the letters in silence, read them slowly, casting them one after another upon a large pile of similar epistles in a corner of the apartment.

Half a century ago nearly every neighborhood in New England was favored with one or more reputed dealers in magic. Twenty years later there were two poor old sisters who used to frighten school urchins and "children of a larger growth" as they rode down from New Hampshire on their gaunt skeleton horses, strung over with baskets for the Newburyport market. They were aware of the popular notion concerning them, and not unfrequently took advantage of it to levy a sort of black mail upon their credulous neighbors. An attendant at the funeral of one of these sisters, who when living was about as unsubstantial as Ossian's ghost,

through which the stars were visible, told me that her coffin was so heavy that four stout men could barely lift it.

One of my earliest recollections is that of an old woman, residing about two miles from the place of my nativity, who for many years had borne the unenviable reputation of a witch. She certainly had the look of one, — a combination of form, voice, and features which would have made the fortune of an English witch finder in the days of Matthew Paris or the Sir John Podgers of Dickens, and insured her speedy conviction in King James's High Court of Justiciary. She was accused of divers ill-doings, — such as preventing the cream in her neighbor's churn from becoming butter, and snuffing out candles at huskings and quilting-parties.

> "She roamed the country far and near,
> Bewitched the children of the peasants,
> Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
> And sucked the eggs, and killed the pheasants."

The poor old woman was at length so sadly annoyed by her unfortunate reputation that she took the trouble to go before a justice of the peace, and made solemn oath that she was a Christian woman, and no witch.

Not many years since a sad-visaged, middle-aged man might be seen in the streets of one of our seaboard towns at times suddenly arrested in the midst of a brisk walk and fixed motionless for some minutes in the busy thoroughfare. No effort could induce him to stir until, in his opinion, the spell was removed and his invisible tormentor suffered him to proceed. He explained his singular

detention as the act of a whole family of witches whom he had unfortunately offended during a visit down East. It was rumored that the offence consisted in breaking off a matrimonial engagement with the youngest member of the family, — a sorceress, perhaps, in more than one sense of the word, like that " winsome wench and walie " in Tam O'Shanter's witch-dance at Kirk Alloway. His only hope was that he should outlive his persecutors; and it is said that at the very hour in which the event took place he exultingly assured his friends that the spell was forever broken, and that the last of the family of his tormentors was no more.

When a boy, I occasionally met, at the house of a relative in an adjoining town, a stout, red-nosed old farmer of the neighborhood. A fine tableau he made of a winter's evening, in the red light of a birch-log fire, as he sat for hours watching its progress, with sleepy, half-shut eyes, changing his position only to reach the cider-mug on the shelf near him. Although he seldom opened his lips save to assent to some remark of his host or to answer a direct question, yet at times, when the cider-mug got the better of his taciturnity, he would amuse us with interesting details of his early experiences in " the Ohio country."

There was, however, one chapter in these experiences which he usually held in reserve, and with which " the stranger intermeddled not." He was not willing to run the risk of hearing that which to him was a frightful reality turned into ridicule by scoffers and unbelievers. The substance of it, as

I received it from one of his neighbors, forms as clever a tale of witchcraft as modern times have produced.

It seems that when quite a young man he left the homestead, and, strolling westward, worked his way from place to place until he found himself in one of the old French settlements on the Ohio River. Here he procured employment on the farm of a widow; and being a smart, active fellow, and proving highly serviceable in his department, he rapidly gained favor in the eyes of his employer. Ere long, contrary to the advice of the neighbors, and in spite of somewhat discouraging hints touching certain matrimonial infelicities experienced by the late husband, he resolutely stepped into the dead man's shoes: the mistress became the wife, and the servant was legally promoted to the head of the household.

For a time matters went on cosily and comfortably enough. He was now lord of the soil; and, as he laid in his crops of corn and potatoes, salted down his pork, and piled up his wood for winter's use, he naturally enough congratulated himself upon his good fortune and laughed at the sinister forebodings of his neighbors. But with the long winter months came a change over his "love's young dream." An evil and mysterious influence seemed to be at work in his affairs. Whatever he did after consulting his wife or at her suggestion resulted favorably enough; but all his own schemes and projects were unaccountably marred and defeated. If he bought a horse, it was sure to prove spavined or wind-broken. His cows either refused

to give down their milk, or, giving it, perversely kicked it over. A fine sow which he had bargained for repaid his partiality by devouring, like Saturn, her own children. By degrees a dark thought forced its way into his mind. Comparing his repeated mischances with the ante-nuptial warnings of his neighbors, he at last came to the melancholy conclusion that his wife was a witch. The victim in Motherwell's ballad of the Demon Lady, or the poor fellow in the Arabian tale who discovered that he had married a ghoul in the guise of a young and blooming princess, was scarcely in a more sorrowful predicament. He grew nervous and fretful. Old dismal nursery stories and all the witch lore of boyhood came back to his memory; and he crept to his bed like a criminal to the gallows, half afraid to fall asleep lest his mysterious companion should take a fancy to transform him into a horse, get him shod at the smithy, and ride him to a witch-meeting. And, as if to make the matter worse, his wife's affection seemed to increase just in proportion as his troubles thickened upon him. She aggravated him with all manner of caresses and endearments. This was the drop too much. The poor husband recoiled from her as from a waking nightmare. His thoughts turned to New England; he longed to see once more the old homestead, with its tall well-sweep and butternut-trees by the roadside; and he sighed amidst the rich bottom-lands of his new home for his father's rocky pasture, with its crop of stinted mulleins. So one cold November day, finding himself out of sight and hearing of his wife, he summoned courage to

attempt an escape, and, resolutely turning his back on the West, plunged into the wilderness towards the sunrise. After a long and hard journey he reached his birthplace, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a close mouth with respect to his unlucky adventure in Ohio, he soon after married one of his schoolmates, and, by dint of persevering industry and economy, in a few years found himself in possession of a comfortable home.

But his evil star still lingered above the horizon. One summer evening, on returning from the hayfield, who should meet him but his witch wife from Ohio! She came riding up the street on her old white horse, with a pillion behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his unhandsome desertion of her, she informed him that she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back again.

It was in vain that he pleaded his later engagements; it was in vain that his new wife raised her shrillest remonstrances, not unmingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's real position; the witch wife was inexorable; go he must, and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself the effects of the unlucky disclosure on the temper of his New England helpmate, he made a virtue of the necessity of the case, bade farewell to the latter amidst a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and mounted the white horse, with his old wife on the pillion behind him.

Of that ride Burger might have written a counterpart to his ballad: —

> "Tramp, tramp, along the shore they ride,
> Splash, splash, along the sea."

Two or three years had passed away, bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband, when he once more made his appearance in his native village. He was not disposed to be very communicative; but for one thing, at least, he seemed willing to express his gratitude. His Ohio wife, having no spell against intermittent fever, had paid the debt of nature, and had left him free; in view of which, his surviving wife, after manifesting a due degree of resentment, consented to take him back to her bed and board; and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her clemency.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."

EMERSON'S *Essays, Second Series*, iv., p. 162.

A FEW days since I was walking with a friend, who, unfortunately for himself, seldom meets with anything in the world of realities worthy of comparison with the ideal of his fancy, which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides perpetually before him, always near yet never overtaken. He was half humorously, half seriously, complaining of the lack of beauty in the faces and forms that passed us on the crowded sidewalk. Some defect was noticeable in all: one was too heavy, another too angular; here a nose was at fault, there a mouth put a set of otherwise fine features out of countenance; the fair complexions had red hair, and glossy black locks were wasted upon dingy ones. In one way or another all fell below his impossible standard.

The beauty which my friend seemed in search of was that of proportion and coloring; mechanical exactness; a due combination of soft curves and obtuse angles, of warm carnation and marble purity. Such a man, for aught I can see, might love a graven image, like the girl of Florence who pined into a shadow for the Apollo Belvidere, look-

ing coldly on her with stony eyes from his niche in the Vatican. One thing is certain, — he will never find his faultless piece of artistical perfection by searching for it amidst flesh-and-blood realities. Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass, or lay on her colors by the rules of royal artists or the dunces of the academies. She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. To the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature we owe the great charm of her uncloying beauty. Look at her primitive woods; scattered trees, with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots; great clumps of green shadow, where limb intwists with limb and the rustle of one leaf stirs a hundred others, — stretching up steep hillsides, flooding with green beauty the valleys, or arching over with leaves the sharp ravines, every tree and shrub unlike its neighbor in size and proportion, — the old and storm-broken leaning on the young and vigorous, — intricate and confused, without order or method. Who would exchange this for artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity, like so many grenadiers under review? Who wants eternal sunshine or shadow? Who would fix forever the loveliest cloudwork of an autumn sunset, or hang over him an everlasting moonlight? If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds,

could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who shall venture to ask our kind Mother Nature to remove from our sight any one of her forms or colors? Who shall decide which is beautiful, or otherwise, in itself considered?

There are too many, like my fastidious friend, who go through the world "from Dan to Beersheba, finding all barren," — who have always some fault or other to find with Nature and Providence, seeming to consider themselves especially ill used because the one does not always coincide with their taste, nor the other with their narrow notions of personal convenience. In one of his early poems, Coleridge has well expressed a truth, which is not the less important because it is not generally admitted. The idea is briefly this: that the mind gives to all things their coloring, their gloom, or gladness; that the pleasure we derive from external nature is primarily from ourselves: —

> "from the mind itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous mist,
> Enveloping the earth."

The real difficulty of these lifelong hunters after the beautiful exists in their own spirits. They set up certain models of perfection in their imaginations, and then go about the world in the vain expectation of finding them actually wrought out according to pattern; very unreasonably calculating that Nature will suspend her everlasting laws for the purpose of creating faultless prodigies for their especial gratification.

The authors of *Gayeties and Gravities* give it as their opinion that no object of sight is regarded by us as a simple disconnected form, but that an instantaneous reflection as to its history, purpose, or associations converts it into a concrete one, — a process, they shrewdly remark, which no thinking being can prevent, and which can only be avoided by the unmeaning and stolid stare of "a goose on the common or a cow on the green." The senses and the faculties of the understanding are so blended with and dependent upon each other that not one of them can exercise its office alone and without the modification of some extrinsic interference or suggestion. Grateful or unpleasant associations cluster around all which sense takes cognizance of; the beauty which we discern in an external object is often but the reflection of our own minds.

What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold onlooker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features and that awkward form beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness, — softens, irradiates, and glorifies it. That which to others seems commonplace and unworthy of note is to him, in the words of Spenser, —

> "A sweet, attractive kind of grace;
> A full assurance given by looks;
> Continual comfort in a face;
> The lineaments of Gospel books."

"Handsome is that handsome does, — hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, — generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the full calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely

to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk and no wife to grind him corn." Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas, speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness, of young maternity, — Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, — how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony, —

> "Spirits moving musically
> To a lute's well-ordered law," [1]

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance? "I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of

[1] *The Haunted Palace*, by Edgar A. Poe.

peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the *Journal of John Woolman*, there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

THE WORLD'S END.

"Our Father Time is weak and gray,
Awaiting for the better day;
See how idiot-like he stands,
Fumbling his old palsied hands!"

SHELLEY'S *Masque of Anarchy.*

"STAGE ready, gentlemen! Stage for camp-ground, Derry! Second Advent camp-meeting!"

Accustomed as I begin to feel to the ordinary sights and sounds of this busy city, I was, I confess, somewhat startled by this business-like annunciation from the driver of a stage, who stood beside his horses swinging his whip with some degree of impatience: "Seventy-five cents to the Second Advent camp-ground!"

The stage was soon filled; the driver cracked his whip and went rattling down the street.

The Second Advent, — the coming of our Lord in person upon this earth, with signs, and wonders, and terrible judgments, — the heavens rolling together as a scroll, the elements melting with fervent heat! The mighty consummation of all things at hand, with its destruction and its triumphs, sad wailings of the lost and rejoicing songs of the glorified! From this overswarming hive of industry, — from these crowded treadmills of gain, — here were men and women going out in solemn earnestness to prepare for the dread moment which

they verily suppose is only a few months distant, — to lift up their warning voices in the midst of scoffers and doubters, and to cry aloud to blind priests and careless churches, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!"

It was one of the most lovely mornings of this loveliest season of the year; a warm, soft atmosphere; clear sunshine falling on the city spires and roofs; the hills of Dracut quiet and green in the distance, with their white farm-houses and scattered trees; around me the continual tread of footsteps hurrying to the toils of the day; merchants spreading out their wares for the eyes of purchasers; sounds of hammers, the sharp clink of trowels, the murmur of the great manufactories subdued by distance. How was it possible, in the midst of so much life, in that sunrise light, and in view of all abounding beauty, that the idea of the death of Nature — the baptism of the world in fire — could take such a practical shape as this? Yet here were sober, intelligent men, gentle and pious women, who, verily believing the end to be close at hand, had left their counting-rooms, and workshops, and household cares to publish the great tidings, and to startle, if possible, a careless and unbelieving generation into preparation for the day of the Lord and for that blessed millennium, — the restored paradise, — when, renovated and renewed by its fire-purgation, the earth shall become as of old the garden of the Lord, and the saints alone shall inherit it.

Very serious and impressive is the fact that this idea of a radical change in our planet is not only

predicted in the Scriptures, but that the Earth herself, in her primitive rocks and varying formations, on which are lithographed the history of successive convulsions, darkly prophesies of others to come. The old poet prophets, all the world over, have sung of a renovated world. A vision of it haunted the contemplations of Plato. It is seen in the half-inspired speculations of the old Indian mystics. The Cumæan sibyl saw it in her trances. The apostles and martyrs of our faith looked for it anxiously and hopefully. Gray anchorites in the deserts, worn pilgrims to the holy places of Jewish and Christian tradition, prayed for its coming. It inspired the gorgeous visions of the early fathers. In every age since the Christian era, from the caves, and forests, and secluded "upper chambers" of the times of the first missionaries of the cross, from the Gothic temples of the Middle Ages, from the bleak mountain gorges of the Alps, where the hunted heretics put up their expostulation, "How long, O Lord, how long?" down to the present time, and from this Derry camp-ground, have been uttered the prophecy and the prayer for its fulfilment.

How this great idea manifests itself in the lives of the enthusiasts of the days of Cromwell! Think of Sir Henry Vane, cool, sagacious statesman as he was, waiting with eagerness for the foreshadowings of the millennium, and listening, even in the very council hall, for the blast of the last trumpet! Think of the Fifth Monarchy Men, weary with waiting for the long-desired consummation, rushing out with drawn swords and loaded

matchlocks into the streets of London to establish at once the rule of King Jesus! Think of the wild enthusiasts at Munster, verily imagining that the millennial reign had commenced in their mad city! Still later, think of Granville Sharpe, diligently laboring in his vocation of philanthropy, laying plans for the slow but beneficent amelioration of the condition of his country and the world, and at the same time maintaining, with the zeal of Father Miller himself, that the earth was just on the point of combustion, and that the millennium would render all his benevolent schemes of no sort of consequence!

And, after all, is the idea itself a vain one? Shall to-morrow be as to-day? Shall the antagonism of good and evil continue as heretofore forever? Is there no hope that this world-wide prophecy of the human soul, uttered in all climes, in all times, shall yet be fulfilled? Who shall say it may not be true? Nay, is not its truth proved by its universality? The hope of all earnest souls *must* be realized. That which, through a distorted and doubtful medium, shone even upon the martyr enthusiasts of the French revolution, — soft gleams of heaven's light rising over the hell of man's passions and crimes, — the glorious ideal of Shelley, who, atheist as he was through early prejudice and defective education, saw the horizon of the world's future kindling with the light of a better day, — that hope and that faith which constitute, as it were, the world's life, and without which it would be dark and dead, cannot be in vain.

I do not, I confess, sympathize with my Second

Advent friends in their lamentable depreciation of Mother Earth even in her present state. I find it extremely difficult to comprehend how it is that this goodly, green, sunlit home of ours is resting under a curse. It really does not seem to me to be altogether like the roll which the angel bore in the prophet's vision, "written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe." September sunsets, changing forests, moonrise and cloud, sun and rain, — I for one am contented with them. They fill my heart with a sense of beauty. I see in them the perfect work of infinite love as well as wisdom. It may be that our Advent friends, however, coincide with the opinions of an old writer on the prophecies, who considered the hills and valleys of the earth's surface and its changes of seasons as so many visible manifestations of God's curse, and that in the millennium, as in the days of Adam's innocence, all these picturesque inequalities would be levelled nicely away, and the flat surface laid handsomely down to grass!

As might be expected, the effect of this belief in the speedy destruction of the world and the personal coming of the Messiah, acting upon a class of uncultivated, and, in some cases, gross minds, is not always in keeping with the enlightened Christian's ideal of the better day. One is shocked in reading some of the "hymns" of these believers. Sensual images, — semi-Mahometan descriptions of the condition of the "saints," — exultations over the destruction of the "sinners," — mingle with the beautiful and soothing promises of the prophets. There are indeed occasionally to be

found among the believers men of refined and exalted spiritualism, who in their lives and conversation remind one of Tennyson's Christian knight-errant in his yearning towards the hope set before him: —

> "to me is given
> Such hope I may not fear;
> I long to breathe the airs of heaven,
> Which sometimes meet me here.
>
> "I muse on joys that cannot cease,
> Pure spaces filled with living beams,
> White lilies of eternal peace,
> Whose odors haunt my dreams."

One of the most ludicrous examples of the sensual phase of Millerism, the incongruous blending of the sublime with the ridiculous, was mentioned to me not long since. A fashionable young woman in the western part of this State became an enthusiastic believer in the doctrine. On the day which had been designated as the closing one of time she packed all her fine dresses and toilet valuables in a large trunk, with long straps attached to it, and, seating herself upon it, buckled the straps over her shoulders, patiently awaiting the crisis, — shrewdly calculating that, as she must herself go upwards, her goods and chattels would of necessity follow.

Three or four years ago, on my way eastward, I spent an hour or two at a camp-ground of the Second Advent in East Kingston. The spot was well chosen. A tall growth of pine and hemlock threw its melancholy shadow over the multitude, who were arranged upon rough seats of boards and logs. Several hundred — perhaps a thousand people — were present, and more were rapidly

coming. Drawn about in a circle, forming a background of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage, were the white tents, and back of them the provision-stalls and cook-shops. When I reached the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I could readily perceive that it had its effect upon the multitude before me, kindling to higher intensity their already excited enthusiasm. The preachers were placed in a rude pulpit of rough boards, carpeted only by the dead forest-leaves and flowers, and tasselled, not with silk and velvet, but with the green boughs of the sombre hemlocks around it. One of them followed the music in an earnest exhortation on the duty of preparing for the great event. Occasionally he was really eloquent, and his description of the last day had the ghastly distinctness of Anelli's painting of the End of the World.

Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit were two broad sheets of canvas, upon one of which was the figure of a man, the head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay, — the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision, — the beasts, the dragons, the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos, Oriental types, figures, and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a travelling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me of the tremendous line of Milton, who, in speaking of the same evil dragon, describes him as

"Swindging the scaly horrors of his folded tail."

To an imaginative mind the scene was full of novel interest. The white circle of tents; the dim wood arches; the upturned, earnest faces; the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible; the smoke from the fires, rising like incense, — carried me back to those days of primitive worship which tradition faintly whispers of, when on hill-tops and in the shade of old woods Religion had her first altars, with every man for her priest and the whole universe for her temple.

Wisely and truthfully has Dr. Channing spoken of this doctrine of the Second Advent in his memorable discourse in Berkshire a little before his death: —

"There are some among us at the present moment who are waiting for the speedy coming of Christ. They expect, before another year closes, to see Him in the clouds, to hear His voice, to stand before His judgment-seat. These illusions spring from misinterpretation of Scripture language. Christ, in the New Testament, is said to *come* whenever His religion breaks out in new glory or gains new triumphs. He came in the Holy Spirit in the day of Pentecost. He came in the destruction of Jerusalem, which, by subverting the old ritual law and breaking the power of the worst enemies of His religion, insured to it new victories. He came in the reformation of the Church. He came on this day four years ago, when, through His religion, eight hundred thousand men were raised from the lowest degradation to the rights, and dig-

nity, and fellowship of men. Christ's outward appearance is of little moment compared with the brighter manifestation of His spirit. The Christian, whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God, discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of His chariot-wheels and the voice of His trumpet, when no other perceives them. He discerns the Saviour's advent in the dawning of higher truth on the world, in new aspirations of the Church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudice and error, in brighter expressions of Christian love, in more enlightened and intense consecration of the Christian to the cause of humanity, freedom, and religion. Christ comes in the conversion, the regeneration, the emancipation, of the world."

THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT.

[1869.]

Looking at the Government Chart of Lake Erie, one sees the outlines of a long, narrow island, stretching along the shore of Canada West, opposite the point where Loudon District pushes its low, wooded wedge into the lake. This is Long Point Island, known and dreaded by the navigators of the inland sea which batters its yielding shores, and tosses into fantastic shapes its sand-heaps. The eastern end is some twenty miles from the Canada shore, while on the west it is only separated from the mainland by a narrow strait known as "The Cut." It is a sandy, desolate region, broken by small ponds, with dreary tracts of fenland, its ridges covered with a low growth of pine, oak, beech, and birch, in the midst of which, in its season, the dogwood puts out its white blossoms. Wild grapes trail over the sand-dunes and festoon the dwarf trees. Here and there are almost impenetrable swamps, thick-set with white cedars, intertwisted and contorted by the lake winds, and broken by the weight of snow and ice in winter. Swans and wild geese paddle in the shallow, reedy bayous; raccoons and even deer traverse the sparsely wooded ridges. The shores of its creeks and fens are tenanted by minks and

muskrats. The tall tower of a light-house rises at the eastern extremity of the island, the keeper of which is now its solitary inhabitant.

Fourteen years ago, another individual shared the proprietorship of Long Point. This was John Becker, who dwelt on the south side of the island, near its westerly termination, in a miserable board shanty nestled between naked sand-hills. He managed to make a poor living by trapping and spearing muskrats, the skins of which he sold to such boatmen and small-craft skippers as chanced to land on his forlorn territory. His wife, a large, mild-eyed, patient young woman of some twenty-six years, kept her hut and children as tidy as circumstances admitted, assisted her husband in preparing the skins, and sometimes accompanied him on his trapping excursions.

On that lonely coast, seldom visited in summer, and wholly cut off from human communication in winter, they might have lived and died with as little recognition from the world as the minks and wild-fowl with whom they were tenants in common, but for a circumstance which called into exercise unsuspected qualities of generous courage and heroic self-sacrifice.

The dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie, but the fortunes of one alone have special interest for us. About that time the schooner Conductor, owned by John McLeod, of the Provincial Parliament, a resident of Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, entered the lake from that river, bound for Port

Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett, a Highlander by birth, and a skilful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down her decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoondrift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of her place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged, the waves rolling in heavily, and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched by the pitiless waves, and scourged by the showers of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of a morning of tempest succeeded to the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her

hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the light-keeper, at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at daylight on the beach in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor, cast up by the waves. Her experience of storm and disaster on that dangerous coast needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in her neighborhood human life had been, or still was, in peril. She followed the southwesterly trend of the island for a little distance, and, peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discerned the spars of the sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her, as she gazed upon those helpless fellow-creatures, so near, yet so unapproachable. She had no boat, and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moment's reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach, at the nearest point to the vessel; and, gathering up the logs and drift-wood always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and, constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw, through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire and the tall figure of the woman passing to and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of the utter despair

which had prompted them to let go their hold and drop into the seething waters, that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, and clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray, — a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound, and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire, and sought to induce the sailors by signals — for even her strong voice could not reach them — to throw themselves into the surf, and trust to Providence and her for succor. In anticipation of this, she had her kettle boiling over the drift-wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth and life to the half-frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the west; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of cloud. Taking advantage of this, the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors to throw themselves into the waves, and strive to reach

her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called to his mate in the rigging of the other mast: "It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are!" With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused for one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and, throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast-deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach, when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and, laying him down by her fire, warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him. Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other's arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to her fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel; and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman

of Scripture, she had only "done what she could," in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life.

It so chanced, however, that a gentleman from Buffalo, E. P. Dorr, who had, in his early days, commanded a vessel on the lake, found himself, shortly after, at a small port on the Canada shore, not far from Long Point Island. Here he met an old shipmate, Captain Davis, whose vessel had gone ashore at a more favorable point, and who related to him the circumstances of the wreck of the Conductor. Struck by the account, Captain Dorr procured a sleigh and drove across the frozen bay to the shanty of Abigail Becker. He found her with her six children, all thinly clad and barefooted in the bitter cold. She stood there six feet or more of substantial womanhood, — not in her stockings, for she had none, — a veritable daughter of Anak, broad-bosomed, large-limbed, with great, patient blue eyes, whose very smile had a certain pathos, as if one saw in it her hard and weary life-experience. She might have passed for an amiable giantess, or one of those much-developed maids of honor who tossed Gulliver from hand to hand in the court of Brobdingnag. The thing that most surprised her visitor was the childlike simplicity of the woman, her utter unconsciousness of deserving anything for an action that seemed to her merely a matter of course. When he expressed his admiration with all the warmth of a generous nature, she only opened her wide blue eyes still wider with astonishment.

"Well, I don't know," she said, slowly, as if

pondering the matter for the first time, — "I don't know as I did more 'n I 'd ought to, nor more 'n I 'd do again."

Before Captain Dorr left, he took the measure of her own and her children's feet, and on his return to Buffalo sent her a box containing shoes, stockings, and such other comfortable articles of clothing as they most needed. He published a brief account of his visit to the heroine of Long Point, which attracted the attention of some members of the Provincial Parliament, and through their exertions a grant of one hundred acres of land, on the Canada shore, near Port Rowan, was made to her. Soon after she was invited to Buffalo, where she naturally excited much interest. A generous contribution of one thousand dollars, to stock her farm, was made by the merchants, ship-owners and masters of the city, and she returned to her family a grateful and, in her own view, a rich woman.

When the story of her adventure reached New York, the Life-Saving Benevolent Association sent her a gold medal with an appropriate inscription, and a request that she would send back a receipt in her own name. As she did not know how to write, Captain Dorr hit upon the expedient of having her photograph taken with the medal in her hand, and sent that in lieu of her autograph.

In a recent letter dictated at Walsingham, where Abigail Becker now lives, — a widow, cultivating with her own hands her little farm in the wilderness, — she speaks gratefully of the past and hopefully of the future. She mentions a message received from Captain Hackett, who she feared had

almost forgotten her, that he was about to make her a visit, adding with a touch of shrewdness: "After his second shipwreck last summer, I think likely that I must have recurred very fresh to him."

The strong lake winds now blow unchecked over the sand-hills where once stood the board shanty of Abigail Becker. But the summer tourist of the great lakes, who remembers her story, will not fail to give her a place in his imagination with Perry's battle-line and the Indian heroines of Cooper and Longfellow. Through her the desolate island of Long Point is richly dowered with the interest which a brave and generous action gives to its locality.